

Lost

Frank Ocean

Double D
Big full breasts on my baby
(Yo we going to Florida)
Triple weight
Couldn't weigh the love I've got for the girl
And I just wanna know
Why you ain't been going to work
Boss ain't working you like this
He can't take care of you like this Now you're lost
Lost in the heat of it all
Girl you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India, lost on a train, lost
Got on my buttercream silk shirt and it's Versace
(There he goes, one of God's own prototypes)
Hand me my triple weight
So I can weigh the work I got on your girl
(Too weird to live, too rare to die)
No I don't really wish
I don't wish the titties would show
Nor have I ever, have I ever let you get caught? Lost
Lost in the heat of it all
Girl you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India, lost on a train, lost
She's at a stove (huh!)
Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope (Cooking dope)
I promise she'll be whipping meals up for a family of her own, some day
Nothing wrong (Nothing wrong)
No, nothing wrong (Ain't nothing wrong)
With a lie (Ooh, ooh)
Nothing wrong (Nothing wrong)
With another short plane ride (Ain't nothing wrong)
Through the sky (Up in the sky)
You and I (Just you and I) Lost
Lost in the heat of it all
Girl you know you're lost
Lost in the thrill of it all
Miami, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Spain, lost
Los Angeles, India, lost on a train, lost Love lost, lost?

Love love
Love lost, lost?
Love love
Love lost
Love love
Love lost

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

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