

Never Understand

Post Malone

I got bands
Broke boys coming to me with their open hands
And I ain't trippin'
I'm just saying now everybody wanna be my friend
I finally fell in love
Now all these bitches wanna come and fuck up my plans
I'm just trying to be who I am
It's just something they will never understand
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Same life, getting rich, whoa I got a fuckin' problem
Trying to flex up on young posty, we gon' tell them what's up
We gon' tour motherfucker, came up, I ain't lonely
Gotta problem Santiago, 45 by the gut
Post and 1st, we in the cut, we were smoking on the woods
And they think it smells good and they all want a puff
Said they see me at the show, they was in the front row
They wanna fuck, I told them bitches come and jump on my bus
We got molly and we got Xans
And we got drank and we got plants
And we got white and we got gas
And it's just something they will never understand

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[Larry June:]
They will never understand
They used to didn't love me now they calling me the man
Baby where are you going? Love, you know I got a plan
I can elevate your life, your life
Keep them niggas far away, they praying on my downfall
You don't fuck with me the long way so baby what you here for?
It could be so simple, meet me out in Frisco
Yeah yeah, yeah-hey
Calculate your steps and keep your circle small

Understand that nothing lasts forever
Glamorization of this lifestyle will leave you desperate
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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