

Yeah, fuck off, fuck off  
Can't be mad that I'm well off  
Can't be mad that I did this shit  
Can't be mad that I told this bitch  
You a dumb motherfucker  
You a dumb motherfucker  
You a dumb motherfucker  
You a dumb motherfucker

You not full, but no amount could fit  
She said, "Why you always talking shit?"  
'Cause those Balenciagas counterfeit  
I just made the whole world my bitch  
I'm tryna see how much I could fit  
I don't like to talk, I plead the fifth  
And I'm praying that you make one wrong move  
It's no telling what I might or might not do  
Heard you say you won't fold, you won't bend  
Let's all get high as fuck and pretend  
I'll be wrong till I die, till the end  
If I ask you if you lied, you say, "Yeah"  
You say, "Yeah, how could I make it up to you?"  
I said you can't, just get the fuck away from me  
And it's more than that, and it's more than this  
I'm just tryna imagine all the times I pissed  
I'm just tryna imagine why you'd do that shit  
But I couldn't imagine it  
And it's nowhere I'd rather be  
On the beach with a tragedy  
And she call me your majesty  
Making movies appear so magically

Yeah, and it's sad that you'd said what you wouldn't do  
And it's sad to look back on what you wouldn't do  
And it's sad, ain't it sad?  
In a sec, in a sec, I  
But I'm glad that you had your fun, you had your fun on it  
But I'm bad for the things I say and the things I want on it  
How you mad that I got this money that I never even asked for?  
How you sad bout a slag, when you wasn't even up for it?  
What's enough? What's enough? What's enough? What's enough? What's enough? What's enough?  
I was broke, I was down, I was down bad, now I'm up, now I'm really up  
And I was outside in the Bentley truck  
I was outside when you ain't give a fuck  
I was outside, I was making money  
I was outside, I was stuck up

Is it bad that I serve but I couldn't dish it?  
Is it bad that you couldn't finish?  
Is it bad I lost every digit?  
Is it bad when you? Is it? Is it?  
Is it bad when you? Is it? (Yeah)  
Is it? When you told me that you quit it  
Would you really ever try to live it?  
Even though you said you already did it?  
When you told me that you really with it

You a broke ass bum, just admit it  
I admit every time I'm a psychopath  
I admit every time I cried and laughed  
I remember the times we used to have  
I remember the nights we used to have  
Even remember times when it was bad  
Even remember times we never had  
I could see all between the lies that you said that you wouldn't do  
And times that you said that you'd come, but you never do  
I heard planes that they fly, yeah, they fly till they never do  
And we crash and we burn, turn a page, or another two  
We can go back and do things that we said that we'd never do

I say I'm God, but I never knew  
I like to fly, yeah, I like to fly a few  
Yeah, I already died, I already tried a few  
Yeah, don't be surprised, you know my life, too