

Post Malone, SOMETHING REAL

Give me something I can feel
Light a cigarette just so I can breathe
Give me something, something real
Seven hundred feet off the coast of Greece

Give me something I can feel
No reservation, pull up twenty deep
Give me something, something real
I would trade it all just to be at peace

Stop, it gets too hot, this is overload
It don't matter what car is sitting outside, it's a lonely road
It's a double-edged sword, cutting off ties with the ones I know
So tell me how the fuck am I still alive, it's a miracle

And I can't believe we threw up here in Louis V
It's what I need right now
It's just my need, at the gates of hell, no VIP
Everybody waits in line

So give me something I can feel
Some 20 S and 50 Vs
Give me something, something real
I was in my B sipping burgundy

Give me something I can feel
Prada on my dick, Prada on my sleeves
Give me something, something real
I could play that pussy like it's Für Elise

I got real habits, I'm a snowmobile addict
Teal Patek, steel when I feel Patek
Throw a mil at it, problem throw a bill at it
Still at it, sign another deal at it

And I can't believe everybody gets to drink for free
So give me one more round
No cover fee, any gates of hell, no VIP
Everybody waits in line

So give me something I can feel
Light a cigarette just so I can breathe
Give me something, something real
How much psilocybin can a human eat?

Give me something I can feel
Whiskey, love, and bud just to fall asleep
Give me something, something real
And it's what I want, it ain't what I need

Give me something I can feel
Got everything, guess I'm hard to please
Give me something, something real
I would trade my life just to be at peace

Give me something I can feel
Give me something, something real