

Drugs & Money

Chase Atlantic

I, woah

I think I'm a god and some other shit, yeah
You know how I get when I'm in my head, yeah
Pink shadows in the basement, woah
What's that pink shadow in the base-

Mama, I'm sorry, reality's boring
I cut it up, wash it all down with a forty
I probably won't snort it
My head is distorted
I try to ignore it, I try to ignore it
I'm searching for glory, girl, you know the story
Girl, you know the story

Drugs and fucking money
I can hear the birds sing (sing)
Drugs and fucking money
Fucking up this whole thing (thing)
Drugs and fucking money (yeah)
Only thing that I need
Drugs and fucking money (money), yeah

Yeah, drugs and fucking money
I can hear the birds sing
Drugs and fucking money
Fucking up this whole thing
Drugs and fucking money
Only thing that I need
Drugs and fucking money, yeah
Drugs and fucking-

Woo, gold-plated chain in my pocket (in my pocket)
I could make it rain if I wanted to (if I wanted to)
She said, "You got drugs 'cause I want 'em"
Hell, nah
I told you they're mine, girl, just stop it

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Only thing that I need
Drugs and fucking money, yeah
Yeah, drugs and fucking

Damn, I love it (woah)
Maybe I should drop it, pick a different subject
Maybe it's deliberate if it's lacking substance
Baby, you still listen so I know you love it
I know you love it

Well, I guess I could sell some nice things
Or write about how good my life's been
I'm sure your parents wouldn't like me
These circumstances can be frightening
I guess it matters how you time things, yeah
Balance addiction on a tight string
Money and drugs are all I think about
So I'ma drop this song and let the birds sing

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I know you love it