

# MARGIELA

RILEY

You ain't ever really on the way  
I know you keep staying out to late  
You keep breaking down in different places  
I know you been waiting for a sign, a sign, oh, yeah, yeah  
There's pain in those shots of tequila  
You pour 'em up by the liter ya  
You wanna go to Delilah  
Then hit the road for the weekend, yeah  
But you're never late for the party  
You're only late to say sorry  
LA is killing you softly, softly

LA really ruined you, Nobu and expensive shoes  
Sabotaging happiness for fortune and fame  
Coming home now after two  
With empty bags from powder rooms  
I think that you hate yourself more every day  
Since you moved to LA

You'll say this song is about you  
Honestly, who's gonna doubt you?  
You said moved here fashion  
Not for the parties and mansions yea yea  
But you takin' shots in the Lexus  
You poppin' Mollys in Teslas  
This how you deal with depression  
Maybe you need some attention  
Something to run up your mentions, yeah  
That Margiela don't make shit better  
That Versace, it won't get you close to me, nah  
Brand new Chanel filled with double Gs and 30s you gone inhale  
I think it's time you moved away from the west L  
From the West LA

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