

dead af

Krewella

Throwing pretty pennies
Down a wishing well
We ain't fucking with you
But we wish you well
Wonder where your friends is
Are they heads or tails?
We ain't fucking with you

'Cause we see you
At the bottom of the party
With the silver spoon
Under your tongue
You're all about the money
But your bullshit doesn't add up
Dancing with the skeletons
Out of all the graves you dug
All your friends are Benjamins
Call 'em but they won't show up

'Cause everybody dead as fuck
'Cause everybody dead as fuck
'Cause everybody dead as
Dead as fuck

Fall around me, bitches
On a paper trail
California dreaming
Didn't do you well
In your visionary
You're the holy grail
That was temporary

We can see you hanging
At the bottom of the party
With the silver spoon
Under your tongue
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But your bullshit doesn't add up
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Call 'em but they won't show up

'Cause everybody dead as fuck
Dead as fuck
Dead as
'Cause everybody dead as fuck

Still eating off of my plate
Still caking off of my name
Don't you worry about what I make
Don't you worry about what I make
Easy paper got you ungrateful
Face looking disgraceful
Stop eating off my plate
You eating all of my cake

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