

# Hurt

Yung Lean

Shawty Ima do things that you ain't never did  
Finna wake up next to you, in my crib, cause  
I'ma make you hurt  
I'ma I'ma make you hurt

Sad Boys, we on deck  
"Am I awake?", I got to check  
Went to sleep, then I came back  
I'm the same guy smoking loud pack  
Iced out, right back, PCP attack  
Greedy pills hoes, on my ball sack  
They don't know how to act  
High tech watch, high tech locked  
Broken skies, fantastic fox  
Got keys, but I'll never find the lock  
Emotion boys we in the UFO  
Skies pink when I'm on ecstasy  
In Tokyo, playing Mario  
Sad Boys blast your stereos  
Sucking on my nuts like pistachios  
Mixing champagne with Carpaccio  
Slangin dough, Ho I'm in that polo  
Stacks of money, more for you  
Milkshakes with the crushed up oreos  
I'm in Italy, Rodeo  
Forgive me after my death, Caravaggio  
Louis duffel bag filled with heroin  
Louis goons who finna trip on LSD acid tabs, let them in  
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Bitch I light up the sky, call me Charmeleon  
My life's on the line  
I ain't Charmander, but I'm nearly on, clearly on drugs  
That will make you hear clearly wrong  
Longer than my yearly bong hit  
Shawty thinks she's guest star Lean  
Lean Doer dresses slicker  
I'm so iced out that it's Winter  
Destroy my stupid liver  
I be on that bape shit, you rocking Quicksilver  
Never hesitate, shit, to pull the trigger  
Luxurious, ate before my dinner, throw Bombay down the river  
Yea, you get that picture  
Gold and silver around my finger  
Shorty on that West Side, she a gold digger, wake up  
And I'm a winner, showering in five star  
Ho take that look in the mirror, I'm on my grind  
Like all the time, Bitch I'm Murakami  
Shawty sucking on my pastrami, Get that salami

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Sad Boys