

Lost My Mind

Juvenile

I lost my mind
All drinks on me, all drinks on me

All drinks on Mr Mardi Gras alias Juvenile
You can stand there by the bar and drinking bitch smooth
And I'm about to drink a drink I didn't choose
I don't know you but I still fuck with you, get used.
I got them hoes and they're drinking like a waterfall
Pop's in the corner, mad at me, I got his daughter bouncing
Looking at her go, she's got skills throwing that ass at me
And like she's going on wheels pointing that glass at me
Swa-swallow, yeah, baby, just swallow,
Swallow, swallow 'till the bottle get hollow.
Get the money, folks and all the women gonna follow
I ain't gonna tell you niggas, you know

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Slow it down in case you're drinking too fast
If you gotta go to work tomorrow morning, too bad
And I'm another when you get the news flash
When your people tell to aim at the urge is news cash
Drink that shit, pour that shit
You're working with a quarter bottle, automote that shit
Buy your own drugs, bitch, I don't support that shit
And don't you nigga drink and drive, I don't promote that shit
I got the owner chilling, the bartenders running
Couple tables are aces, got twenty more of them coming
We ain't a building, stoned, yeah, me and my youngin
My people always tell me all the time

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Meet me by the bar, you hear me?
But next time you're treating, you got me?

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