

Hungover

Wynne

Just come over, I wan' get hung over you
When I'm sober, you know what to do
Just get closer, closer, closer
Closer, closer, yeah
Just get closer, closer, closer
Closer, closer yeah

Closer, closer like my goals are since I tried to cut you off
My bed got kinda roomy, but we treat it like it's small
Sorry if it's last minute, I ditched my friends back at the bar
, baby
'Cause they don't like you, and I like that
'Cause it's more fun when it's wrong
I'm in trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble
Treat me like it
I'm gonna go put on Rim Shot, yeah
I need a big dog, yeah
Can you be my pit stop? Yeah
Hit it then get lost, yeah
Sounding like Rick Ross, yeah
You fuck in your wristwatch, yeah
I pop it like flip flops for you
Backwards like Kris Kross, yeah
Just come over, you getting four leaf clover tonight
And I'm sick of jokers, I need a king in my life
'Cause I been putting days in long and stringing your ass along
Don't act like you don't know it, you like it
It shows in your eyes when you "uh" on my "ah ah"
Don't you know if I say I'ma hold my own
I hold it down, it needs no intro, uh
I ain't gonna lie, I let the neighbors know your name
Yeah, yeah

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