

# Feeling Whitney

Post Malone

Oo oo oo oo oo oo oo

And I've been looking for someone to put up with my bullshit  
I can't even leave my bedroom so I keep pouring  
And I have seen a lot of days since, well that's not important  
It's been long

And I was feeling Whitney, me and my homies zipped to Houston  
Cars and clothes thought I was winning, you knew I was losing  
You told me to wake up, oh my clock always stays on snooze and  
I'm done

To each their own and found peace in knowing  
Ain't always broken, but here's to hoping  
Show no emotion, against the cold  
And just act as hard as you can  
You don't need a friend, boy you're the man

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And I've been looking for someone that I can buy my drugs from  
It seems like every plug ran east to Utah, became Mormons Droug  
ht comes around, feels like I have no one to depend on  
So what, ugh  
I had 80 beers on Tuesday night, I had nothing to do with it  
I put on a little Dwight and sang a happy tune and  
Lit a cigarette, stepped out the door, had an appearance  
Drank more

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