

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 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 such 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 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

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