

Devil Israel

Tom MacDonald

Wakin' up in France, hollow in Europe
Phone on roam, feel greasy from that syrup last night
Pardon my French, we Brittany and Madonna
But I'm keepin' shit together like Dolce and Gabbana
And if I wanna know her name, shit, I'll ask her
And if I wanna have a drink, I'll have a Canada
Juice on the shelf cause I don't really like to drink too much no more
I'm tryna get a suite with a beach on all sides, for sure
But you're making me feel like I ran it
So I'll have a Malibu for every city on the planet
I think I'm runnin' behind, I really should catch up
Swagger on Slovakia, so ill it need a check up
I can't speak a foreign language but I'm tryna grip a foreign car
These rappers on some kiddy shit, so I am like whatever brah
Y'all are rushin' me, vodka in the Caesar
When they askin' me what I'm doing I'm like "um well, I Visa"

They all up on that rewind, haters on my back, word
They all up on that cheat code, lookin' at me when I pass, word
They all up on that runner up, I'm the one they after, word
I'mma try to keep movin' (word)

Wakin' up in Mexico, uh, tequila sunrise
And when I finally go to bed, yeah, moonshine
Fuckin' up what I want, just one night in Paris
Burnin' Philadelphia, sippin' on that Danish good in the back of the Winneba
go with some orange juice and a Eggo
Gamin' in my PJs, sleepless in Seattle
California love the reason I smoke that Cali piff
And I laugh my fuckin' ass off, I'm in Miami bitch
We just some lost angels, but in a New York minute we in New Jersey and devil's like the new religion
So I pass a girl my glass and a miss is sippin' it
She know I never had a heart since the Vegas strip
I'm smokin' on that Jefferey, they're like get him to the Greek
I'm like, give me a frickin' break, I'm tryna get some sleep now
And the weed is what I currently resort to
She say sweet dreams and I say thanks, we short too

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Wakin' up in Nissan city, check the skyline
It feels chilly but I'm still 'gon have to get me my boys will be boys but you common of bitches
Yellowknife in your drawers while we tryna talk some business
If life is a bitch then I bet money is the son of it
So when we finally get paid no one else is getting none of it
No, my top priorities are financial, and we gettin' numbers off the map, Bermuda Triangle
Our pockets deeper than Japan is tombs to you sand pits
And I could've swore that he gypped me
They in they mom's sedan, I'm in a foreign land
I feel big like I landed in Little Italy
Never switchin' gears, you can call her auto

But I can feel the avalanche coming and it's not snow
Defend ours like a belt at Wrestlemania
Lead in your bloodlines, uh, Pennsylvania

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