

## 12 Shots

Diabolic

Yo,

Woke up early on my born day, 28 ain't a blessin', no,  
My bills are stacked up high and my funds are gettin' low,  
I'm set to go up-to this shit-hole local bar,  
So I can get some peace, plus they don't over-charge,  
Order my first shot I'm sittin' there all alone,  
Some piss warm Cuervo coz' I can't afford Petrone,  
They say I crossed the line coz' I don't need no salt or lime,  
And I smell the liquor before I take it all the time,  
Got problems on my mind, some I can't handle,  
Time for shot number two, gimmie' some Jack Daniels,  
It's how I cope, pressure hits, I go get a brew,  
And after two honestly I'm in a better mood,  
Round three I got that Jameson's Irish whiskey,  
Then I put it back and yeah I'm feelin' kinda tipsy,  
This busty bar tender lookin' better by the minute,  
A few more and I gotta say I'd slide up in it,  
So I'm like "yo miss, come here, be friends with me",  
Then shots four and five are double-fisted Hennessy,  
I should let it be, I'm gettin' rowdy poppin' shit,  
Time for number six, but wait yo, I gotta piss.  
Took a leak, took my seat, now I'm tryna flirt,  
But the Henny's repeatin' on my every time I burp,  
Then the bitch told me six she was buying back,  
I said surprise me, big surprise, another shot of yak,

I'm far too proud to cry, and refuse to taste my pride,  
Everyday's the same so I drink to hide the pain inside,  
So it comes to pass my time, when I breakdown and say goodbye,  
I begin to close my eyes, hide the pain inside.

Now it's eleven on the dot and I want my seventh shot,  
Some ice cold Jägermeister would just hit the spot,  
Threw it down and said "yo bartender do a round",  
I think that was eight, I'm drunk so I'm loosing count,  
Vision kinda spinnin' but still I want another,  
Now the bitch looks like Vita and I wanna' fuck her,  
I called her over but god-damn my mouth is slurrin',  
So I was like fuck it, "just bring me out some Bourbon",  
Took my knife and looked at life in another light,  
I went from happy too "Imma' start a fuckin' fight!",  
Thoughts were runnin' like "I hate myself nowadays",  
I'm really broke and my seeds a thousand miles away,  
Baby mama always gotta bring that same drama,  
"Yo bartender bring me back a shot of straight Vodka",  
That's number ten but at this point does it matter?,  
I'm half a father, half a sucker, half a fuckin' rapper,  
Half-assed and half the time I'm just a drunken bastard,  
Who smokes so many cigarettes I got a touch of asthma,  
Ordered my eleventh E.N.J. and with the quickness,  
Took it and told the bitch "I'll be back in twenty minutes",  
I went outside, threw some punches and hit the wall,  
Knuckles bleedin', screaming till I trip and fall,  
I ain't got shit at all, and I don't even love myself,  
Fuck it, I ain't going back in, here's number twelve: \*gun shot\*

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