

Fleas Navidad

K.Flavay

I'm not underdressed, you're overdressed
Spend my days with chauvinists
In studios, conference rooms think they're smooth, but no finesse
My mom dealing with Oakland stress
The world like cold as shit
Missed the boat on the perks I'm supposed to get
Mai tais on a white beach, coconuts bitch
Like so depressed
Sprite and some jamo to cope with it
Rationalize the lies and the hurt, that it's all worth it, sure hope it is
Ahhhh my mind going next, sucker punch solar plex
Think that you got the world figured out, right? Wait til you're older kid
Gotta focus in on what we're choking on
Soak it in, coke and rum, bank account overdrawn
Got hand me downs but honey no Vuitton
And every time I try to see the bright side, shit gets dark
Just like babies killing babies girls assaulted in some park
Same routine, nothing new
America, make a buck or two
Common people like prostitutes
They fucked us all cause they wanted to
So while my neighbor's buying diapers at the sav on
Can't help but wish that life was like a Drake song

Irrelevance my nemesis, creeping up like an embolus
Seeping into my sentiments, impetus for my pensiveness
Best estimate, straight blacked out for the rest of it
Face pumped straight full of Restalyne every bitch in the room just Hester Prynne
That's the impression that I get
Buy this car to drive to work and work until you're fucking dead
Nervous wreck but I'm but I'm trying to ball
Catch me counting all day like a clock on the wall
List of things I'd like to change, waking up's like frightening
College guys try to spike your drink, they wanna fuck a chick like Tyra Banks
Feel my soul just siphoning, make a girl wanna hibernate
Days alone that type of thing, gotta get better, what I'd like to think
Shine my shoes, ain't got the time
New excuse, ain't thought of mine
Missed the bus I'm pissed as fuck need fifty bucks got lots to find
Bums grubbing down Mickey D's on 51st
You got a sad tale, buddy somebody got 50 worse

Choking on a broken sentence
Bike spokes with a blown suspension
Living in a world full of cokeheads, butchering jokes, wanting all your attention
Gotta pay my rent check, gonna keep repenting
Over and back and below and around again baby how I'm bending
Strange men wanna know my name, sweet girls oughta play their part
New day but it's all the same, what a motherfucking basic art
If the heat don't make me drop, you better bet something will
Just a chip off a broken block
Got a pack of Kools and a buzz to kill