

High Beams (feat. slowthai)

Flume & HWLS

We'll lift when I flip the clutch
Days when I wasted a lot
Some days I was waste like plums That ain't been ate for months
Months in this place of glum
Food that I ate hit my tum
Can't settle fairytale skin pebbles, raised in slum
Somehow I gotta make me some
I ain't tryna stay at mum's
Mum said don't play with guns
Banging and playing on drums
Slanging it under no thumb
Make me draw from my fund
Putting on pie and eating in crumbs
Get rich, then you die, don't mean that much
Could be anyone that wouldn't be me
Believing everyone except for me
All I need is TLC, block it out with THC
You would know if you seen what I seen
Ain't smooth like Maybelline
Count me out like one, two, three
Poof, I'm gone, say my move was strong
Bite it between my teeth
Said I'm moving along, do you know where I've been?
Back and forth to Timbuktu
Still, I come through like Mr. Sheen
Dealing with Charlie Sheens
Sad times, can you play the strings?
No cut, no seam
Looks could kill and I've got high beams
Out of touch, off my line
They got laws but I can't comply
Out of luck, must be blind
Been blessed so much 'til I question my existence
Without a pot to piss in, distant
Travel distance, I am Mr. Kiddlin
Can't contain my position
No optimism, say I'm optimistic
Narcissistic, hard to sit with
Middle part and split the difference
Me, treat me to exorcism
Bad decision, pessimistic
Conflict about fit description

Misunderstanding don't know what I'm planning
Paint a different picture
Need a safe line and life in the caption
Why you live for Insta?

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