

Broken Whiskey Glass

Post Malone

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

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 fl
ickin' that wrist
They ain't never listened now I'm makin' them hits so I'm fucki
n' 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 and dab with that, does
n't exist, skrrrr
Spill lean on supreme last Saturday, let that shit splash, moth
erfucker 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 really and for my family
Some shade every night, man, it's all so familiar
The bitches they killin' me
Like, bitch are you kiddin' me?
Ballin', that shit, that shit killin' me
You can't get rid of me
Now you want my chain and my jeans but you no good at chemistry