

American Problem

Kevin Abstract

Could you (could you) try (uh, now, now, now)
To remember what you said tonight
Do you remember how high we was (oh boy)
If I, if I don't wanna say sorry (if I don't want to)
Then nigga, I won't (ayayayayay)
Motherfuck a high road (ayayayayay)

Who touchin' my, who touchin' my, who touchin' my bag
You're hurtin' me bad, I ain't seen the glass, it's the summer
I ain't going bad, better believe in that, had to creep 'em fast
Think I'm finna burn it, burn it to the ground, bruh

I drink, I smoke, I drink, I smoke, I drink until I sleep
(You gotta pass the thing over her)
I know, I know, I know, I know, this shit gonn' catch up to me
(Yeah, yeah, yeah shawty, I)
I drink, I smoke, I drink, I smoke, I drink until I sleep
(You gotta pass the thing over her)
I know, I know, I know, I know, red wine gonn' catch up to me
(Westside, red, red wine)

I can't sleep next to no one
Who don't look like, who don't look like you
And all my girlfriends, they tell me
Well you would have been better if you picked someone who is just like you
(Who touchin' my, who touchin' my, who touchin' my mind)

You gotta pass the thing over her
Yeah, yeah, yeah shawty, I
(Microphone check, check, one, two)
You gotta pass the thing over her
(Microphone check, check, one, two)
Yeah, shawty, westside, yeah, westside, shawty
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm stuck in a van with a mask on
Think about taking my life, but the plan's wrong
Think about finding a way to make the sand go, gone
I need another song to sing along to
Ninth grade, Tyler was the illest shit I ever heard
Going to his concerts, no mask, singing every word
I think it's kinda crazy how my life panned out
I think it sucks that you and I ain't work out
I used to sleep on Jim's couch, saying I'll be out, it's been sooner than later
Seventeen, that sales gonn' make some shit
I was gonn' be bigger than The FADER, I wanna be Paramount
I wanna move far away and buy my parents a house
I was obsessed with a blouse, I just liked the way it looked
I thought the brother was cute, he was older than his dawg
I was breaking the rules, I was a flaming faggot
That's what the principal called me
Not to my face, but I felt
When I was stuck in his office
I'm just a, I'm just another american problem, my nigga
Another american problem