

Lost

Frank Ocean

Double D

Big full breast on my baby (yo we goin' to Florida)

Triple weight

Couldn't weigh the love I've got for the girl

And I just wanna know

Why you ain't been goin' to work

Boss ain't workin' ya like this

He can't take care of you like thisNow you're lost

Lost in the heat of it all

Girl you know you're lost

Lost in the thrill of it all

Miami, Amsterdam

Tokyo, Spain, lost

Los Angeles, India

Lost on a train, lostGot on my butter cream (There we go) silk shirt and it's Versace (Wanna buy them
Prototypes)

Hand me my triple weight

So I can weigh the work I got on your girl(Too weird to live, too rare to die)

No I don't really wish

I don't wish the titties was yours

No, have I ever

Have I ever let you get caught?Lost

Lost in the heat of it all

Girl you know you're lost

Lost in the thrill of it all

Miami, Amsterdam

Tokyo, Spain, lost

Los Angeles, India

Lost on a train, lostShe's at a stove (who?)

Can't believe I got her out here cookin' dope (Cookin' dope)

I promise she'll be

Whippin' meals up for a family of her own some day

Nothin' wrong (Nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' wrong)

No nothin' wrong with lie

Nothin' wrong with another short plane ride (Nothin' wrong)

Through the sky (Up in the sky)

You and I (Just you and I) are lostLost

Lost in the heat of it all

Girl you know you're lost

Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam
Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India
Lost on a train, lostLove lost, lost
 Love love,
 Love lost, lost
 Love love
 Love lost
 Love love
 Love lost

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