

# Lost (Mr. Leman Gentle Touch)

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 this Now 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, lost Got 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, lost She'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 lost 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, lost Love lost, lost  
Love love,  
Love lost, lost  
Love love  
Love lost  
Love love  
Love lost

Songwriters

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