

Race You To The Bottom (Acoustic)

New Medicine

A-get out, of my way,
Ain't no motherfucker gonna steal my thunder,
No, no way,
I'm all pissed off I'm gonna take you on, no. Come on, come on right now.
Taking you down,
Then we out when the drugs run out,
When the drugs run out, when the drugs run out? Hells bells, it falls down, all part of my crew.
We're bad motherfuckers and we're looking for you.
Drinking forties all night, and just so you know,
We all wanna know how l-low can you go. I said whoa, race you to the bottom,
Whoa, race you to the motherfucking
Bottom, if you got a problem,
Love to help you solve them, race you to the bottom. Said hey, who's there,
Who's next on my list, gonna get a big fist,
And no, I don't care,
And I don't feel sorry that it'd come to this. Hells bells, it falls down, all part of my crew.
We're bad motherfuckers and we're looking for you.
Drinking forties all night, and just so you know,
We all wanna know how l-low can you go. I said whoa, race you to the bottom,
Whoa, race you to the motherfucking
Bottom, if you got a problem,
Love to help you solve them, race you to the bottom. I said whoa, race you to the bottom,
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Bottom, if you got a problem,
Love to help you solve them, race you to the bottom. Whoa, race you to the bottom,
Whoa, race you to the motherfucking
Bottom, if you got a problem,
Love to help you solve them, race you to the bottom

Songwriters

JAKE SCHERER, JENNIFER ADAN, MATT BRADY, REBECCA LYNN HOWARD, ELISHA

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