

Buckets

Stone Sour

We don't do the line, we do the bucket
Showin' out on the couch just like fuck it
Celebrate like it's my birthday
Pretty ladies to the section if you're thirsty (ay)
We don't do the line, we do the bucket
We don't do the line, we do the bucket
You can keep the sparklers bring the bottles
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Pretty ladies to my section if you're thirsty (ay)
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Come here baby girl, let's talk, gotta link up
Winter time in New York, I'm probably minked up
Maserati like John Gotti, let's link up
I wish Chinx was alive, I'd pick Chinx up
OG smoke OG in my city
Even when it gets foul, it's still my city
Legendary, that's February to February
Been going hand to hand since pet cemetery
Noreaga drink Jäger, whole different lane
Emirates to Dubai, whole different plane
Big bottles of pain, we don't drink the same
Awkward, you don't play the game then you forfeit
Left hand grabbing on aqua, absorb it
Level spelled backwards is level, you gotta balance it
Drink champs, eye to eye shots, gotta challenge it
Keep taking one more drink, until you out of it
Out of it, oh

Bottle after fucking bottle
I'm Probably high enough to touch the sky though
With some bad bitches that should probably model
With some bad bitches bring another bottle
Tell 'em I need one more, one more
One more, one more
Tell 'em I need one more, one more
One more, one more

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Sky is not the limit it is just the view
God blessing real niggas but yet it's just a few
I have a couple of bullets and I had them just for you
You lost the beef and the drama, wasn't it adjustable
How we drink that there? (Bottle after fucking bottle)
And after that we (Party high enough to touch the sky though)
Big chips, big chips, Uh oh
Big whips, big whips, Uh oh

Still got deals at the William Morris agency
A network with the network, don't play with me
Alligator and alley snakes on the crosswalk
Landed on Baltic but thinking Boardwalk
See what hood niggas dream, we got a lot of swag
Shorty need a man, she ain't have a dad
I give her that love that she ain't never had
And offer Champagne and now she never mad
Cause

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Bottle after fucking bottle, party high 'till we touch the sky though
With some bad bitches that should probably model
With some bad bitches bring another bottle
Tell 'em I need one more, one more
One more, one more
Tell 'em I need one more, one more
One more, one more