

Some More

Merkules

I don't wanna go home
I just wanna drink some more
I don't wanna think no more
Hit it til I hit the floor
Oh I don't wanna go home
I just wanna drink some more
I don't wanna think no more
Hit it til I hit the floor

Drinking smoking
Up til six in the morning
I get sick in the morning
Feel like shit in the morning
Sipping pouring
Up all night like Conan
Driving drunk in the foreign
Baby asked me if I stole it
Tipsy faded
Don't pass out til I'm wasted
Got blacked out in the basement
Got that loud like Vegas
Whiskey no chaser
I don't need that I wan' taste it
Baby asked me if I'm famous
She's so hot like Cajun

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Shorty tried to tell me I'm a dirtbag
But she ain't never loved me in the first place
Fucked around and bought the bitch a Birk bag
Then she told me that she only fuck with Hermes
She only come around tryna surf waves
Shorty drowning in the drip she a mermaid
27 club like I'm Kurt Bain
Put the pistol to my head now my shirt stain
Told her bend it over pose for the photos
She a demon I can see it on the low though
Blood pumping through her veins and it's so cold
It ain't hard for me to tell she got no soul
I'm the same me I'm still on the same drugs
I hate the fact I like you girl it ain't love
We get together then we fight then we break up
I told her hit me if you still down to hate fuck

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