

# Drinking Up Slow

Allday

Wake up sweating out shots  
In my dreams, I'm tearing down spots  
I got steez like out of my pores  
I got keys surrounded by doors

And I did drop right out of my course  
Now I just rap as loud as I want  
Motherfuck me, what does that mean?  
It's a mixtape so not a damn thing  
Man can I just live

Ay fuck you all, I came up  
Out all night, don't try to wait up  
Working on songs, I'm tryna make luck  
Hear my old songs, I'm thinking they suck  
Hear my old songs, I'm thinking they suck  
But fuck it though

Pro-weed, pro-noise  
Always on tour, go home with no voice  
Getting more known, remember don't point  
Life is a movie reel, it's so Hoyts

Life is a box of chocolate treats  
Life is a bitch, top off at that beach  
Tanning those tits, tanning those nips  
But all the bad vibes the camera don't miss

And all your bad thoughts you had to notice  
Are keeping you stuck, that's phimosis  
The world's blowing up, they're on my shaft  
And I'm in the lift, aiming for the stars

Don't be so thirsty, go pour a glass  
Of your own sweat while I'm warming up  
I walk around town like I'm the shit  
And maybe I'm not, more likely I is  
My dreams...

Did I mention grunge is back  
Girl smoke a soundgarden just relax  
The rain in Seattle, train seats rattle  
A lot of drunk motherfuckers talk a bunch of crap

I keep my head down and focus on sparks  
The fire got started, hoping it lasts  
We melt away pain, frozen in chunks  
Spin dry life our clothes are not us

Ay, like leaves on a vine  
We can make wine with a piece of a mind  
I know that heartbreak's the reason I rhyme  
They talk about cash like things will be fine

If lies are all true, your heart is all black  
Like problems collapse when faced with tall stacks  
Build up and tear down and that's the format

Me, I go backwards up the wrong track

I'm keeping it steezy, drinking up slow  
Leading my people into the water  
I got no money, believe me I'm broke  
Leading my people hoping they'll follow