

All you wanna do is cocaine
Play guitar, think that you're Cobain
Paint your nails and you pop your pills
And you tell your friends how you copped a feel

Why you gotta roll your own smokes
You're the only one laughing at your own jokes
You can bleach your hair till your someone else
But I'll always have you figured out

You're so full of it
Smells like counterfeit
Just a narcissist, fakin' it

Oh you're such a wannabe (ah ah)
You can't pull that shit with me (ah ah)
Nothing but a wannabe (ah ah)
Boy, that shit is basic, such an imitation
Such a wannabe

Baby, you're a walking cliché
Drop me off if you wanna drop names
Play pretend with your famous friends
But I wonder why they never call on week days

You'd do anything
To be relevant
I'm just telling it how it is

Oh you're such a wannabe (ah ah)
You can't pull that shit with me (ah ah)
Nothing but a wannabe (ah ah)
Boy, that shit is basic, such an imitation
Such a wannabe

You just want attention
Followers and mentions
Wonder what it feels like
Running away from real life

Oh you're such a wannabe (ah ah)
You can't pull that shit with me (ah ah)
Nothing but a wannabe (ah ah)
Boy, that shit is basic, such an imitation
Such a wannabe