

# G-Eazy, Downtown Love (ft. John Michael Rouch)

Downtown love  
Don't want none of your downtown love  
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Just wonderin' if you notice me  
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Wood floors in your Soho apartment  
Every morning always roll one and spark it  
Credit cards left on your glass table  
You been wildin' since I met you last April  
A beautiful, outgoing, alcoholic, socialite  
Like the way I talk to you, I was so polite  
Always claimin' that you're not the type to notice hype  
But that's the reason why we kicked it and you know it's right  
I was your Bob Dylan, you were my (?)  
But where I used to see beauty, now I just see pathetic  
It was fun while it lasted but you'll never get it  
You're living in your own world, where love is all synthetic  
Yeah, and now you walk around woefully  
For a minute thought about forever like it's Jodeci  
But now you're spiraling and falling over hopelessly  
And I just wonder if you notice me, yeah

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And you're just spending your allowance cash  
On some shopping sprees, drinks, and a powder stash  
But it drains like the sand in an hour glass  
And when it does is when I see you turnin' sour fast  
Free falling from the sky 'till the gravel caught us  
Spending cash, burning holes in her fragile pockets  
Doin' drugs on the surface of Apple products  
Started beautiful but look at where havoc brought us  
And it was fun but I could never be the one for you  
You're never happy, always looking 'round for something new  
But it was unbelievable when I was fucking you  
Thought that I was momentarily in love with you  
Nah, see you're in love with material  
And even more in love with attention  
Walking through life so eager for affection  
And never really was a connection, nah

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So in love with the scene she was  
4am is when she leaves clubs  
She's...

In love with fashion, still trying to be Audrey Hepburn  
Grabs the check, but she spends what she hasn't yet earned  
Life's a bitch, if you play with fire you get burned  
The road to riches could throw you off at the next turn  
Yeah, poor little rich girl

Cries her eyes out, it's all part of the show  
Fell in love with the fast life but started it slow  
Loves creative types, slept with every artist she know  
Comes from high society, but they frown on her actions  
Instagrams half naked, how she sounds in her captions  
Always snobby and conceited, she knows what the deal is  
Wants to party, thumbs through a rolodex full of dealers  
Yeah, cause she said the high was divine  
The first time is what she kept on searching trying to find  
Scared to lose it all but everything was nothing inside  
Couldn't face the truth but everyone's got something to hide  
It's ironic how conscious she is of how she appear  
Two hours getting dressed but still can't look herself in the mirror  
Making poor choices, even at her wealthiest year  
Was a fast lifestyle that no one helped her to steer, yeah

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