A First Date

Biskwiq

It's too late to turn it in
So you have yourself a time
And tell me all about it
One couple, that means a date

It's for you
It's for you

I got, I got, I got, I got
Realness, I just kill shit 'cause it's in my DNA
I got millions, I got riches buildin' in my DNA
I got dark, I got evil, that rot inside my DNA
I got off, I got troublesome, heart inside my DNA
I just win again, then win again like Wimbledon, I serve
Yeah, that's him again, the sound that engine in is like a bird
You see fireworks and Corvette tire skrrt the boulevard
I know how you work, I know just who you

Just me and a girl
Well, that's alright
Only, what girl?
Hm, oh yeah

Pour up, drank, head shot, drank
Sit down, drank, stand up, drank
Pass out, drank, wake up, drank
Faded, drank, faded, drank
Now I done grew up round some people living their life in bottles
Granddaddy had the golden flask back stroke every day in Chicago
Some people like the way it feels
Some people wanna kill their sorrows
Some people wanna fit in with the popular that was my problem
I was in the
Okay, now open your mind up and listen to me, Kendrick
I'm your conscience, if you do not hear me then you will be history, Kendric
k
I know that you're nauseous right now and I'm hopin' to lead you to victory,
 Kendrick
If I take another one down I'mma drown in some poison abusin' my limit
I think that I'm feelin' the vibe
I see the love in her eyes
I see the feelin' the freedom is granted as soon as the damage of vodka arri
ve
This how you capitalize
This is parental advice then apparently
I'm over influenced by what you are doin' I thought I was doin' the most the
n someone said to me

Pour up, drank, head shot, drank
Sit down, drank, stand up, drank
Pass out, drank, wake up, drank
Faded, drank, faded, drank

So Woody decided he'd ask Anne for this first date
But just should he ask her?
And what if she refused?
No, it won't be easy asking for that first date

Say if you a bad bitch put your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
Tell 'em dim the lights down right now, put me in the mood
I'm talking 'bout dark room, perfume
Go, go!
I recognize your fragrance (hol' up!)
You ain't never gotta say shit (woo!)
And I know your taste is
A little bit (mmm) high maintenance (ooh)
Everybody else basic
You live life on an everyday basis
With poetic justice, poetic justice
If I told you that a flower bloomed in a dark room, would you trust it?
I mean I write poems in these songs dedicated to you
When you're in the mood for empathy, there's blood in my pen
Better yet where your friends and them?
I really wanna know you all
I really wanna show you off
Fuck that, pour up plenty of champagne
Cold nights when you curse this name
You called up your girlfriends and
Y'all curled in that little bitty Range I heard that
She wanna go and party, she wanna go and party
Nigga don't approach her with that Atari
Nigga that ain't good game, homie, sorry
They say conversation, rule a nation, I can tell
But I could never right my wrongs
'Less I write it down for real, P.S
You can get it, you can get it
You can get it, you can get it
And I know just, know just, know just, know just, know just what you want
Poetic justice, put it in a song

Hello, Mrs. Davis?
This is Woody
I mean, Allan Woodrow
May I speak to Anne?