

Three Sheets To The Wind

Sage Francis

Had one too many one way conversations
With the licky licky lord
'till I grew a scissor tongue
And c-c-cut the cord
Put the phone on the floor
Attach the wires in my head
Took awhile to except that that line was dead
Didn't ever wanna not live forever
Didn't ever wanna not live forever
Didn't ever wanna not live forever
Didn't ever wanna not not wanna live
Didn't matter if the laughter didn't come after the bad joke,
If I was down with the filthy rich or flat broke,
Accepted by the Aryans or black folk
Cause I was carrying this weight until my back broke,
Wasn't trying to be no hip hop god a raps goat
Shootin' to be a rock star like its my last hope
I ball in that pack of smokes do me in!
Graduatin' on the crack coc do me in!
Knocked of a paddle boat in the middle of the castle moat
Kings men are yelling grab the rope!
Three sheets to the wind three!
Three sheets to the wind!

Songwriters

Walla, Christopher / Francis, Sage

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>