

Wait, might need a break to overtake
This cycle of another song, a different day
It feels so fake, copy and paste
A formulaic version of the things I say

We need a hit by Monday, Monday
If you wanna be a star, star
Gonna write a hit about Bacardi, parties, bars, cars
If you wanna make money, money
If you wanna be a star, star
Starting to think that

S-s-society sucks, I think I messed up
I think I sold out when the sales went up
Society sucks, I wanna refund
When you get what you want, but it's never enough
Society

Hang on, I thought I was winning, winning
I made a fool of myself
Society sucks, I think I messed up
I think I sold out on the day I signed up for society

Ironically, I wanna be a piece of everything I hate on TMZ
I need a space to rearrange this messy room I'm living in inside my brain

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My head or my heart, the cash or the art
I stop to restart, I put up a guard
The glaze in your stare, the pressure in the air
You made me feel dumb, I wasn't aware
My chords are too jazz
My lyrics are too sad
My thoughts are too dark
Well shit, that's too bad
The game knocked me out
I guess I'll check out
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