

Hollywood LA

Vic Mensa

My footsteps in ashes
Why do I kill everything I touch?
Why do blood run so deep?
After so long why it mean so much
Shadows of a song, man it could've been a rap
Couлда wrapped up, should've said I'm never looking back
Took a backpack, packed everything I owned
Into it hopped onto a train, threw it on the track
I guess that's what I do
At least what I do best
I beg my pardon
Apart from you girl, you the one that I do bless
With this holy water (holy water)
Gold rollie on them
Took a bubble bath with the preacher's daughter that's holy water
Could you imagine magic in the air
The passion when I'm passing Ls
Inhale smoke and laughing
Last lap the lux
Deluxe truck and wackers
Y'all pass the dutch
And I puff the drag
Niggas be draggin ass it don't make shit
And they wonder why it don't make sense
Said it's been awhile, they wonder where you been
I've been locked up in that basement
I was 16 with a mixtape,
Now I'm 19 with a mixtape
Tryna be 21 with a million dollars
Like praise the Lord, hallelujah, holla

Would you dance with me in the rain?
Would you share your empathy, kill my pain?
Paint this picture for me
I'll be by you mañana
When you need me I'm gone call you
Come on baby, that's how ya
You the reason, wonder why my feet don't touch the ground
Wonder why my feet don't touch the ground
I'll be by you mañana
When you need me I'm gone call you
Call me crazy, ooh mama
Baby wanna, wonder why my feet don't touch the ground
Wonder why my feet don't touch the ground
Hollywood, Los Angeles
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Streets of gold and good canibus
But ooh on you so scandalous

Scared to leave but so scared to stay
Stand contenders disappearing away
Whether you with the fade out
Filled with regret
Or put a gun to your head
Take it out with a bang
Suicide letter, signed Kurt Cobain
Suicide letter, signed Kirko Bangz

Drank in my cup, but I'm cutting my wrists
Because all these rap niggas all sound so same
I'm going to stay this thing one last time
This one last thing
People are sheep to the radio
Heard it on tape too much to make a dumb ass saint
Sing along with me
Sing along this your jam
Ladies this your favorite song
In the mirror, put this on
Hit your zan, get in your zone
I can tell her I see she know
But she know she don't need no more
She been drinking way too much
Must admit you way too cold
Caught you looking across that room
You wrong you think that I don't know
Your girlfriend probably played that roll
Looking 'oh you seen this type before'
That's neither here nor there
But I will say this
Cause I do know that
You're the only one I need that's fact
And the fact of the matter is I got your back

[Hook]