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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