

Frank Ocean, Lost

Double D
Big full breast on my baby
Triple weight
Couldn't weigh the love I've got for the girl
And I just wanna know
Why you ain't been goin' to work
Boss ain't workin' ya like this
He can't take care of you like this

Now you're lost
Lost in the heat of it all
Girl you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam
Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India
Lost on a train, lost

Got on my butter cream (There we go) silk shirt and it's Versace (Wanna buy them Prototypes)
Hand me my triple weight
So I can weigh the work I got on your girl (Too weird to live, too rare to die)
No I don't really wish
I don't wish the titties was yours
No, have I ever
Have I ever let you get caught?

Lost
Lost in the heat of it all
Girl you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam
Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India
Lost on a train, lost

She's at a stove (who?)
Can't believe I got her out here cookin' dope (Cookin' dope)
I promise she'll be
Whippin' meals up for a family of her own some day
Nothin' wrong (Nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' wrong)
No nothin' wrong with lie
Nothin' wrong with another short plane ride (Nothin' wrong)
Through the sky (Up in the sky)
You and I (Just you and I) are lost

Lost
Lost in the heat of it all
Girl you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam
Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India
Lost on a train, lost

Love lost, lost
Love love,
Love lost, lost
Love love
Love lost
Love love
Love lost