

# Oh Well

Lil Dicky

Oh well, I'm ignorant  
But not to the fact that I'm ignorant, of course  
I know that, I'm indifferent  
I don't care to know what I don't  
I don't care 'til I'm coming home  
And my dad tell me some shit about when he my age, he was doing shit  
Protesting about something that I forget currently  
But that's not the point, the point is  
To my pot, the boy is in the crowd devoid of giving a fuck  
I would call his bluff but I've been thinking 'bout it  
And shit, he ain't wrong, though  
I don't vote but I think I did at prom, though  
I don't know about a world if it's not home  
I don't even know the first thing about what Obama do  
I'm better off telling y'all what LeBron been doing  
I don't even know what my mom been doing  
I hit her up every Sunday  
And we talk, but the call's going one way  
In the dark, if it's not what I'm doing  
Never been aware from the start, but I knew it  
I don't even care how my tech work  
If the shit work, put it there, turn it on, we can do it  
Funny thing is I could look it all up today

And placate the debate within my brain waves  
But the shows I watch all start at 8 so

Oh well  
It's the season finale, so...  
Oh well  
I kind of have to watch live, people are gonna tweet about it  
Oh well  
But I'm aware of all this stuff, I'll figure it out  
Oh well

I do care when my phone's dying  
Like, when that shit's red and I can't text  
And I can't check what my fans said  
I get mad stressed  
Laying in the bed but I can't rest  
Till my gram checked, wish I cared less  
Leave it at the crib, I'm a damn mess  
I should stop for a day, wanna try that shit  
Drifting away, I wanna ride that ship  
Dinner on the table but I'm unable to be tasteful  
Underneath, I'mma like that pic  
Watching the show on a phone, filming Coachella on phones  
Hoping I capture the moment so I could post it  
Don't live in the moment, hoping I'm still in control  
But I'm praying I'm not alone  
All the fans say I'm great at talking to 'em  
They don't even understand I am not the man  
I just can't go a day with being alone  
When I'm with friends, though, why the fuck am I still on my phone?  
Wishing I could look this shit up on Chrome  
Wishing I could take a second to stop and reflect it  
But someone just texted me

Oh well  
It's actually like an important text  
Oh well  
I'm trying to solve, like, logistical issues  
Oh well  
It's time sensitive is what I'm trying to say  
Oh well

I was gonna do a line, but I sneezed  
I was gonna smoke, but I need weed  
I just wanna roll up and then leave  
But everyone keeps on talking to me  
Like "How's Mike Will? You know Rae Sremm?  
I like "No Type" but I really hate them"  
Like I asked for your opinion when I barely even know what day it is  
I'm passed [?] loans and my rent  
But I just bought new J's and shit  
Going way fast on a one way road with the window down tryna wave at them  
My mom says I should go back to classes  
But I'm in the strip club and I'm tapping asses  
And bitch look like Jacqueline Onassis  
But she lies a lot and can't kick the habit  
I've tried to stop giving passes to those who front it cause that's living backwards  
And they give two cents when I ain't even ask them  
Treat them like exams and I need to pass them  
I twitching dutches, I don't do the backwards  
But this gas station don't carry those  
And I'm tryna smoke, man, how traffic  
Here's a 20 and some change, man, you can have it like  
No

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