

Gimmie Something

FIDLAR

He's been waiting this time,
Running out of vodka to love.
He's been going down to hide,
Living in the back of his truck.

With his all American still be thirty
He puts it in the bag and he sits on a curb
And he says

Hey, come on, give me money,
Come on, give me money.
You've been living your life doing all kinds of drugs
I've been spending my time trying not to fall in love
When you come out now with your dirty spoon
Stay on my couch and you howl at the moon and you say

Hey, come on, give me something
Hey, come on, give me something.

Hey, come on, give me something
Hey, come on, give me something