

Lil Uzi Vert, Fire Alarm

Top Floor

Sleep on me if you wanna

I can't even see myself, be myself, be myself
I can't even see myself, I'm myself, I'm myself
I can't see myself, hurt myself
I can't be myself, see myself, fuck myself
I wanna see it
I can't be myself, see myself, fuck myself
I can't be myself, see myself, free myself
Don't be shy
I can't sell my soul, clean my soul,
I can't be myself, see myself, freak myself
Woah
Freak myself, I can't free myself

The fire alarm, the fire alarm
The fire alarm, the fire alarm
Fuck your bitch, call emergency
Ain't no bitch never heard of me
I fuck hoes off burgundy, she said "Can I get a Birkin please?"
I did three hoes in one day, so I gave my fourth girl dirty D
In her jaw, she want a breaker, and added up, double three
Sent her an Uber, like "Come with me"
I ain't even touch her, she cum for me
Takin' these percs, she known for me
Fuck her own friends, 'cause she wrong for me

I just want you to go crazy when the beat drop, just like, just
Takin' these percs, she known for me
Fuck her own friends, yeah, she wrong for me

Woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah
Takin' these pills, and these pills got me outer space
Got me out of my mind, I went and- aagh
All of my money, my pants, my money, my money, my pants
Bro, watch on my wrist, it ain't coachin' with fans
My Richard, my Richard, my Richard a millie
It cost way more than your lil' Rollie
I treat my foreign like it was a stoley
I put the ice on my ankle like goalie
Diamond my neck and it can't get no colder
Solitaire ring, and my neck is boulder
Love for my job, but I'm still sellin' coca
I know some bitches that diggin' the soda
I like this bitch, but I can't even hold her
None of these bitches, we really don't own 'em
Yellow stones on me, they look like it's sunny
One of my chains on my neck is a Franko
It was a dip in the ocean like Homer
None of these niggas they fresher than Uzi
Feelin' up on me like an organ donor, woah
None of these niggas they fresher than Uzi
Feelin' up on me like an organ donor
She gave me head like that bitch got diploma
Can pour up a four, but I ain't want paloma
She pull up on me to handle the boner
Her original YSL, bitch, I'm a stoner, woo, woo

The fire alarm, the fire alarm
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The fire alarm, the fire alarm
The fire alarm, the fire alarm

Woo-woo, woo-woo, woo-woo
Woo-woo, woo-woo, woo-woo
Woo-woo, woo-woo, woo-woo
Woo-woo, woo-woo, woo-woo