

Complex

Zion.T

Sari jom jjyeosseumyeon jogesseo
Neon nae mareun momeul joahajiman
Anajul ttae gachi jal ttae
Neo palbegae kkarajul ttae
Neoye mok geongangeul wihae

Nae kiga jomman keosseumyeon jogesseo
Nega mannadeon ki keun aedeulboda
Geurigo sondو jogeumman deo keosseum hae
Eo geunde geu, geugeon deo
An keodo doel geot gata

Neomu ppakse haruharu (haruharu)
Gaein jeongbo jigeopran: gasu
Eomma noraeneun eotteoke haeya dwaе?
Nine an sarabwasseumyeon mareul mara
(Wae iri iri mana)

Jeonhwa jom geumanaesseumyeon jogesseo
Teukhi neone yanghwadaegyo jinagal ttae
Geuraegeurae geu norae joahae
Geunde geu dariga mwon sanggwaninde

Complex
My complex
My complex
I'm complex than
The magazine
I hate me more than
You hate me
I'm complex than
The magazine

Naega aidorieosseum jogesseo
Chum jal chugo jalsaenggin nom (dance)
Sarang noraeman sseumyeon doenikka
Norae mothamyeon beoseumyeon doenikka
Yeah, oh yeah oh yeah
Oh yeah oh yeah
Oh yeah
Saranghae michigesseo (handsome)
Oh yeah oh yeah
Ireomyeon doenikka

Haesora hyeongeun kompeullekseuga eopseo mian
Kijakgo mallado gwaenchana mwo nanikka
Ohiryeo nan mariya if I was Zion.T
Noraeneun da aneunde eolgureun jal moreunikka
GDrahameyon don fame yeoja
Geurae soljikhi da sel su eopseo
Geureotago jaesueopseo?
Nacheoreom sarabwa
Think you can walk in my shoes?
Look at me now naega
Ne kompeullekseuda imma

99 complexes but you can't be me

99 complexes but you can't be me
Kompeullekseu munjereul sameumyeon
Munjega dwae
I got no complex yeah that's me

My complex
My complex
I'm complex than the magazine
I hate me more than you hate me
I'm complex than the magazine

My complex
My complex
I'm complex than the magazine
I hate me more than you hate me
I'm complex than the magazine

Gakkeum na naega anim jogesseo
Amudo uriga uriinji moreundamyeon
Namdeulcheoreom son jabgo
Geodneun sangsanghae
Haessal joeun gongwoneseo

A 5x6 grid of 30 empty square boxes, intended for children to draw pictures in. The grid is composed of five rows and six columns of squares.

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A 4x5 grid of 20 empty square boxes, arranged in four rows and five columns, intended for drawing or writing practice.

Complex
My complex
My complex
I'm complex than
The magazine
I hate me more than
You hate me
I'm complex than
The magazine

□□ □□□□□□ □□□
□ □ □□ □□□ □ (dance)
□□ □□□ □□ □□□
□□ □□□ □□□ □□□
Yeah, oh yeah oh yeah
Oh yeah oh yeah
Oh yeah

帅 (handsome)

Oh yeah oh yeah

帅

帅 帅 帅 帅 帅 帅

帅 帅 帅 帅 帅 帅

帅 帅 if I was Zion.T

帅 帅 帅 帅 帅 帅

GD 帅 帅 fame 帅

帅 帅 帅 帅 帅 帅

帅 帅 帅 帅 帅 帅

帅 帅 帅

Think you can walk in my shoes?

Look at me now 帅

帅 帅 帅

99 complexes but you can't be me

99 complexes but you can't be me

帅 帅 帅 帅

帅 帅

I got no complex yeah that's me

My complex

My complex

I'm complex than the magazine

I hate me more than you hate me

I'm complex than the magazine

My complex

My complex

I'm complex than the magazine

I hate me more than you hate me

I'm complex than the magazine

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帅 帅 帅

帅 帅 帅

帅 帅 帅 帅

I wish I gained more weight

Though you like my lean frame

When I hug you, when we sleep together

When you use my arm as a pillow

For the health of your neck

I wish I was taller

Taller than the tall guys you dated

I wish my hands were bigger

But uh, that, that thing

I don't think that needs to be bigger

Each day is so hard (day by day)

Personal profile, occupation: singer

Mom, how do you sing?

If you haven't lived it, don't say anything

(Why is there so much work)

I wish they'd stop calling

Especially when you all are passing the Yanghwa Bridge

Yeah, yeah, that song is good

But what does that bridge have to do with it?

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I wish I was an idol
Good at dancing and handsome (dance)
Cause all you have to do is write a love song
If you can't sing, all you have to do is take it off
Yeah, oh yeah oh yeah
Oh yeah oh yeah
Oh yeah
I love you, I'm going crazy (handsome)
Oh yeah oh yeah
Cause that's all you have to do

Haesol, I don't have any complexes, sorry
I'm short and skinny but that's ok, cause it's me
Actually, for me, if I was Zion.T
They know all your songs but not really your face
When you say GD, you think of money, fame, girls
Yeah, honestly, I can't count it all
Irritated by me?
Then live like me
Think you can walk in my shoes?
Look at me now
I'm your complex, bitch

99 complexes but you can't be me
99 complexes but you can't be me
You wanna make your complex a problem
Then it becomes a problem
I got no complex yeah that's me

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My complex
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Sometimes, I wish I wasn't me
If no one knew who we were
I dream of holding hands
And walking around like everyone else
At a sunny park