

# Boba On The Rocks

Lil Peep

Sittin' on the docks, boba on the rocks  
People hit my line but I don't wanna talk  
I'm tryin' to be calm, I don't wanna see the clock  
Don't wanna see my moms, don't wanna see my pops  
Just wanna see you, but you don't wanna see me  
I think I'm seeing things that the people won't believe  
Just wanna see some change that I'm never gonna see  
So I keep my eyes closed while I try to find my peace  
Don't even wanna eat, only eat once a day  
Sippin' boba on the rocks with that right strain everyday  
I can't even smoke weed, for me that was just a phase  
But you know I still supply, if you need to cop today  
Hit my line, scoop you up, Mango juice with the stuff  
Grind it up, bust some blunts, got some liquor, that's a plus  
You can smoke, I'll get drunk, and we'll bob to this jaw  
Better see you walking up, if you think that I'm a punk  
'Cause I ain't a fuckin' fool, and I just ain't you  
And I gotta stack my money to do what I gotta do  
See I know it's just some paper, please tell me what else is new  
But you see, these stupid people take this paper for some food, yup  
(But you see, these stupid people take this paper for some food, yup)  
(But you see, these stupid people take this paper for some food, yup)

Back to the head, bitch I smoke it like I had to  
Cracks in my head, like a motherfuckin' statue  
Back to back with the lead, spittin' out the fuckin' barrel  
Young white pharaoh in the back of the Camaro (Skrr)  
Dopamine release, copin' with the freezer  
With the coats made of geese, can you feel my energy  
It's floatin' in the breeze, growin' with the trees  
Wake up in the morning by the ocean on the beach, Peep  
Take away my pain, feel my body up with love  
See you landed in my bed, but you've fallen from above  
Every time you give me head, got my body goin' numb  
See you probably in your bed while I'm probably goin' dumb  
On these beats, swervin' thru the streets (Damn)  
Flip a couple packs and keep applying with the heat  
Pressure cooker Peep, steppin' on your feet  
Tell em rest in peace, cut your body to a piece, you deceased  
Yellin' bitch I ain't a fool, and I just ain't you  
You the type to take the red and I'm the type to take the blue  
See I know it's just some paper, tryna get up out my room  
But you see, these stupid people take this paper for some food, yuh  
(But you see, these stupid people take this paper for some food, yuh)  
But you see, these stupid people take this paper for some food  
Sippin' boba on the rocks got the Right strain too  
In the East, in the West, what you need, we comin' through, bitch