

Buckley's

Tom MacDonald

Take you out your crib
Get that how much of mamma love ya money
Tom MacDonald, my heart ain't broken no more
Take you out your crib
Get that how much of mamma love ya money
Tom MacDonald in this bad motherfucker

I'm too high to be fucked with, my gun smoking, no blunt lit
Two bad bitches, no bunk beds
I don't break bread because that's crummy
I ain't drug dealing, no drugs with me
I'm the motherfucker like a MILF with me
Money talks but it's a bad liar, park the whip on your head, you mad tired
I heard you run the dark side but I also know that darkness falls
One shot from this magazine makes you a front page article
My temper show up and my hair long
Pussy on deck like a sailors arms
I call your whole team tie dye 'cause we killing all of you hippies at once
I just been friendly with everyone
They think I fall in love with every bride
None of them know me but they heard my songs and when they fuck their girlfr
iends them hoes turn it on, like ugh
You living on the edge and your rent's late
I'm living in the moment and my rent's paid
I got a guest house, you and your friends can stay
Take a dirt nap, all your beds are made
Don't fuck around with my team hoe, you get rolled on, that's steam rolled
If you acting out you get breathe rolled
If you acting up you get B-rolled, you pussy

You pussy
You pussy
You pussy
I don't fuck around with you pussies
You pussy
You pussy
You pussy
I ain't wasting time on you pussies, uh

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My main bitch holds the chopper 'cause she loves me
My main bitch holds the chopper 'cause she loves me
Gun in your mouth taste bad, call it Buckley's

Don't fuck with me 'cause I'm way high
Put your brain on the wall, watch the paint dry
I hit you in the arm, head, leg, neck all at the same time
Guess it was a sudden death, I didn't know the game tied
Take you hikers to the forest, you get left there
Fuck your whole camp up, worse than ten bears
Small town with no crossroads, just whiskey bottles and crossbows

And country kids in camouflage getting drunk and going off-roading
Where everybody knows everybody and city kids are just bad news
Where my neighbor will kill you for me because he is my neighbor and I asked
him to
That's love homie, that's ten to twenty-five years homie
That's dogs homie, you did us and we hunt homie
Fortune teller, hitman, they'll have your life flash before your eyes
They waiting in your crib with all the lights off, they won't let surprise
My dick bigger than a motherfucker
I got bars bitch, I'm barbarian
My bitch hotter than your big brother
You softer than the ferry's skin
Face super pretty, but the mind's scary
Silence on the gun, you get done up in the library

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