

Old Rasputin (Every Night)

Mac Lethal

My name is Mac Lethal
AKA Old Rasputin
Come on!

Every night I drink just so I can fall asleep
Alcohol in my tummy, turning dark days sunny
Every night I drink just so I can fall asleep
Alcohol in my tummy, pop bottles, get money

Man, get up out of bed
Today is your day
Have a little morning sex, no foreplay
Go downstairs and make breakfast your way
Put a little Grey Goose in your OJ
Okay
I'm a fast stinker, but I'll never live in slow pace
The world just rotates and rotates, my young soldiers
I never get drunk, but trust me, I get hung over
Big thumbs up
Hip-hop for Jesus
For dinner I'mma finish off a big box of Cheez-Its
You know I'm cooking
Love a little bit of kiss to your wife cause I know she's looking
I'm in that El Camino with a? rim and the? cushions
I'm chopping
I'm knuckle-popping that hustle
Copping that custom black?
Get a bit of a cracked ego
You know it's Mac Lethal
That's me, bro
No superpowers and no cape
I'm still a rap hero
Baby, it's hip-hop's original beer snob
With rugged rap styles, I'mma nibble your ears off

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I said I'm getting fucked up in the moooooorning
Cause I'm horny for music that ain't booooooring
And all the music out now, I hate it
So when I want some really good music, I gotta make it
So I'm getting fucked up in the moooooorning
I'm wide awake, but, man, I'm so high, I'm snoring
My martini's dirtier than trashy hoes and whore clothes
And your flow is cheesier than Axl Rose's cornrows
You know I'm ripping, give it a listen
Motherfucker, my (boca's singing)?
Dip in a doke
In a minute with a gnome
Mina-minimally broke when I roast these chickens
These rappers hating on me, Casey down to Wichita
I can see the bitch in y'all
I can see your tits and bra
Get out my way, I'm 'bout to dropkick the Midwest

And your existence is a conflict of interest
I got a model with me, I ain't kissing on no dumb skank
I'm rather shit up in the drunk tank and puff stank

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I said I got that double IPA
I'm drinking it, baby
The bar is packed
I'm gonna leave with a lady
My car's in back
We gonna jump in
Slow chopped and screwed music pumping
Fuck rims
I'd rather have machine guns on the front ends
Black Clover beer club
Lifetime homies
Summer nights we get together, drinking light fine stogies
Lord knows that I can't handle the press
Y'all wanna know if cousin Bennett's real, man?
The answer is yes
Shit!

Hello?
Hey, what up, Bennett? What are you doing?
What up,?. Uh, at the gig and shit. I met this girl...
Oh, you working?
Yeah...
Alright, man, well, give me a call after work, dude
Aight, man
Aight, luh, luh
That was Irish Goodbye