

Hipster Girls

lamsu!

Postin pics on your blog, uh
Takin rips of that phone uh
Bout to move to Los Angeles
'Cause I sit there livin at home uh
Chop it up and I don't feel this
Are you ever close to straight vitange?
Top flannels around yo waist
Wear a blouse and panties in the winter
Hit the club with all of yo club homies
'Cause your real friends could get in
You will never wait in no lines
You already text up a murder man
And he thirsty and he wants you
But you use him for his work
Just to get close with a nigga with a table
The parlor rapper, he must sell drugs
'Cause you just want the plug and you got that
'Cause you just want the light and you got that
And maybe if you get a little closer they might really fuck with you
Hitch you a ride with the top back
You just want love and affection
What they do is on to the next one
'Cause if you ain't down for the action
You gon get yo ass kicked but just make sure
But guess what, nigga

This for all of my hipster girls
On Instagram straight flexin
On Instagram straight flexin
On Instagram straight flexin
I said This for all of my hipster girls
On Tumblr straight flexin
On Tumblr straight flexin
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So go girl, do yo thing
I hope everybody in here know your name
I said go girl, do yo thing
I hope everybody in here know your name

Caught up in a hype in the lime light
But tell me what's gon happen when I have faith
But I guess you ain't learned from yo mistakes
He was messin with a senior and a 9th grader
Inspire my model of actress
To niggas with money you magnet
Constantly climbin the ladder
You swear to stay far from the stagnant
Everybody love a girl with a few goals
You a stripper and a model playin 2 roles
You be payin for yo college but you dancing
At the same time saving for a new home
Uh uh, like hella likes hella likes
Instagram, that's life, am I right?
Bring her right up in them pictures, never wrong
When you caption always quota from a song
Like some drinks here, lots of em aced out

Plus in my drink 3 stack
You don't give a fuck about these girls' opinions
You don't push these bitches up for they feedback
You just stretchin for the life and you need that
Get a car with a cri, where the sea at?
Where the drink? Where the smoke? Where the weed at?
When the champagne toast you can keep that
Believe that, baby

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