

## Likes

Yuna

I think I gotta be honest to myself  
I could never be anybody else  
I could never please everybody else  
But I care too much for everybody

Like toxic candy bar, I will consume it  
I made it pretty far, but that's not enough yet  
I gave my best from the east to the west  
Still getting tested, people don't get it

Oh, she doesn't smoke  
She doesn't show her skin  
I heard she doesn't drink  
Who does she think she is  
What is that on her head  
Does not make sense to me

Oh, who is she  
Oh, she Muslim, why  
She singin' on stage  
She's showin' her neck in public  
I don't like it  
Does not make sense to me

Let me leave another comment out of spite  
Let's hope I get more likes  
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Here's the story of me being true to me  
I got the music and faith inside of me  
One says just get on with the times  
One says your livin' in a lie

Why can't they leave me alone  
I'm doing good on my own  
They always up in my zone  
They speak of thinkin' they know  
Everything they know about me  
Getting on the phone to write this

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Okay, you know it don't make sense to me  
When people ain't the people they pretend to be  
It weirds me, but hear me out  
Instagram does really have a tendency  
To give people superficial dependencies  
Okay, but shit

I be postin' pics until it make me sick  
Tryna get a fix from a click  
That's just how it is  
If you gotta post a booty pic to keep the lights on  
Then right on, but I ain't for writin' 'bout it in my songs

So no, I barely smoke  
Ain't got the strap  
Ain't catchin' no bodies  
I'm just a nobody, nobody knows  
And I ain't livin' by nobody's rules  
Nah, Nah

And I ain't stayin' in Studio City  
Actin' like I'm next door to Diddy, pity  
Everybody postin' bout shit they don't really got  
And all your likes and comments comin' from a bot

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You don't know, you don't know  
What it's like, what it's like  
To be me  
You don't know