

# Who Are You to Judge

## Omar LinX

Maybe we fucked up  
Maybe we're not right  
Maybe it's our fault  
But baby it's our life  
And we did it our way  
So who the fuck are you to judgeA lot people tell me fucked up shit  
We some fucked up kids  
You can't remember half the night or what the fuck we did!  
Once that bender keeps on well, This the stuff I live  
Shit, I'll say it out loud, that's the rut I'm in  
This the after party after the after party  
Once them blinds go down and you have to party  
Once this broad gets to pouring my drinks  
I know she scheming, but I leave it  
Best believe I know more than she think  
We just hitting them lows and trying to get by  
Seem I make another drink for every star in the sky  
You can bottle all your problems away  
Put a cork in the pain  
Cause on the real I ain't got much to say  
Hold me down for another round  
Drink 'em like I lost count  
Until I'm circling my house, Like I'm locked out  
It's up to you, let the soda decide  
I say we tie these horses up and keep this party alive  
Don't know where to take it now  
All these clowns are fading out, acting like they've had enough  
They telling me to wait a while  
Enough to bring the hater out, but I'll be calm as any storm  
Right before the thunder hit  
Whatever's left is better gone  
It's your decision, do or die  
Call it party suicide, Light me up a cigarette  
Bring it back to you and I  
For everytime I feel alone  
For everything I'll never know  
I make this shit up as I go  
There's nothing here that's set in stone  
Step into my zone

Looking into my soul  
Medicated up, fuck I'm sicker than you know  
Liquor by the 60, Who fuckin' with me?  
Let me show these frat boys, Flip cup with whiskey  
I'll be on my feet until the bitter end  
Will fight and laugh and make amends  
The time will pass  
And they'll be back, The party lights go dim again  
Am I the only one that's having fun  
Tequila shots outta this loaded gun  
I'm trying to party hard, that's my mistake  
If you ain't outta hand, you outta place  
So move aside cause I can sit alone  
I'll do this till I'm dead and gone  
My only problems getting home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>