One Shot

Robin Thicke

1, 2, 3, 4

It took five shots, and we were getting it on
And then four shots, we had nothing on
Three shots, we were out of there
Two shots, whispering in your ear
I got one shot, one shot to love you all night long

Yessir
Juicy J

Bartender 'nother round on me
Two or three shots you goin' down on me
I'm a king, go ahead, put a crown on me
I'm an OG, only pouring Crown in my drink
Apple martini, now she in my Lamborghini
Coming out of her bikini
'Bout to rub me like a genie
Get her all alone, knock her off, then I dip
If she work it good enough, she might leave with a tip

Two tequilas, shoot 'em down
One tequila, third round
Come with me, let me buy you a drink
I'm a tell you how the story goes

It took five shots, and we were getting it on
And then four shots, we had nothing on
Three shots, we were out of there
Two shots, whispering in your ear
I got one shot, one shot to love you all night long

Yessir
Robin Thicke

So you sayin' you ain't from 'round here
I can tell by your accent dear
You got an "ain't been hurt yet" smile
And an "I don't give a fuck what you think" style

Two tequilas, shoot 'em down
One tequila, third round
Now you're giving me eyes
Like you just had Henny for the first time

Hey there baby
I'd be patient
But you leave town tomorrow
Oh no, let me tell you how the story goes

It took five shots, and we were getting it on
And then four shots, we had nothing on
Three shots, we were out of there
Two shots, whispering in your ear
I got one shot, one shot to love you all night long

Two tequilas, shoot 'em down (hey)

Two tequilas, shoot 'em down (hey)
Two tequilas, shoot 'em down (hey, hey)
Two tequilas, come on
I got one shot, one shot to love you all night long, oh

All it took was two shots of tequila
Unless you wanna get it in in a two-seater
She just wanna be single for a night
So I told the bartender, "give her anything she like"
Good girl, work it out
You can touch it from the south
Takin' shots, no rocks, so you know what she about
Rounds goin' down, so we order up some more
And the club 'bout to close, so she puttin' on a show
We're all stumblin' out the parking lot
Still goin' up at the afterspot
It's your boy, Juicy J
I'm that wicked lover
Got Molly and Becky lickin' shots off each other

Two tequilas, shoot 'em down
One tequila, third round
But you leave town tomorrow
Oh no, let me tell you how the story goes

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