## **Alcohol**

## **The Cataracs**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I don't go out much So I can't say I do this You don't try to test me

'Cause I really ain't gotta nonthin' to prove itI'm a master, a rapper,

Like a T-Rex I move faster

I'm a vicious hoe, delicious hoe

Diminish any finish come up wish list, hoeI can date you or sedate you

Or I could put it in your face too,

So many ways I can break youI'm a smoker but I sip this cup

While I burn this yoda

Bitch, hold up, is you drinking?

alco-alco-alco alcoholOkay I'm twisted, where's the bitches?

What's happening?

Went to Harvard, you gets it

Well guess who are rapping? Wait, wait, now that was so shameless

I should turn it down

But I'm fresh off stage, bitch

And I tour it downf\*ck a A-list I'ma stay low brow

Ass so thick but I wish low cal

Have a drink, it's okay

My table is up for freeBetter stay on her

Like Garfield did lasagna

Don't kiss her 'cause she's lying 'bout

them lips like LanaNever wanna make you come-a

But if you really wanna

Put that back up like a llama

Oh my God

I haven't seen you in forever, let's get drunk Yolo, you know what they say, yolo

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