

# Pour Up

Clyde Carson

Got a bar in my living room  
Just in case I gotta get more into you  
But knocking on my hoes, in this world I do my interviews  
Did I mention that I sent a few young magnificent with tree on deck  
Slap on the slash but we on next

Kill shit, leave the track D.O.A  
Some peach sirock or prolly some pink rose

Won't get far on hating shit  
You never get far  
Let's move forward on some player shit  
Meet me by the bar  
Pour up, pour up, pour up  
Pour up some drank for me  
Roll up, roll up now  
Roll up some purp for me

Late night with your bottom bitch  
Out of pocket and she just acknowledged it  
Every conversation she has, I'm the top again  
Bout time we holler then fall through the bill  
Right on time, diamonds in my watch and on my right arm  
Maybe jordans or louis vuitton  
I'm feeling important, life of a don

Won't get far on hating shit  
You never get far  
Let's move forward on some player shit  
Meet me by the bar  
Pour up, pour up, pour up  
Pour up some drank for me  
Roll up, roll up now  
Roll up some purp for me

On the case getting sideways  
Loaded on the highway, got out from the club  
Now we headed my driveway  
Bout to have it my way, 4 in the morning we still on  
After this shit she don't wanna go back home  
Moving, never alone, I gotta sell em a dream, I can't sell my soul

Won't get far on hating shit  
You never get far  
Let's move forward on some player shit  
Meet me by the bar  
Pour up, pour up, pour up  
Pour up some drank for me  
Roll up, roll up now  
Roll up some purp for me