

Drinking Song

Lil Wyte

Start this night out right so I don't fall on my face
I got some red necks with me ready to get drunk and shot the gauge
They got 6 shots of tequila and half a bottle of Bacardi
The bottle came from someone's cooler when we left the bonfire party
They constantly asking for more and trying to pour me up a shot
Incredible hulk mixed with vodka and a Scotch on the rocks
Crown royal with coke a bud light my eye balls afloat
So much fucking liquid in me I got to hit the pisser for sure
Keeping up with hill billys acting silly drunker then shit
This might compare to my smoking song but pimping this is not it
This is my drinking song so you know what you got to do
Drink twelve or twenty one or whatever you do but don't stop at two

This is my drinking song
And there ain't no rules what you waiting on
Pop a bottle pour your self a shot or even brew your own
If your going to drink might as well drink until you hit the floor
After you hit the floor get your ass up and pour a couple more

Aight I'm alright listen to my words I have drunken up half the bar
And still yet a slur I heard
I looked down at red neck he look like he was about to hurl
Brother Robby acting similar but was spinning like the world
Now real rednecks can get drunk like some shit I've never seen
Ten shots bud lights for chasing and ready for round eleventeen
Demolition Derby's at the races rodeos and hill streets
When ever legal liquor sold white folks will meet
But we all want to get fucked up and when I say we
I'm talking about every nationality on this g.l.o.b.e
And some do, some don't, some might like it, some wont,
I'll tell you what I love this so much I'm fucked up right now

We jump in slapper's car don't worry this fool wasn't driven
The outcome would of been ridiculous and we wouldn't of survived
Believe it or not I was the most sober of the five of us
Liquor in me got to piss again I feel like I'm about to bust
Good thing we got out the exit for me to handle my business
I jumped out to drain my lizard and god as my witness
I see a truck load of moonshine hiding behind some trees
with the keys in it and nobody around
No one but me this mean we can get drunker and crunker
And make us some cheese from Mariana Arkansas
Through the woods back to Tennessee
This event start another good old boy Fraiser drinking day
In the back of a Chevrolet pick-up shooting off the gauge