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 upThat 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 DanielsI 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 upThat 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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