Sugar Wraith

Post Malone

I started with an eighth, alright (alright)
And then I went and changed my life (my life)
I might take out the Wraith tonight (tonight)
Put your arms around me baby
I just want to fly, make it last before we die
And I know you want a ride
What's on your mind? What's on your mind?

And my '92 got doors like my Lambo
Spend my last paycheck on some ammo
We don't follow trends, rest in peace to Yamo
Your new shit sucks, I feel like Anthony Fantano
Saying I was broke last year, I can't go back there
Nicotine fiend, couldn't even buy a pack, yeah
She don't know my music, told her I ain't mad, yeah
Let her cut that coco on my platinum plaque, yeah (wow)
Cut my fingers on my bands, oh yeah
Cut my locker with some Xan, oh yeah
Count me my guala in advance, oh yeah
Backstreet diamonds, watch them dance on ya, yeah

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She don't want to spend all my dough
She gets paid to be a model
I take the lead, they just follow
Face it, you don't know what I know
Pull up, I got some' for ya
Something in my trunk for ya
But I got a good lawyer
They always try to come for ya

I'ma pull up in that Bentley with the fuckin windows tinted
Penning how I'm feeling, take a drop of the extended
Think I'm showing signs of slowing, homie just forget it
I guess this what happens when you fucking handle business, yeah

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I was broke last year, I can't go back there
I was broke last year, I can't go back there
Got some lean and I went a little mad yeah
Try to take the swagger, I know it for a fact

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