

# 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

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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

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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

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One tequila, third round  
But you leave town tomorrow  
Oh no, let me tell you how the story goes

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