

Smiling At The Ground

Quadeca

I searched my fake name and found a million results
But none have you, thank God, yeah (Uh, yeah)
Always lookin' down, yeah, smiling at the ground, yeah
I've been on my own, the world's just pixels on my phone
But you feel true, thank God, uh
Always lookin' down, yeah, smiling at the ground, yeah

Honestly (What?), I can't wait 'til they break up (Oh yeah)
So that I can get a shot at her spot, and if not, what's the cost?
'Cause the music will make up for it (Oh)
It would be so great, I would pay up for it
I could really use a break from that same love story
'Cause that ain't somethin' for me
I miss when I could relate to your heartbreak
Want you to be happy, but only if it's for our sake
Want you to be happy, but only if I can partake
And you know if you're happy, the music is probably crappy
And your songs will only light up the charts if they from that dark place
I'm your biggest fan, so I promise that's what your art takes
And when you're down, I'll be there for you
When you finally outgrow that girl of yours
She's your world, of course, blah-blah, we get it
Nah-nah, if we met, you would not regret it

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Let him slowly kill himself (Wait-wait-wai-), it's okay
We gon' need a bigger shelf (Keep, keep, kee-), it's so great
Don't do anything, it's good for business (No, no, no)
And even if we did, we know he wouldn't listen anyways
Take our money, don't stop it
And when you come down write how you feel
Put it out, that's a hit, thank you for the profit
Do it again 'cause you know that people want it
So look at you gettin' money and your crew gettin' money
But it makes you feel alone when you flaunt it
In a race against yourself to the bottom
Askin' "Ain't this everything I ever wanted?" Yeah

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Turn my branches into ashes, for your warmth and for your pleasure
Now I'm drownin' in reverbial screams
Disguised as an aesthetic
I'm a fucking guilty pleasure
I'm like Jaden Smith to you
You'll never see me how I see me

I'm not an artist, and that's okay
You're the only thing that's real