

Mike Meets Blackbear at Joe's Falafel

Mike Posner

But I'm thinking to myself that "Weaponry" is wack and corny
Halfway through it starts to bore me
Kind of a knock-off of Leonard Cohen's style
Noelle on my mind, we ain't spoken in a while
Jessie J offers me a J
I ain't smoked one in a while
I say okay, I took it and smiled
But now I'm just sad and high
I thank her for the session and we said goodbye
Pack up my laptop and my hard drives
My microphone compressor and my guitar, I'm
Meeting bear at Joe's Falafel
No soho house, there's no falafel
Too many agents, too many managers
People saying words just to fill up all the calendars
That's why I moved from L.A
To get away from all the bad ideas people tell me
Like

You should take it easy, baby
You should take it easy

So I'm in a Uber Black 'cause I wanna impress
Mr. Blackbear I know will be very well-dressed
And if we take a photo then I wanna look dope, uh
I need all the hoes DMing Mike Posner
My ego's hard to tame
My fame remains the best card to play
Text from Blackbear, "Where are you?"
Well, I'm not that far away
But the 101's slammed, so it's hard to say
How long before I pull up so I pull up
The poem on my iPhone I was working on earlier
Today, and try to make some headway

To whom it may concern (that's a good opening)
Right before the sky gets too tired to hold up the stars (that's a nice line)
Right before virtual reality becomes realer than real reality (that's really shitty writing)
Right before we smoke ourselves out and the oceans turn black

And by the time I finish it up, I've arrived
Noelle's on my mind, maybe I should try
To call her up, let down my defense
Nah, I need to just listen to my friends when they tell me

You should take it easy, baby
You should take it easy

So I walk in twenty minutes late
Bear's waiting with a little funny look upon his face
And he says, "You look like a cancer patient"
I remember I'm bald, now he's testing my patience
He reads my face and sees I don't think it's funny
"What's up with you, man, sad with all that money?
You ride around in open limousines looking like Jimmy Dean

Feeling clean, bagging bone, you got the winning genes"
I hear what he's saying but it's not effective
I can't see things from his perspective
"You know, I know what you need, look at me, don't text
Some brand new pussy will get your mind off your ex"
Thank you, Dr. Blackbear for breaking me down
But my L.A. girls all hate me now
'Cause I moved to Detroit, I don't reply to texts
So I doubt that they're gonna retry the sex
"Doesn't matter, here's what we're gonna do
You gotta big mansion that you're staying in, true?" (True)
"You throw a big party, I'll invite models
And you know Diddy, free CÎROC bottle"
But I hate L.A. parties, "It'll feel like Cabo
You need this, dog, you're looking high-low"
He's right, I need it, he's not lying
But what about the house, man? It's not mine

You should take it easy (it's gonna be fine
In fact, it's gonna be better than fine), baby
You should take it easy (this is gonna be amazing
You hear me? Amazing)

But the cleaner fee, who's gonna pay that shit?
"Did you really just say that? Dude, you're rich
Live a little, I'm not saying buy Ferraris
All I'm saying is let's have a party"