

# My Favorite Song

Mac Lethal

Saturn, hahahahaha, yeah  
You need a job girl  
Find something to do, you know

I just hopped out, hopped out of bed  
Got a couple cob webs tangled in my head  
I get dressed show the world what fresh is  
And then I have a bar of xanax for breakfast  
Mmm, that's a tasty remedy  
Last night we ran KC didn't we?  
What the hell do you want me to say?  
Keep it Irish get drunk every day  
We stay fly like an albatross  
Of this love not an ounce is lost  
Black clover the style is boss  
And we shallow like you  
I wanna make a toast  
To the renegades getting paid  
In the shade drinkin lemonade  
When they're selling dope  
You wanna know how I live with my baby's momma?  
I don't, oh let's go  
Listening to my favorite song  
With the curtains closed till the day is gone  
The suns outside and the rain is warm  
Ain't no radio they'll play me on

Listening to my favorite song  
Don't remember what drugs I'm on  
Don't remember what the fuck is wrong  
Then it hits me again my love is gone  
You know I'm hustling in this bitch  
I'm hustling to forget

I'm hustling just to rinse you out of all my memories  
You know I'm hustling in this bitch  
I'm hustling to forget

I hustle just to rinse you out of all my memories  
I just walked in, walked in the door  
Shit heeled drunk, fall on the floor  
I drove drunk like a durche I'm guessing  
If I got a DUI then I'd learn my lesson  
But fuck that, fuck you  
You're the reason gonna deep six float right off the deep end  
It was hard waking up this evening  
But at 9pm I should not be sleeping  
We get fly like a vulture babe  
The bubblegum and the smoke is sweet  
I got a new girl so discrete  
And we shallow like you  
I wanna make a toast  
To your new boyfriend threatening he gonna kick my ass  
Wanna fight me motherfucker gonna get choked  
My new girl is the baddest chick  
And her kiss feels like an acid trip  
Listening to my favorite song

With the curtains closed till the day is gone  
The sun's outside and the rain is warm  
Ain't no radio they'll play me on

Listening to my favorite song  
Don't remember what drugs I'm on  
Don't remember what the fuck is wrong  
Then it hits me again my love is gone  
You know I'm hustling in this bitch  
I want some cheese and Ritz

I'm gonna bleach and rinse you out of all my memories  
You know I'm hustling in this bitch  
I'm hustling to forget

Your new boyfriend's a punk  
He works at the T-Mobile kiosk  
Ha, put a ring on it?  
You got me so twisted imma pee vomit  
Hell no I don't need a rescue  
Must I remind you girlfriend I left you  
I thought stalkers were only found in the horror movies with creeper sounds  
Until this morning when I looked outside  
And saw you standing there with a freakish frown  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
I think you need a talking to  
Fuck it imma get a cop or two  
And then I'm gonna snitch to your mom on you  
Don't treat this as flattery  
You text message me so many times that you ran down my battery  
And honestly I think you might be the only person in the history of cellphones to pull that off  
Listening to my favorite song  
With the curtains closed till the day is gone  
The Sun's outside and the rain is warm  
Ain't no radio they'll play me on  
Listening to my favorite song  
Don't remember what drugs I'm on  
Don't remember what the fuck is wrong  
Then it hits me again my love is gone

Heyyo heyyo I'm hustling they can't stop me  
Heyyo heyyo got vodka in my coffee  
Heyyo heyyo I'm hustling they can't stop me  
Heyyo heyyo got vodka in my coffee