

That's the Shit

Sasha Keable

Palm trees, blue sea
White sand on my TV
Wish away your loves in your condo (condo)
Or we can get high on the concrete
Show off, show me
What you got that I need
You can buy your bottles at Mayfair
But imma stay soft for the party
Why did you complain?
You know those bottles cost more than your wage

That's the shit that gets you high
We don't even really know why, oh why
That's the shit that makes you fly, have you ever wondered why,
oh why

You want two things, a couple drinks and a quick fling
Can't seem to find someone stable
Cause keeping up your pants, you're unable
Pulls a man from early, but he fucks you on the cab journey
Now you're all alone in your own bed
You had to get the night bus to Nunhead
Why did you complain?
He filled your cup just so he could get brain

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oh why

I, I, I, I, I, oh
I, I, I, oh I
I, I, I, I, I
I, I, I, oh I
Ooh I, I, I, I

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