

# Hold My Liquor

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I can hold my liquor  
What this man cant handle is me  
Dark and lonely now  
On Chicago, south of town  
I'm on to Indiana  
I heard it in the radio now I can't handle no liquor  
But these bitches can't handle me  
I can't control my niggas  
And my niggas they can't control me  
You say you know me, my nigga  
But you really just know the old me Bitch I'm back out my coma  
Waking up on your sofa  
When I park my Range Rover  
Slightly scratch your Corolla  
Okay, I smashed your Corolla  
I'm hanging on a hangover  
Five years we been over  
Ask me why I came over  
One more hit and I can own ya  
One more fuck and I can own ya  
One cold night in October  
Pussy had me floating  
Feel like Deepak Chopra  
Pussy had me dead  
Might call 2Pac over  
Yeezy's all on you sofa  
These the red Octobers  
Still ain't learn me no manners  
You love me when I ain't sober  
You love me when I'm hungover  
Even when I blow doja  
Then her auntie came over  
Skinny bitch with no shoulders  
Tellin' you that I'm bogus  
Bitch you don't even know us  
"Baby girl, he's a loner  
Baby girl, he's a loner  
Late night organ donor  
After that he disown ya

After that he's just hopeless  
Soul mates become soulless  
When he's sober it's over"  
And bitch, I'm back out my comaCallin' up your uncle's place  
Shit's all over the place  
I don't hear your phone  
Oh I wanna phone homeI can't handle no liquor  
But these bitches can't handle me  
I can't control my niggas  
And my niggas they can't control me  
You say you know me, my nigga  
But you really just know the old meI heard you need a new fad  
I heard you need a new stack  
I heard you need a new phone  
I know your 'rents ain't be homeCallin' up your uncle's place  
Shit's all over the place  
I don't hear your phone  
Oh I wanna phone home

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