

Hold My Liquor

Lorde

I can hold my liquor
What this man cant handle is me
Dark and lonely now
On Chicago, south of town
I'm on to Indiana
I heard it in the radio now I can't handle no liquor
But these bitches can't handle me
I can't control my niggas
And my niggas they can't control me
You say you know me, my nigga
But you really just know the old me Bitch I'm back out my coma
Waking up on your sofa
When I park my Range Rover
Slightly scratch your Corolla
Okay, I smashed your Corolla
I'm hanging on a hangover
Five years we been over
Ask me why I came over
One more hit and I can own ya
One more fuck and I can own ya
One cold night in October
Pussy had me floating
Feel like Deepak Chopra
Pussy had me dead
Might call 2Pac over
Yeezy's all on you sofa
These the red Octobers
Still ain't learn me no manners
You love me when I ain't sober
You love me when I'm hungover
Even when I blow doja
Then her auntie came over
Skinny bitch with no shoulders
Tellin' you that I'm bogus
Bitch you don't even know us
"Baby girl, he's a loner
Baby girl, he's a loner
Late night organ donor
After that he disown ya

After that he's just hopeless
Soul mates become soulless
When he's sober it's over"
And bitch, I'm back out my comaCallin' up your uncle's place
Shit's all over the place
I don't hear your phone
Oh I wanna phone homeI can't handle no liquor
But these bitches can't handle me
I can't control my niggas
And my niggas they can't control me
You say you know me, my nigga
But you really just know the old meI heard you need a new fad
I heard you need a new stack
I heard you need a new phone
I know your 'rents ain't be homeCallin' up your uncle's place
Shit's all over the place
I don't hear your phone
Oh I wanna phone home

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