

Dark Eyes

Left Boy

I'mma pick it up, from where I let it go
But when I leave it, your head is so
Complex, take it out the context
All I ever wanted from you was some bomb sex
Another drunk text, another phone call
Baby please step up to the new hall
You acting like I have to give a fuck cause you fall
In love with the one and only, yes yah
Best of the best of the best
Took a big fat shit on your home girl's chest
They're impressed cause I'm good
They're depressed cause I'm good
Take money from the rich and invest in the hood
Ya my Maserati four door peace of shit chrome rims
Make it go (rooahr) 'til your ears ring
I hear the birds sing, I hear the coins drop
I hear the "please don't ever leave hip hop"

Baby chill out, I ain't going nowhere
I'll be right here when you need me I'll be
Baby chill out, I ain't going nowhere
I'll be right here when you need me I'll be THEEEEEEREE

Huh maybe not, who know where I'll be
I got shows overseas where the hoes say please - José, please!
I'm sorry señor, I did not know you were recording some more
God damn, close the door
I'm losing my groove, I refused to be whack
So I need to be smooth, like a brazilian wax
A million tracks on my Macbook Pro, fuck the immature ex
Spittin fictional facts, they got a lyrical x
And I make heads roll, kick back and relax
Rolex on the wrist, champagne in the cup
And your little sister is sitting on my dick, what's up?

I'm the guy at the club that everybody loves
With a bottle of patrone and that other good stuff
L-E-F-T-B-O-me-O-my, I'mma do this shit 'til the day I die
The guy at the club that everybody loves
With a bottle of patrone and that other good stuff
L-E-F-T-B-O-me-O-my, I'mma do this shit 'til the day I die