

Appetite For Consumption

K.Flay

I need a car and a house and a phone
And some new shoes sewn by an eight year old
I need a tan and a dance and a song
And a handsome man to impress my mom
I need a break and a pat on the back
And a steak and a bath and a yoga class
With a frozen daq and an ounce of weed
Bitch what don't I need
I need a pet and a fence or a cage
A gym membership and a Mexican maid
I need a look and a style and a trend
And a large print book with a happy end
I need a kiss and a reason to laugh
Big tits, bit of cash, bees in the trap
And a freaking map to navigate these streets
Bitch what don't I need

I need a note and a call or a text
And a priest to confess and a Sunday dress
I need to sweat to drink and fight
Do enough drugs til I'm not thinking right
I need a bass and a kick and a snare
And a smile on my face as I'm facing the mirror
Make a pile of mistakes at a breakneck speed
Bitch what don't I need
I need a light and a breeze from the south
And a checking account with a decent amount
I need to fuck, to argue and fuss
Better man up quick and grow a pair of nuts
I need a job and a boss and a roof
I need a God and a cross and the proof
I need to watch the news for a shooting spree
Bitch what don't I need

A chemical peel, cinnamon chex, a way to escape my imminent death
A sensible meal, a night full of dinner and sex
Some new chandon, a sectional couch, my ex-BFs all checking me out
A cute rom com and a hour of professional help
A bachelor pad, a trip to the coast, a mistress sucking my dick on a boat
A master plan and a hit list of people I loathe
Some vacant space, a week-long cleanse, permission to speak up and squeeze on in
A razor blade and all ten seasons of friends