

# Poor Boy

WSTR

You do what you love, put your blood, sweat, tears into it  
They love what you do, it's a deal, can't get out of it and  
I was throwing out the pens and paper  
I keep running, but it's smell you later

I'm a poor boy from the country  
What does Los Angeles want with me?  
Sitting at my desk last week  
Now I'm tryna be forgotten

Look at me, look at me, look at me  
Me and my ego sitting in a tree  
K-I-S-S-I-N-G  
Nothing new, boy, I do it every week  
I'm a rockstar, punk rock though  
Soccer mom kind, there's some Chicago  
Shitty business at the rock show  
Looking good, bro, where's your head, though?

I'm not gonna lie, but it kinda hurts a little bit  
Especially when I try to think  
I can smell a thousand rhymes running in the thick of it  
Something's gonna start to stink (Ha)

I'm a poor boy from the country  
What does Los Angeles want with me?  
Sitting at my desk last week  
Now I'm tryna be forgotten  
I don't care what you've heard  
Industry's a dirty word  
Sing it loud, sing a little louder  
Sitting on the fence last week  
Now I'm tryna be forgotten

La-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la

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