

# 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://counterlikes.com/>