

Paint The Town Red

Thundamentals

Yah, this is for my peoples
Just gettin' drunk on the weekends
Jump in the deep end, weeded by mid-week
Been so pissed that I couldn't even speak
Buckle at the knees, stumble on my feet
Slur my words, my legs don't work
While my friends yellin', "Jes, don't get with her!
Can't you see that this floozie is a hood rat?"
"True that, my apologies, Suzie, I'm too maggit"
Ain't ever been smart, shit, I'm a retard
Creepin' in the back of every bar where I been barred
All I ever wanted was a cheap glass, sneak in a flask
Stop buyin' beer, I'm gettin' wild in here
"Pleased to meet you, my name is—oh shit
You got a dollar for another cold drink?" (haha)
"Yeah, why not when all that's next up
Is a five-day week, the stress and headf*cks, get crunk

This crown knows no halo
One day I'ma lay low and stay home
But till then, paint the town red
Till then we paint the town red (Hey)
All I know is some things forever change
I ain't gonna lie, I tried to self-medicate
Till then, paint the town red
Till then we paint the town red (Hey)

"I was a teen drunk off brew"
"[?] 'cause the streets is raw"

Cop this hot shit all up in your mosh pit

Biggie bangin' on a jukebox, bitches wishin' it was U2
Jesse hangin' off a rooftop thinkin' he's too cool
Inside it's 2AM, lockin', poppin'
Outside mayhem's got dropkicks boxin'
Sounds like they've sent cops in to stop 'em
Now watch eight men stomp a hothead, squash the problem
Slay the conflict, spray the optics
Piggy-in-the-middle is a painful option
Pay the fine, they make the profit
All in the name of progress, it's nonsense
They ain't scared of the grog
Next Friday it's hair of the dog, yo
Care for a scotch on the town [?]
Smartarse alci like Charles Makowski, [?]

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Okay
If you in a club
I advise you to put your drinks down
And head to the dance floor
Hey
Life's a bitch, she spiked my drink
Woke up in the morning like, "ah shit"

Right
I got an angel on my shoulder sayin', "Slow down
You gotta work in the morning, you should call it an evenin'"
While the devil's on the other sayin', "Go hard
There's more liquor needs drinkin', don't you think about leavin'"
Which way do I go now? Caught in the struggle 'tween
Common sense and the content of a bottle, be
Spittin' these tunes while I'm swillin' the Stout
It's all tickety-boo till I figure it out, you know?

Yo, this crown it knows no halo
I lay low, scoutin' out a pouch to take home
Self-medicated, yo, I take it, just say so
If it helps me escape from whatever is painful
But I can feel that change is near
Yo, real cats face their fears, save your tears
I'ma make it clear and take you there
My naked stare's like [?] taming bears, you dig?

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