

Hail Satan

Tom MacDonald

Sometimes I feel like we're way too close
I'm outta my head while you outta your clothes
I think nobody cares and I think everyone knows about us
All those fucking phone calls, what a waste of energy
She swears on a broken heart, this'll be the end of me
No it will not, you make me feel like shit
But I still love you, know what you can do, know what you can do
Hit me up sometimes
Hit me up at random
Hit me up on Monday

Uh, who the fuck told you that you were all that?
They got it all wrong, like really hard math
I'm too wild for the life you tryna lead
You eatin' vegan, doin' yoga while I'm smokin' weed
I'm poppin' bottles with the fammo in the strip club
You waitin' up all night cause I forgot my keys
Uh, I'm throwin' ones at a dancer girl
Phone buzzin' but I'm too buzzed to answer it

I'm just doin' me exactly how I wanna, marijuana and liquor from Tijuana
I can't help it, I'm younger and gettin' drunker than ever and passin' out with a blunt lit in a new Gucci sweater
Wassup hoe

Fire rains from the sky, hail Satan
The houses of the holy gettin' renovated
She in church, I'm in Shirley's Temple
She on some holy shit, I'm handsome as a devil

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