

Feeling Whitney

Post Malone

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, oohAnd I've been looking for someone to put up with my
bullshit
I can't even leave my bedroom so I keep pouring
And I ain't seen a light of day since, well that's not important
It's been long
And I was feeling Whitney, me and my homies sip Houston
Cars and clothes, thought I was winning
You knew I was losing
You told me to wake up, oh my clock always stays on snooze
And I'm done
To each their own and find peace in knowing
Ain't always broken, but here's to hoping
Show no emotion, against your coding
And just act as hard as you can
You don't need a friend
Boy, you're the manOoh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, oohAnd I've been looking for someone that I can buy my
drugs from
It seems like every plug ran east to Utah, became Mormons Drought comes around, feels like I
have no one to depend on
Sober, ugh
I had 80 beers on Tuesday night, I had nothing to do with it
I put on a little Dwight and sang a happy tune
And lit a cigarette, stepped out the door, had an appearance
Drank more
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>