

# The Girls on Drugs

Wale

Hey! Happy Festivus everyone!

I promise you ain't never really freak out until you be out at freak hours and see each and every freak out from free couch to free couch

We go deep and we don't get no sleep  
Cause we be up all night until the early light

Man these niggas ain't serious  
Do you know what type of women I've been dealing with?  
I used to pop blues with my lil' bitch  
I call her boo cuz her real one I will forget  
I use a Uber to scoop me to SLS  
What you expect, a little groupie to see my crib?  
Oh no, these niggas ain't serious  
Do you know what type of bitches I've been dealing with?  
Try to tell me adderall make her get a rush  
Used to use it to study until she fell in love  
Told me that lil buzz just make her think a lot  
Told her "Nah you lying, cuz you don't eat enough"  
Nah Nah Nah  
These women ain't serious  
She sprinkled a little something up in her lip  
Start sipping and now she sweating, her lips clenched  
Kind of dizzy, her friends tell her to get a grip  
I'm trying to get me a real woman to take out  
But for now, they're wild  
They rather get it in

Girls on drugs  
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Pills and subs when them beers ain't enough  
They still need love

In her purse where her hand go  
She disperse by the handful  
Coco make her go up  
Nothing popping, pop a zan when she laying low  
Bars to break, so many bars to break  
She at the Grammy's turnt, none of the stars is fake  
She like "Oh my God, I'm on the moon and shit"  
And my particular moon like a platoon and shit  
You know the niggas I be dealing with  
Politicians and niggas living it on the rip  
And my position to give this shit to little kids  
Is not official unless I'm giving them authentic  
We're all living with small demons  
We're all sinning, it's all similar  
Broads with us and they bong hitting  
Let me tell you about the bitches I've been chilling with  
The really insecure ones look good as shit  
Nothing fill the void of a little pill  
A little shot, she ain't shy when the shit spill  
And it's hard to feel alive when you're feeling dead inside  
Beside that the lime light be so real  
Let me tell you about the bitches that I kick it with

Told me nobody love her and so she cut her wrist  
Not enough for the hospital but cut it close  
That's why she want to get high because she's feeling low  
Told me pour me a vodka, pill and little smoke  
So I could numb her insides and we will never know

[Hook]