

Gatorade Bong

Seth Sentry

Don't reply, just let me go smoke on my own (Yeah)
It's nothing personal, it's nothing personal (Seth Sentry, Super Cool Tree House, Episode 6)
Don't reply, just let me go smoke on my own (We did it)
It's nothing personal, it's nothing personal (Yeah)

Drop from the cloud, hit the ground runnin'
Ghost in the bottle float round, I'm haunted
Ooh, the sour way too loud for me
Turn the volume all the way down on me
I just wanna learn how to drown, let me
Ooh, you so holier than thou, it's funny
Tryna be more myself, love me
Tryna be more myself, don't ask me nothin'
I'm far too stupid, you're far too angry
Don't ask me nothin', don't ask me nothin'
Prolly make a few mistakes
Get it backwards, I bet you can't wait to see it happen
Well, fuck it, yeah
Leave me there in the middle of the bridge while you're choppin' at the edges
Yeah
Revenge is a dish served pipin' hot before breakfast
Yeah
Seasoned with best intentions, tweet it, check your mentions
I'm too hungry for a Twitter feed
I'm too hungry for a soundbite, uh
I'm just tryna be a better me
Tryna do the shit in real life, uh
A little hole for the down pipe
Make it air tight

And it's been too long
But I still know how to make a sweet Gatorade bong
Yeah
And I don't really smoke no more
Yeah
But, boy, you keep egg'in' me on

Don't reply, just let me go smoke on my own
It's nothing personal, it's nothing personal (Ladies and gentlemen, Mr Don J oyride)
Don't reply, just let me go smoke on my own
It's nothing personal, it's nothing personal

Yeah
Man, it's like wait, wait, wait
No, that ain't what I meant, gimme time to explain
Wait, wait, wait
I'm just tryna ask why I don't really feel no way
Wait, wait, wait
Fine, tell me where to sign, tell me what I wanna say
Wait, wait, wait
Fine
Well, fuck your feelings, fuck your blogs
Fuck opinions, fuck your Gods
Fuck your channels, fuck your feed, fuck your judgement

I don't need it, please don't ask me nothin', I'm too weeded
Best of luck, I truly mean it
He's a snowflake, she's a cuck
He's with them or she's with us, I'm just tryna be a better me
Tryna do the shit in real life, uh
Yeah, fuck stardom
Yeah, fuck bein' famous, fuck bein' A-list
Fuck tryna make it, it's just too dangerous
It's way more fun when they don't know what your name is
Way more fun just gettin' faded
Yeah, there's too much fakeness
Too many traitors, too many sadists
Pourin' out champagne for your failures
I'ma steal a bit of hose from the neighbours

It's been too long
But I still know how to make a sweet Gatorade bong
Yeah
And I don't really smoke no more
Yeah
But, boy, you keep egg'in' me on
And it's been too long
But I still know how to make a sweet Gatorade bong
Yeah
And I don't really smoke no more
Yeah
But, boy, you keep egg'in' me on, egg'in' me on

Don't reply, just let me go smoke on my own
It's nothing personal, it's nothing personal
Don't reply, just let me go smoke on my own
It's nothing personal, it's nothing personal