

Butter

Triple One

Oh God, I don't wanna feel like this
Oh God, nothing that these days won't fix
Oh lord, I don't wanna be like this
My thoughts, pill up on my mind, no drip no drip

I don't wanna settle with the drama
Rip up from my face you couldn't kill it with the karma
Seven days away but I know sevens a disaster
Seven - seven - you should know by now
Asking for a rollie or a paper
Rock up to your door I make you rip it through a gater
I been with this shit since I was 14 with retainer
Billabong shirt and my kicks lookin' Kmart
(Oi) You should know I'm gonna flick it like a rhino
Seven days away but I was seven sippin' marlo
Now I'm 24 burn the place up like a pyro
I could spit a friend since I was sittin' playing Spyro (true)

I can feel the recall, got a head of tin foil
Swearin' on my jeans that I could hold my own
For a bit of Pete's sake, I should hold a switchblade
But I never dreamed that it could be my fault

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Aye yay, yung pup still back with the savagery if they want the drama
Still keep on padding this broken heart with designer armor
I'm on that war against spendin them so exotically
Head still spinning like pottery, swerve right, just won the lottery
I shiver and shed a tear thinking 'bout what could've been
So bitter sweet, baby back it up like a jelly bean
She graduated, so gorgeous I had to take the stand
Head relieve pressure cause shawty she do it on demand
Get up, I dreamt a lot inside these silk pajamas
Sit up, I'm [?]
My liver murderous, happiness never heard of us
Demons I cannot win them, bubble boy in the kitchen

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Noooooo - highhhh