

## On That Jack

iMayday!

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  
d 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  
f 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 basi  
cally 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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