

# e.z. (feat. Machine Gun Kelly)

## blackbear

Beartrap trap music I don't need love, instant gratification  
Cut, copy, and paste 'til the colors are all faded  
I don't mean half the mean shit that I say  
It's like how I know you fucked every dude on your summer playlist  
Want you to want me for more than vacations and cars that go fast  
Mansions, mounds of cocaine, and  
What's inside my heart is often mistaken  
Like hotel room temperature, distant and vacant I'm filled up with love, I don't want no one to  
take it  
'Cause I've been fucked up since the last time I gave it  
Don't tell me you love me, don't say it to say it  
Don't ask me who hurt me 'cause the story keeps changin'  
Miss you, sex on the couch  
It was cool, it was basic  
Miss you, flyin' you out  
On an every week basis  
What's changin'? Maybe I'm fucked up, maybe it's love  
I wanna regret you, I can't give you up  
Baby, I'm fucked up, maybe it's love  
I wanna forget you, it'd be easier that way  
(It's easier that way, oh)  
(It's easier that way, oh) I'm filled up with love, I don't want no one to take it  
'Cause I've been fucked up since the last time I gave it  
Don't tell me you love me, don't say it to say it  
Don't ask me who hurt me 'cause the story keeps changin'  
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Baby, I'm fucked up, maybe it's love  
I wanna forget you, it'd be easier that way  
(It's easier that way, oh)  
(It's easier that way, oh) Put you, put you, put you on the table  
Grip the rails, arch your back, show that Holy Grail  
Wow, ayy  
Put that on the table  
Use them nails, scrape my back, scrape and sniff the yayo  
Hold up, baby, you are not one to trust, huh?  
One of the homies fucked, huh?  
You been around, this ain't your first time on the tour bus, huh?

So I just wanna know why you're the  
only one to die of a drunk text, uh  
Prolly 'cause you're the only one  
that gets me hard during drunk sex, uh  
She used two hands, brought a friend to come help  
Two G's to myself, two G's for they nose  
Two G's on my belt, two G's for these hoes  
Two X for my set, two years since I met you  
You're in fashion week, in a master suite, on a balcony, I-Miss you, sex on the couch  
It was cool, it was basic  
Miss you, flyin' you out  
On an every week basis  
What's changin'? Maybe I'm fucked up, maybe it's love  
I wanna regret you, I can't give you up  
Baby, I'm fucked up, maybe it's love  
I wanna forget you, it'd be easier that way  
(It's easier that way, oh)  
(It's easier that way, oh)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>