

Post Malone, Broken Whiskey Glass

I done drank Codeine from a broken whiskey glass
I done popped my pills and I smoked my share of grass
Slaved for the man and I broke my fuckin' back
So you can take your nine-to-five and shove it up your ass
And I won't go on, like a highway to hell
Going too damn fast, I spilled drink on my Chanel
And I woke up and my room's fuckin' trashed like a damn hotel
Where I go next, now, only time will tell

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh

I done spent some time chasin' women that don't give a shit
I done learned my lessons and I ain't never gon' forget
Started callin' this shit, started ballin' and shit, started flickin' that wrist
They ain't never listened now I'm makin' them hits so I'm fuckin' your bitch
No it ain't nothin' fickle for me to forget that you ever exist
Bet you remember my name when I pull up in that whip that doesn't exist, skrrr
Spill lean on Supreme last Saturday
Let that shit splash, motherfucker talk saucey
Pass me the drugs, motherfucker let me shine
At the White House, call my homie Joe Biden, he flyin' out weed
Smokin' my dope, beggin' that that be the code
Man, don't be silly, that shit you rockin' is old
Like it's been years since you been to the store
Feel like Meek Milly but I ain't from Philly
I'm poppin' a wheelie, I show off my grillie
I do this for real-y and for my fam-ily
Some shade every night, man, it's all so famil-y
The bitches they killin' me
Like, bitch are you kiddin' me?
Ballin', that shit Jason Kiddin' me
You can't get rid of me
Now you want my chain and my jeans but you no good at chemistry

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh