

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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