

# Post Malone, SOCIALITE

Fuck

I'm always a drink away from a good day  
Put on some Jodeci, getting loose, aye  
I pummel the coochie, I'm Bobby Boucher  
Maybe that's why they put up with all my bullshit  
And I bought a new Bentley without a roof, aye  
In L.A. they tell me my truck is stupid  
Doing cul-de-sac donuts, man, I'm a nuisance  
I love my Prince with the Revolutions

Getting hammered all alone, but don't feel bad for me  
And my chauffeur drinks Patron, so call a cab for me  
And I'll leave

Fuck me up, it's only a body  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
If God exists, it shouldn't be a problem  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Socialite

I'm feeling naughty up on a Sunday  
Fuck in the backseat of a Hyundai  
I'm calling her Shrek 'cause she got a donkey  
It's crazy how well we get along  
My new best friend, I just met  
Now it's "Fuck everybody else"  
I know someone for six weekends  
And never talk to them again

Call it what you want, it's such a tragedy  
I pulled a shorter straw, another casualty  
Guess I leave

Fuck me up, it's only a body  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
If God exists, it shouldn't be a problem  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Fuck me up, it's my birthday party  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
So tell me something we got in common  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Socialite  
Socialite