

Intro

[Intro: Skizzy Mars]

Uh

Yo G, what up?

Verse

[Verse 1: Skizzy Mars]

Who's this pretty blonde chick taking bong rips?
Park Ave catching the cab the next morning
We partied hard last night, I'm fucking exhausted
Headed back to my hood, I'm feeling nauseous
She said someone broke her heart and that she's cautious
She thinks the fact that I'm a broke rapper is awesome
Tennis lessons, I wonder what those Lacoste(d)
So shout outs to all the Rachels and Laurens
Monclers in the winter time, three courses for dinner time V.I.P
Patron and lime, smoking weed while we drinking wine
Meat packing district, there was a line
Oh, we must have skipped it, or she must have sniffed it
Living recklessly, she said to me

Chorus

[Hook: Emily Haines, Devon Baldwin & Skizzy Mars]

You won't need a real job (She said to me)
You won't need a real job
Because I would love to pay for you (Pay for me, pay for me, yeah)
You could be a good man to me (I could do that, yup, I could do that)
I would love to pay for you
You are made for me

Verse

[Verse 2: G-Eazy]

G, walking out of Barney's, coppin hella shit
Careful, this lamb skin is delicate
Paid like I'm selling it
Put this on my bitch, she's benevolent
Five racks on my outfit, man that's an estimate
Young and we decadent
She don't give a fuck, so I'm spending it
See her pop's a politician
He was busy trying to balance out the deficit
While me and her were in his Mercedes all affectionate
Shit, I'm just young and living life man
Bad decisions, I ain't worried about the right plan
Every night I'm pulling Trojans out the nightstand
'Cause every night I'm pulling bitches from the mic stand
My rich girl takes care of me
Homie, I ain't tripping off when other people stare at me
'Cause ordinarily she purchases it all voluntarily
I'm skipping tax brackets if she marries me
Yeah, and then she guarantee

Chorus

[Hook: Emily Haines, Devon Baldwin & G-Eazy]

You won't need a real job (She said to me)
You won't need a real job
Because I would love to pay for you (Pay for me, pay for me, yeah)
You could be a good man to me (I could do that, yeah, I could do that)
I would love to pay for you
You are made for me

Verse

[Verse 3: Skizzy Mars]

What's your real name?

Said I'm Myles Mills

I'm just a rapper and I'm trying to make a mil'

I'm from uptown, the hood is rundown

But I think you're dope, I'm just trying to keep it real

Well she ended up paying for the meal

Shorty, that is worth a bill

Well maybe we can be friends

I'm down to be the guy you text when you need some drunk sex on the weekends

Smoke this high grade, kill your migraine

It's Monday morning, but we treat it like a Friday

Nobody can blame you if you born broke

But if you die broke, then that's your fault

So now we smoke joints in the club

Drink champagne and we talk about love

Getting some money now, but she told me if I wasn't she'll hold it down

Rolls Royce when we roll around

She talking 'bout

Chorus

Hook: Emily Haines, Devon Baldwin & Skizzy Mars

You won't need a real job (talking 'bout)

You won't need a real job

Because I would love to pay for you (Pay for me, pay for me, yeah)

You could be a good man to me (I could do that, yup, I could do that)

I would love to pay for you

You are made for me