

Whiskey Problems

Artist vs. Poet

You got ninety nine problems
I got eighty proof
Mixed in seven different drink to forget about you
And that's what I'm gonna do
It only took six months and five whole weeks
I swear to god forty ounces never felt so free
So free of your memory

'Cause it's three strikes
You're out
In this two player game
And girl I think we're one in the same
If you could just drop you problems at the bottom of this bottle
I would drink you all the time
I know it's hard to swallow
But it feels alright yah
But you'd rather be a bitch to me
So you keep your problems
I'll keep the whiskey

I've got a big
Hunch that you don't give a shit
And I've been kicking myself for not realizing it
But all that's over now
'Cause I got my good friends Jack and Jim
And they don't got a singly problem with the way that I am
And they're dying to hear me out

'Cause it's three strikes
You're out
In this two player game
And girl you know I've won either way
If you could just
Drop you're problems at the bottom of this bottle
I would drink you all the time
I know it's hard to swallow
But it feels alright yah
But you'd rather be a bitch to me
So you keep your problems
I'll keep the whiskey

You keep your problems
I'll keep the whiskey
You keep your problems
I'll keep the whiskey
AW AW AW AW AW

If you could just drop your problems at the bottom of this bottle
I would drink you all the time
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Drop your problems at the bottom of the bottle
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