

# Speakeasy

Drapht

You got a password, mate?  
A password?  
Yeah, you can't come in without a password  
I don't know, fucking, art-deco?  
Art-deco? What kind of a fucking password is art-deco, mate? That's a shit password

Let me paint a picture like Picasso  
While you got a couple marbles as brain in your nogging  
I got a couple marble columns in my holiday house  
Draped in foliage, the beat got you nodding  
Like the suns ray bouncing off the bonnet of my old  
Gold Ford Model T convertible  
Word to all my bootlegging friends running parties  
But no one does a speakeasy better than Jeswon and Draphty  
Got valet parking, like you at the ballet  
Couple of alley cats with dry martinis  
You can't escape that my suit is off the chains  
Like my name's Houdini, but I ain't no genie  
Never seen me cold camping in a cloud of smoke  
I got a lady named Daisy like the cows came home  
Sitting mingling with stars like Ringos stool  
Looking real good in a flamingo pool

Can't shut us up or shut us down, yeah  
Yeah, we're flowing like a barrel full of vino  
Whole team's looking real premo  
Can't shut us up or shut us down, no no  
Hear no, see no, speak no evil  
Got the whole team looking illegal, but I'm

Just tryna find a way  
To turn my sorrows to a serenade  
When life gives you lemons, make a change  
Turn that shit into a lemonade

If you weren't down from the jump, I don't wanna fraternise  
You can find me bumping Makaveli in the ride  
Tryna write a classic like it's Catcher in the Rye  
Man, these rappers wanna bite, I got a snapper on the line  
Reel it in, I got a massive appetite  
Pauly, mi hermano, we about the family ties  
Everything is peachy, serve up this ceviche  
Season it with lemon and a little dash of lime  
'Cause on the real you never know when it's time to go  
Adios, I'ma run it up like it's cardio  
Vocabulario, I been the realest in the barrio  
So I ain't running out of steam on this party boat  
Glass half empty or glass half full  
Waking up from the soirée at half-past two  
Cuidado con tu chica and your madre too  
Homie, you don't speak the lingo, you don't parlez-vous

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Just tryna find a way  
To turn my sorrows to a serenade  
When life gives you lemons, make a change  
Turn that shit into a lemonade, said I'm  
Just tryna find a way  
To turn my sorrows to a serenade  
When life gives you lemons make a change  
Turn that shit into a lemonade