

BoyWithUke - Dear Hollywood

tom:
Intro: C E7 Am F

Ahem, hey, don't you hate those types of people
That believe they're in a movie?
And their movie needs a sequel?
That the world revolves around the sound of their voice
(Voice of seagulls)
They make my psyche feel so tiny
And my sanity go feeble
But that's not me though
I know I have an ego
I know that I'm a jerk at times and hypocritical
Don't mean to get political
But I know some elipticals
That have more functionality
A part of me just wants to gag, you see?

I don't care who your husband is
I don't care how many girls you've kissed
How many lives you've influenced
You're just like everybody else
I'm only ever in the hills
Because the label pays my bills
I'd rather be at home with monsters
Than in the city of angels

I don't get bitches, I get money
Got real friends who think I'm funny
I don't smoke and I don't party at all
I got coupons in my pockets
And I rarely shop at Target
I don't flex my seven figures at all
I don't get-

I've been sad for a day
So I guess that means I'm lame
That's okay
You can talk about how I should be ashamed
No, it doesn't bother me
Cause I'm a fucking prodigy
And being cool means to be a fucking dumbass logically
Then sure, I guess you're cool
Congrats, one of a kind
I took one look at your face and
No, I can't say I'm surprised
Your design and how you are
Left me speechless, it's bizarre
How you can be this fucking stupid
Yet, deserve to be a (tzar)
I simply do not give a fuck
You say I'm trash, bitch, I'm the truck
You'd kiss my ass and hold my cup
If you had found out who I was
It's funny how some people change
Soon as they recognize my face
Their fits are fly, but heads are dense
You're not that guy, bro, no offense
(I, I, I)
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I don't flex my seven figures at all
I don't get-
I don't get-
I don't get-

Acordes

