

# Jack Daniels

Mike Stud

Next time never been my thing  
So next time ain't gonna be with me  
I'm on Sunset cooking in the lab, 4 AM  
Got my girl at the crib foreplaying  
And I'm cruising down the motherfucking Boulevard  
You should cop the album  
Man, that shit feel like a rookie card, I should sign that shit  
And I go out on the weekend  
Swimming in all these shallow thoughts from the deep end  
That's why I'm tweaking  
Pour it up That Jack Daniels, wash away my sadness  
For the money and the fame and the antics  
Man, god damn it  
So pour me some Jack Daniels  
That Jack Daniels, last man standing  
For the money and the fame and the antics  
For the pain they don't really see the damage  
Just me and my boy Jack Daniels I do it for my mama back at home  
I'm doing everything I can  
Yes you know, yes you know  
And my fam got problems, I got issues  
And you do too, that's why I miss you  
Even when I'm with you, girl I fuck with you  
But I feel like I got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to hide, no one's inside  
The reasons why I don't know  
No, I don't know  
So pour it up That Jack Daniels, wash away my sadness  
For the money and the fame and the antics  
Man, god damn it  
So pour me some Jack Daniels  
That Jack Daniels, last man standing  
For the money and the fame and the antics  
For the pain they don't really see the damage  
Just me and my boy Jack Daniels

Songwriters

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