

DAD

Sebastian Mikael

Let me just take it back to the times when
It was just me and a few fellas
You know just smokin' up over here (Yo yo yo)
Little thang right there, pass that shit (Oh shit, pass that shit)
Yeah that's nice
Now I'm [?]
Do like a few little, uh, little chocolate dance or whatever
Yeah and my bo, my little bo told me I'll come and get it ay
So I had to show him mine and put it to the test
And he's talkin' about what love is and what fuckin' is
And we've definitely tried this fuck
Later in life it turned out to be love and that's how I met your momma

I'm just tryna make a scene

Ain't nobody lovin' you
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) Ooh
Ain't nobody fuck witchu
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) (Fuck with you)

Ain't nobody lovin' you
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) (Way I do) Ooh, ooh
(The way I) (Way I do) Ooh
Ain't nobody fuck witchu
(Ain't nobody fuck witchu)
(The way I) Ooh

My music is supposed to you shiver
My dick is supposed to make you cum over and over again
My tree is supposed to make you get higher and higher
My [?] flared up
But you feel so much better
And you'll bear with me later

Ain't nobody lovin' you
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) Ooh
Ain't nobody fuck witchu
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) Ooh
(The way I) Ooh

Ain't nobody lovin' you
(The way I) Ooh (Ain't nobody lovin' you)
(The way I) (That I do) Ooh
Ain't nobody fuck witchu
(The way I)
(The way I) (That I do)
(The way I) Ooh

I'll fade my life, my soul

My heart, my mind, your eyes seem closest
Try hold your breath when we underwater
Pressure will unfold

Yeah you know that us doin' ethic visions
Now look at those televisions, get what you desire
Now look at those televisions, get what you desire

Place at the UK
Changin' that thing not to plan grey
There where you stay, I ain't been there
Been a fan, no you don't
Do you love [?] uh
Keep it low low with the pillow top
Walkin' all over that round, that strut
Can't we just love, why you tryna fuss
Keep it low stroke when you talkin' 'bout bus, right
Haters drive by you stop, aight

My time is fallin' short
Fingertips are typin' letters like it's my report
Airport suffocate Lord, speak as if I'm a God
Hollow man, grew up rough
Showed her where the power, Solar System, hold up
I fold up without sealing
[?] in the ceiling
It's peeling my skin when I'm round these people
That's even less appealing
Dealin' my contact, I'm meditating, I'm medicated again