Santa Fe

Post Malone

I see shit in LA sky
LA nights getting too damn high
Codeine in my blood, mud in my sprite
Nicotine in a bud on LA lights
Fuck all that shit about a human rush
I'm making real cliche black and white
I don't wan't to see your face in my line aside
Oh boy you try to stuntin' on me
It don't happen
Couple benjies stashing at matress
Tell her back it up she ass backwards
Sorta I'm a bring it back to my adject
To tell her she can have a sit with my active
She going smoke weed and then she going ash it
Tell that girl don't be getting distractive
Boy! I pull up with your hoe
The voodoo good so I roll it
Thirteen blunts boy I smoke it
Thirteen life boy I know it
Throw four in it when I feeling whitney
All this drinking is killing my kidneys
All this sip I'm sipping going to kill me
And motherfuckers walk like they ridding with me
Two shine in my mouth
Bad bitches all on my couch
You know us for a win a backout
Hit em with a [?] wow-wap she blackout
Boy I don't drink so much I pass out
Hoes fall asleep in order ass out
Boy I don't drink so much I pass out
Woke up in a spot on my cashout

I see shit in LA sky [x4]
No op

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