

Frank Ocean

"Lost"

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[Verse 1]

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

[Hook]

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

[Verse 2]

Got on my buttercream silk shirt and it's Versace

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

No, have I ever

Have I ever let you get caught

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

She's at a stove

Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope

I promise she'll be

Whipping meals up for a family of her own some day

Nothing wrong

Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)

No nothing wrong with a lie

Nothing wrong with another short plane ride

(Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)
Through the sky
Up in the sky
You and I
Just you and I

[Hook]

[Outro]
Love lost ?
Love love
Love lost ?
Love love
Love lost
Love love
Love lost
Life is the substance
Then the other channel on the

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