

# Broken Whiskey Glass

## Post Malone

I done drank codeine from a broken whiskey glass  
I done popped my pills and I smoked my share of grass  
Slaved for the man and I broke my fuckin' back  
So you can take your nine-to-five and shove it up your ass  
And I won't go on, like a highway to hell  
Going too damn fast, I spilled drink on my Chanel  
And I woke up and my room's fuckin' trashed like a damn hotel  
Where I go next, now, only time will tell Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh I done spent some time chasin'  
women that don't give a shit  
I done learned my lessons and I ain't never gon' forget  
Started callin' this shit, started ballin' and shit, started flickin' that wrist  
They ain't never listened now I'm makin' them hits so I'm fuckin' your bitch  
No it ain't nothin' fickle for me to forget that you ever exist  
Bet you 'member my name when I pull up and dab with that, doesn't exist, skrrr  
Spill lean on supreme last saturday, let that shit splash, motherfucker talk saucey  
Pass me the drugs, motherfucker let me shine  
At the white house, call my homie joe biden, he flyin' out weed  
Smokin' my dope, beggin' that that be the code  
Man, don't be silly, that shit you rockin' is old  
Like it's been years since you been to the store  
Feel I need milly but I ain't from Philly  
I'm poppin' a wheelie, I show off my grillie  
I do this for real-y and for my family  
Some shade every night, man, it's all so familiar  
The bitches they killin' me  
Like, bitch are you kiddin' me?  
Ballin', that shit, that shit killin' me  
You can't get rid of me  
Now you want my chain and my jeans bitch I'm real good at chemistry Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh

Songwriters

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