

Drinking Problem

Arizona Zervas

She said I got a drinking problem
But I don't got no problem drinking, though
I solve my problems with the bottle
And drink until I feel my face no more

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Walk up in the club, she grabbin' up on my Denim
Pouring out a bottle, I spilled it up, I ain't tell 'em
Said a couple of things, she probably think I'm mental
Shorty want a ring, I call her but I don't settle

Rockstar, she know I'm a rockstar, pull up in the black boots rockin'
gold chains
Rockstar, she know I'm a rockstar, I know it'll kill me but I'll neve
r gon' change

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Demons comin' so it's hard for me to relax
My fam worried, don't wanna see me in rehab
My vision blurry, it's hard for me not to relapse
So fuck it, I've been drinkin', I'm scared of death and I mean that
Bad habits, I smoke it like I'm a drug addict
I try to quit but seemingly I'm not good at it
Fucked up rockstar in a Denim jacket
Bury me with some roses inside a leather package

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