

Yeah, aye, what, aye, um
(You are now listening to a Bobby Johnson beat)
Yeah, yeah, aye, yeah

Fuck that shit
Fuck that shit
How the fuck I end up with a basic bitch?
Basic bitch, basically, she just wanna fuck 'cause I am up
And not to be rude, but I think you're a slut
But that's ok though, I don't care hoe
You a star but can't seem to shine through
You a star but can't seem to shine though

Nights got longer
Days seem darker
Friends seem so distant
I might just go missin
Nights got longer
Days seem darker
Friends seem distant
I might just go missin

Fuck that shit
Fuck that shit
In the limelight, I can't even hide right
Took the high road, ain't it low though
On my face, I got tatted logos
You don't own me
All y'all phony
I'm just saying you could do it better
Like xanarchy, yeah I did it better
I'm so cold, I think I need a sweater
Like cold weather, yeah, the better weather
Heartbroke since like last September
Like, oh, yeah, aye, last September, since aye yeah

Nights got longer
Days seem darker
Friends seem so distant
I might just go missin
Nights got longer
Days seem darker
Friends seem distant
I might just go missin
Aye yeah
Nights got longer
Days seem darker
Friends seem so distant
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Nights got longer
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Xanarchy