

Holyfield

Post Malone

You seem a little different, from the last time I saw you
I hear it in the way you talk too
Don't know why you're trying to be somebody new
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I'm faded off a whole pill
Suburban swerve on ghost wheels
Bitch biting on my ear like I'm Holyfield
Got the gas and the splash like an oil spill
We don't give no fucks 'bout how you feel
We don't give no fucks man we riding still
Ain't got no fucks to give that's on moms for real
Ain't got no fucks to give that's on moms for real
For real, for real

I say send that cup over, they say they got one on the way
I said what part of 'I am the shit' do you not understand
She said she unemployed but that mouth can work
You'll drown in the wave if you cannot surf
If you don't know how to surf

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I, I know this is a lot to take in right now
But all that I did was to make all my family royal
I still got to stunt
I still got to flex
For the muhfuckers that said I wasn't going to be shit
Man I got to
I go to show that they're wrong

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