

# Myself

Yung Lean

Workin' on myself, by myself, for myself  
I don't need your help, prefer my boys over wealth  
I'm a sinner, fuck heaven, I'm in hell  
Fuck one plus twelve, rather dead than in jail  
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I'm in this strip club off of drugs  
Sixty blunts, dead eyes  
Silver flux, bitches get head ties  
Hair fly around like Linda Blair, I'm in bed now  
In the sun I trust, getting money is a must, not a lust  
My idea of heaven is a place on earth  
Smokin' herb, getting hurt  
Fuck the law, I'm a bird  
I'ma swerve, lookin' sinister  
Have you heard Leandroer, I'm absurd  
She said she only pop ecstasy when she with me  
She only do drugs when she fuck with Lean  
I'm on my walkie talkie, all I see is dead trees  
I be living in the world but I'm stuck in my fantasies  
BMW m6 crawl, you know I gotta ball  
Bitches call, I take it all, I get it large  
I got nothing in my chest, insert a heart  
I can't sleep, rest in peace to my dreams  
L-Lean

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Hit the town with your girl, bitches know I'm here  
Mad Decent bomber jacket and some Asspizza Timbs  
Smokin' on the best dro, when I'm off in the States  
Taking off overseas, I don't fuck with no fakes  
I keep my snowflakes, all my white be so bright  
I keep the best green when I'm out here in flight  
Kill it on every scene, Sadboys, what it do?  
Young nigga out here flying with that red juggin' crew

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