

Find Me

Allday

Man I wanted if I said it all
It's time when the records are done
Was it memorable? You know what the fuck it was
They gonna talk their shit
I'm gonna shrug it off
Coming up, gave a fuck how I came across
Two years ago, when I couldn't take another loss
Somebody better put a end to my winning streak
I'm not hearing 'em
I guess it'll take a lot to offend me man
Fuck all the bullshit and mystique
And telling everything when it's not pretty
I don't mind
All for the trippy for strictly
Tatted on my side boy if you need a kitty
Pink and light
There's no weight where my ex girls are
Watching my clips, feeling regret feels huh!?
In the studio so the rent bills high
They tell me say real
I tell 'em get real high

Find me
You've been sad for too long [x3]
[x2]

Find me sitting up
For a little buzz
And everybody's here
Yeah we did a bunch
Find me

'Money over bitches' is what I'm hearing
Money without love it not appealing
I got too much on my plate
Gotta spill it in my house
Crackin' and blind for you to peer in
And my peers, they all just appearing now
And the older generations, kinda fizzled out
Swear to get up in my space when I'm sitting down
Tryna get a real account, what I'm really 'bout
But I'm really human, staring at my cup
Friends scare, who dared told me that's enough?
I'd probably get 'em kicked outta here, in a flash
In the mood strikes, that's how I'm feeling tonight
When I was 17 I forgot the train
Walked in to the show hoping everyone ignored me
Had to win a battle to force to record
Didn't know the card but I know it was a sure thing
When I wasn't confident, I was confident
Even when I was competent, I was on some shit
Like I got it, I promise, I'm positive
I was rapping back when Britney was hot and shit
You know the deal, played shows to no-one
I recall the first 4 kids that showed up
And I brought drinks 'cos it meant so much to me
So my recently is all grown up

Sorta like my friends, and my brothers and the styles so shitty
People telling me about my own home city
Now put me on the lights man, fuckin' no dimming
Look at what I made of all killer, no filler; like Sum 41
Already I've won, already have fun
Already would've liked
So you know I would die for this
So this is our cult man
And mix in cool-aid just right for you

Find me
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