

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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