

Porcelain Face

Rivals

I'mma shake my ass on stage
And I'mma make y'all say my name
I'mma act nice to the bitches I hate
Be fake like the rest of em
I'mma lie about my age
Tell everybody why I'm so god damn great
And maybe then they'll finally say
"You really made it, babe"

So caught up with myself
To late for me to tell if I've been dreaming
But maybe that's okay
Head up in the clouds
Don't plan on coming down
Till I start believing
That I don't have to change
But cracks still find their way
Across my porcelain face

Becoming real classy
Dressing like the rich the fancy
Private jets to places I can't prouncey
It's counterfeit life
I've been living lie
Put me on an island
Champagne, sun bathing
I don't wanna entertain em
So why do I try

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But maybe that's okay
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Don't plan on coming down
Till I start believing
That I don't have to change

Oh, cause right now, I'd jump on grenade
To start it all again, I'm pulling out the pin
I'm done so done with the charade
Cause who they grown to love's who I hate

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