

Drink

Murda Beatz

Ayy, should I just call her?
Voicemail, like give my shit before I shoot my shot from farther
Trap doin' that bunny hop shit, no G money in carter
Put an H in front of that bitch, you come and play some shit to
make me

Drink, off that liquor, didn't know I fucked your sister
She had said that you was with her off the drink
Got me leanin', get between it, she think that I'm fienin'
Drink, got you nervous, I'm swervin', you curvin', it's early
She know I'm off the drink, now she like, uh
"Where you get this? Hold up, how you get this drink?"

Go give me 'quila, weed'a, mia
Smokin' on that tree'a, see ya', mia
Grab another key'a, see ya', free ya'
Now all these bitches get a shot on me
How you see me, didn't know and spin the block on me?
She approachin' me with caution, got that Glock on me
Bitches postin' me in public, I should leave you alone
With a cup and pour and eight, and just sing you songs to make
me-

Drink, off that liquor, didn't know I fucked your sister
She had said that you was with her off the drink
Got me leanin', get between it, she think that I'm fienin'
Drink, got you nervous, I'm swervin', you curvin', it's early
She know I'm off the drink, now she like, uh
"Where you get this? Hold up, how you get this drink?"

Drink, uh, ayy-yeah, ayy-yeah
(Murda on the beat, so it's not nice)
Drink, drink, woah, ayy-yeah, ayy-yeah

Drink, off that liquor, didn't know I fucked your sister
She had said that you was with her off the drink
Got me leanin', get between it, she think that I'm fienin'
Drink, got you nervous, I'm swervin', you curvin', it's early
She know I'm off the drink, now she like, uh
"Where you get this? Hold up, how you get this drink?"