

Dive

iMayday!

My momma always said when you wanna get live
You head for the place with a different vibe
The characters are strange and they're sticky inside
She said son sometimes you just gotta dive
Step inside the door and the feeling is tampered
No windows, darker than a goth chick's hamper
I break the ice fast with a beer and a sampler
And plus two smart shots call 'em Harvard and Stanford
"I guess I'll start a tab"
Cause you know that a bar bag
And only drink my way a step short of the barf bag
The wallpaper's peeling and the toilet's a car crash
I'm here to party all that into the starmax

Where everybody know your name
But couldn't care less if you came
Buy another round, try to keep 'em all entertained
These my people now here me out this where I'm raised
And if you can't hold your liquor better watch what you say
Ain't no bouncers in the house but if you're with me I'm save
If you want some cheap whiskey it's a matter of taste
I got a future so vintage but I ain't out of place
Go 'head and finish that bottle baby don't be ashamed
It's all good
We all gon' do what we do
And if you halfway lucky you can [?]
G-get your jukebox open let that song go through
Think I'mma need another shot or actually more like two
We dive in

Uh huh
Leggo
One more drink (just can't leave)
Feels like home (just can't sleep)
No dress code (just ain't me)
So if you out come looking you know where I be
Dive

Talking to a lady hit the bar as a has-been
Been coming here since disco was known to get mad spins
She even said that back then
She carried a MAC-10
And fucked Hugh Hefner one Summer in Aspen
Keep the shots coming love the cheaper than Napster
Came here for the people and the vibe spectacular
Morse code mayhem, first class rap star
Chilling in the bar 'bout the size of a cram car
"Ey you stepping on my foot"
But we don't get hyphy
Last thing we need is to die untimely
I keep on drinking 'til the sky turns lightly
And even with my shades off I can't find me

They say my momma raised a bad man
Cause ain't no church for me on Sundays
Slept outside and woke up trying to sunbathe
I lost my mind somewhere in the smoke haze

Last thing I remember I was sipping at a slow pace
One eye open at our favourite spot
I could tell you where it is but then I'd need a new one
Your ass ain't been there drinking Jack on the rocks
Cause this a whole different monster than what come up the block
Homie it's heaven for real to watch where you sit
Ain't no happy hour specials or a cocktail list
I know you probably here thinking that the place ain't shit
But there's no spot I'd rather sit in when I got to re-hit
Dive in

Uh huh

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