

# Feeling Whitney

## Post Malone

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo, ooh And I've been looking for someone to put up with my bullshit

I can't even leave my bedroom so I keep pouring

And I ain't seen a light of day since, well that's not important

It's been long

And I was feeling Whitney, me and my homies sip Houston

Cars and clothes, thought I was winning

You knew I was losing

You told me to wake up, oh my clock always stays on snooze

And I'm done

To each their own and find peace in knowing

Ain't always broken, but here's to hoping

Show no emotion, against your coding

And just act as hard as you can

You don't need a friend

Boy, you're the man Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo, ooh And I've been looking for someone that I can buy my drugs from  
It seems like every plug ran east to Utah, became Mormons Drought comes around, feels like I have no one to

depend on

Sober, ugh

I had 80 beers on Tuesday night, I had nothing to do with it

I put on a little Dwight and sang a happy tune

And lit a cigarette, stepped out the door, had an appearance

Drank more

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Boy, you're the man Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-oo, ooh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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