

# Never Understand

Post Malone

I got bands  
Broke boys coming to me with their open hands  
And I ain't trippin'  
I'm just saying now everybody wanna be my friend  
I finally fell in love  
Now all these bitches wanna come and fuck up my plans  
I'm just trying to be who I am  
It's just something they will never understand  
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Same life, getting rich, whoa I got a fuckin' problem  
Trying to flex up on young posty, we gon' tell them what's up  
We gon' tour motherfucker, came up, I ain't lonely  
Gotta problem Santiago, 45 by the gut  
Post and 1st, we in the cut, we were smoking on the woods  
And they think it smells good and they all want a puff  
Said they see me at the show, they was in the front row  
They wanna fuck, I told them bitches come and jump on my bus  
We got molly and we got Xans  
And we got drank and we got plants  
And we got white and we got gas  
And it's just something they will never understand

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[Larry June:]  
They will never understand  
They used to didn't love me now they calling me the man  
Baby where are you going? Love, you know I got a plan  
I can elevate your life, your life  
Keep them niggas far away, they praying on my downfall  
You don't fuck with me the long way so baby what you here for?  
It could be so simple, meet me out in Frisco  
Yeah yeah, yeah-hey  
Calculate your steps and keep your circle small

Understand that nothing lasts forever  
Glamorization of this lifestyle will leave you desperate  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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