

VIVID

Rich Brian

It's the weekend
Better live your life lil' bitch, you got no reruns
Tryna make a pilot but for every season
Thank you for the memories
I don't do much in the day, that's why I got these vivid dreams

All your friends are fake, they lie 'bout you
They don't ride for you
Only smiling for the cameras
They don't got five on it
They don't
No, I can't vibe with this
Seven days inside a week, how you gon' waste your time with 'em

Ayy, too much on my mothafuckin' mind (Ayy, ayy)
Soul and brain, we argue every night (Ayy, ayy)
I don't need two glasses for my wine (Hey, ayy)
If you love me baby, please don't waste my time

Nah, baby
I just drew the line, baby
Rather see you make it splash just like a Disney ride, baby
Two tellies you could call whichever one is fine, baby
I won't tell nobody you my blessing in disguise, baby

Burberry touch on my neck
Sorry my room is a mess
Pass me the light on my desk
Yeah, we gon' talk for a sec
Then Imma call you a car and I tell him to go to the vet (Whoop)

All the time
I think about you all the time
Believe in me when no one else don't even got the time
I'm always down for you
You always down for me
Just let me know 'cause I just don't wanna let go

We get so crazy, baby (Hahaha)
All black AMG Mercedes (Yeah)
How the fuck you so outdated? (Wassup)
I just wanna see you naked
Even though I got no patience (Go)
This a clip, we damage shit
My bitch be on that savage shit (Huh)
I can't even manage it

My choppa, I can't handle it
Back up hoe, I'm mad as shit (Bitch)
You fuckin' with them broke niggas
Hoe niggas, stay at fuckin' home, niggas
Bullet to yo dome, niggas (Go)
Stop callin' on my phone, nigga
Eight figures in my bank, nigga (Whoop)

The flowers tend to die but the memories last forever
I don't wanna wait 'till it goes to waste

And so far I can't find anything that compares
To the way you say my name, baby

Ay, turn ya frown around
Nobody gives a fuck
Bad connection don't play with me
My wallet lazy can't stay skinny
Went through some shit but I'm better now

Regular at the Rose Bowl Brookside but I ain't playing golf
You said sorry 'bout the mixed signals, who's crying now?

Ay, girl my heart got miles in it
Fuck your side
Imma pick my side
I forget 'bout you in five minutes

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