

Ghosts

Zheani

I've been in this fucking mood for days yah
Looking for a pick up
Stumbled on a razor
Heaven knows I'm sick ya
I ain't right, throat tight, cold chills
Fomo for more pills
Fomo for more pills

Can't hide it no more
I'm on the run bitch, I'm wanted
It seeps through my pours
Runs down my forehead, I'm haunted
Drippin' on down
Beyond a shadow of doubt
Feels like I'm stuck in a cloud
Wondering who could save me now, but

Look at me now
Out on the town
I'm getting drunk
Don't give a fuck
Never I did
Never I will
Not on the pill
This cycle is real
Stuck in these feels
Stuck in these feels

I've been on the fucking moon for days yah
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Fomo for more pills
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I've got no one to blame but myself for this bullshit
Moth to the flame
Always the same
I can't do shit
Trying so long
But the feelings so wrong
I just wanna move on
I just wanna move on, but

I got it bad
Just like my Dad
I want the bag
I want the world
I want it all
Up in the stall
Pumpin' her uhh
Pumpin' her ahh
I gotcha baby
I gotcha baby

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