

Last Supper

UPSAHL

There's a lot of vampires in the city
That's why I don't go out, tryna suck the life out of me
When I'm on fire, they're getting sticky
If I was to burn out, know they wouldn't go down with me

I still think that everybody's fucking fake
Childish shit, they always feel some type of way
No more breaking bread with people that I hate, hate, hate, hate, hate

I live every day like it's the last supper, supper
It's just me, my day ones, and my mother, mother
We're drinking holy water, circle's getting smaller
If you weren't invited, what a bummer

I live every day like it's the last supper, supper
Got the company I need, so fuck a lover, lover
So high we're getting taller, my vibe is so unbothered
If you weren't invited, what a bummer

I just ordered nobu 'cause I'm bougie
If you don't pass the vibe check, sorry, but you don't get the sushi
Don't take it personally, I'm just choosy
Can't get too crowded in this Malibu jacuzzi

I want money just to spoil all my friends
Go to Bali, wasted on a private jet
Talking shit about you while we're making bread, yeah, yeah, yeah

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Listen up, I gotta make a toast
Seven billion people, but I fuck with y'all the most
And if Miss Christ threw a party just for twelve
Then tell me why the fuck I need anybody else, yeah