

Blanco

Wale

Gotta free my mind (Yup)
They gon' understand
We all fightin' some type of-
Fuck it, hol' up

Drownin' in sorrow (Yeah)
Back on the bottle (Yeah)
I'm not alone (Yeah)
Blanco, Reposado (Yeah)
Drownin' in sorrow (Yeah)
Back on that bottle (Yeah)
I'm not alone (Yeah)
Blanco, Reposado (Yeah)

Yeah, tryna ease my mind, tryna free my mind
Got a threesome with these demons
And I need some time
I go easy up, they go easy down
When you bitches get too mixy, might got kick you out
Yeah, can't figure this out
She make me numb, but she make me smile
She make me talk more, but she make me loud
And she know I'm introverted, you know I hate a crowd
Here we go (Yeah), back again
Got enough to go around, so tell all yo' friends
Soon as the club over, put 'em all in Benz
Will I remember this tomorrow?
Well, it all depends

Drownin' in sorrow (Yeah)
Back on that bottle (Yeah)
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Drownin' in sorrow (Yeah)
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I woke up at like 4 in the morning
Went to bed at 4 in the morning
In the club for an hour or something
I was up for like 48 of 'em
From the Capitol back to Mulholland
Landover and back to Rodeo
Making sure that my circle is tight
So nobody I know got an angle
Got me drinking whatever this is
Light or brown, 'cause I gotta be gold
And my beautiful house, no friends
Now I'm "Where is my casa migos?"
And my momma don't ever say hi
She say, "Mmcht, why are you single?"
I said, "Mommy, I'm sorry, I'm trying"
But nobody gon' love me like she do
And nobody gon' love me like she do
And nobody be loving like we do
And I'd rather be drunk and numb

Then be dumb not trying to be
(Never mind, that's probably my ego)

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