

On That Jack

!Mayday!

You are in knee deep, you need some medicine
Once again, feel free, it's in your head again
Come with us, believe, they wouldn't let you in, unless you paid a fee, please

See we, we on that Jack again
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Oh, yeah, let me get a vodka tonic, with a little bit of pineapple juice, and cranberry, and an umbrella in it
Nah, I'm fuckin with ya. Come on man, you know what I'mma have

Bottles in moderation, is not my operation
I rock parties for a livin, that's my occupation
But I'm not even sure what genre we claim
Too many styles for my own good, got momma to blame
I like rock & roll, hip-hop, soul, funk, and rhythm
But they can't tell where we livin, so um, fuck the critics
When I drink I get honest, and a little friendly
You know I got a girl, right?
But thanks for tryin to tempt me, love
This must be an invention of the devils who mettle and revel in the stench of drugs
Line up a shot or two and make it pros
Somebody tell me why they still ain't played this late night show
It must be me, right?
Just waiting on the evite to run through the green light
Instead I gotta be right and kick it with the c-lights
I'm back to back Advils, wrapped packs, madd real
Jacks that pack wheels, trunks full of black wheels
And get yourself some old number siete
Quick to help you get laid, or enrage por siempre
JD, blocks bleed, safely, shots lead
And before you know it you'll be lookin at your people screamin...

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Dog, I was gettin out the whip, I knew it was about to be on. So I just basically left Mary in the whip, grabbed a whiskey, and headed for the crib man

I don't like to indulge in this type of thing
Usually I fly high, man I never binge
Now tonight, I'm goin in, I'mma celebrate
Go on, pour another drink, buy another case
My girl hates the taste, but likes it all night
Tells me to take a shot so we can fuck or fight
Wanna roll the dice? I'm like, hold tight

I sip brown until it's blurry in my third eye
Next thing you know, we bounce like
Bed springs squeak while she's screamin another language
I talk dirty, she treatin' me like a savage
One more shot and I swear she takin' advantage of me
But I don't really mind, though
I got a piece of her mind, she got her mouth full
I don't need medicine, nah, I don't need council
She always asks me if I'll bring him around soon (jealous)
I can't feel my head, it's the Lucky Number 7 again
Tennessee, I think I owe you some racks for introducing me to my best friend
- Jack

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