

# 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 And 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 man Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh And 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  
To each their own and find peace in knowing  
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You don't need a friend  
Boy, you're the man Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh  
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Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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