

# Hoover

## Yung Lean

[Hook]

Leeaaann

Fattest bag around, tell the law when they come for us  
The saddest firm around, turn to dogs if they barkin' on me  
Bag filled with white like let's throw it in the drawer, homie  
Leave my body in the night, wake up with some liquor on me

Wake up with some liquor in me

Wake up and the world is empty

Wake up, bet my bag is empty

Wake up, take a trip to Paris[Verse]

Two dead rats and I see a gallon

Gathered all this shit in my bag like Santa

Bitches see me, hoes gettin' tantrum

Rockstar person, I'm like Marilyn Manson

Dirt on my face, bitches think I'm handsome

18, but my money likes expansion

Me and my boys, we just styled in Aspen

After breakfast, people call us madmen

I've always been this way and I call them hasbeens

Never gave a fuck it's like it never mattered

Accept the actions, forget the sad shit

Blowin' smoke in your face, became a dragon

Money in my right and my left hand

Ridin' on a horse with a dead man

Sad's in my left hand[Hook]

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