

Drunk Dial

CunninLynguists

Operator here's my dime
Connect me please
I know that she's at home

It's four o'clock on a Sunday morning
Who the hell is calling my phone?
Waking me up I'm stretching and yawning
If you had any sense you'd leave me alone

Wee hours of the morning and word is bond
I'm in jail I need bail. Again, the word is bond
Not James in a tux with olives draped on my cup
With a dame all on me with healthy letters to cup
So what up?
Can you free me 'fore my prints get back?
And they run em through the system and realize that I'm black
All I remember was the stripper then I faded to rack
Said her name was December than she sat on my lap
"Merry Crimmuh"
Liquor and higher power my witness
I thought fleeing The People was just a matter of fitness
With all these nice drinks, compliments of Dennis
Whoever the f*ck that is
"Dennis is this!"
Two middle fingers up
"Dennis is this!"
Dennis tab maxed out on titties and fifths
Whoever the f*ck Dennis, is Dennis is pissed!
Cus I don't think that dude we was drinking with was Dennis at all, fam!

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Ha, Yup
Im aware it's four in the morning
But I just wanna tell you im drunk and im kinda horny
I know it gets annoying, but I been losing my grip
Every woman I talk to I treat like a fair piss and it's a bitch
Mainly cuz I now consider you one
I wanna let you go but every time I seem to screw up
Now that's the problem with the space that you occupy

It's going great and then the thought of you would cross my mind
A box of wine and a carton of coffin nails will
Convince me now would be a great time for hate mailin'
Like "Hey bitch! How the hell have you been?
Remember me? We were dating and you slept with my friends!"
I just thought that I'd remind you in case you ever forget it
And train yourself to believe that you're not a terrible wretch
Ha
You broke my heart into like a million pieces
So here's another dim-litted picture of my penis

Whoa!
What the f*ck is going on Grieves

You saved my number under the wrong name in your phone?
Is that a picture of your...?
I'ma pretend I didn't see that
All that rain got you suicidal up in Seatt... ohhhhh
You had to much to drink again
Whiskey and a cellphone ain't never gonna be your friend
You booze you lose, homie you been warned
You better off using your cellphone to watch porn
Grab some lotion & a napkin
Jack off then pass out
All these drunk texts'll have you f*cked off and ass out
I hope you black out before you do anymore damage
I checked your timeline, homie... why you Tweetin in Spanish?
I understand if this is what you gotta go through
But when you sober up I got some screenshots to show you
Grieves, bro trust me
And you gonna be hella happy that all of them texts didn't go through

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Ooh! Ahh!
That's the angle
click
She's gonna love that one