

# Yours Truly, Austin Post

Post Malone

I just came down from the high of my life  
I just, I just came down from the high of my life  
See us popping champagne, we could do it all night  
And if everything gone bad we gon' make it alright

How you expecting awards when you ain't put in work  
And I just got off the phone, yeah with my realtor  
And I've been eating so good that bitch my belly broke  
And I might cop that Mustang cause bitch that Bentley talk  
Put that sauce on that bitch real quick  
Put that ice on that wrist real slick  
Girl I know you know my wallet's real thick  
And I'm wondering what your drinking

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We gon' fucking fuck with y'all, do it  
We don't gotta stunt on y'all, do we?  
Bring that money back to yours truly  
When I'm rocking all my God and jewelry

Yeah, hey  
I just hopped out the foreign  
Looking so pretty, yeah  
And yeah, that watch on my arm look like a trillion  
You know that White Iverson, no keep that [?]  
And I just bought out my brain, I feel like Bubble [?]  
Girl I'm zoned out, I feel my zans  
Ain't nobody understand  
It's you and I, go and call your friends  
Let's get a lot of kerosine  
You gon' ride that bumpy grind  
Yeah, let me see that double time  
You ain't gotta tell them hoes, because they know  
Yeah

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Tell me, who do you call?  
When the night gets rough  
And you're sitting by the phone  
Cause all those drugs worn off

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