

# Lost

Frank Ocean

Double D  
Big full breasts on my baby  
(Yo we going to Florida)  
Triple weight  
Couldn't weigh the love I've got for the girl  
And I just wanna know  
Why you ain't been going to work  
Boss ain't working you like this  
He can't take care of you like this  
[Hook]  
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 buttercream silk shirt and it's Versace  
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 would show  
No, have I ever  
Have I ever let you get caught

She's at a stove  
Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope  
I promise she'll be  
Whipping meals up for a family of her own some day  
Nothing wrong  
Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)  
No nothing wrong with a lie  
Nothing wrong with another short plane ride  
(Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)  
Through the sky  
Up in the sky  
You and I  
Just you and I

Love lost ?  
Love love  
Love lost ?  
Love love  
Love lost  
Love love  
Love lost  
Life is the substance  
Then the other channel on the