

Turning Up the Bottle

Rittz

He was a cook at a dead-end job, 26-years-old
She moved back to Atlanta, fucked over by her father she had got disowned
He was a frustrated rapper that after so long he done quit and lost hope
She was addicted to meth, so was everybody living in the household
Both of them worked on the daytime shift
On break time, kicked it and sparks just flew
She said she heard through the grapevine, he had a girlfriend
He told her "Nah we're through"
But what they had in common was a fucked up life
Shit she'd experience, he had gone through, too
Both of them thought that the world was against them
Childhood innocence gone too soon
They hooked up and then she moved in
With him and his parents, she was detoxing
He did meth, too, it helped him write songs
But he quit writing shit the minute she got clean
You would think that things got better but they didn't
Cause instead of doing drugs they'd just sit around and drink
Day in and day out cause they hate being sober, they broke as a joke, and they think that

Everything is bad, but it all seems OK
When we're turning up the bottle
Trying to see the sun but the sky seems so gray
Drowning in our sorrow
Oh, oh, o-oh
Turning up the bottle
Oh, oh, o-oh
Drowning in our sorrow

His parents kicked him out, they was sick of the drinking, it was constant
They moved in with his sister and her fiance at the spot where her mom lived
Now they can drink without a conscious, no one was there to tell them it was time to grow up
She worked nights at the bar, but they shared one car, he would pick her up and drive home drunk
When they drinking was the only time that life don't suck
Only problem was, they would fight so much
Had to hide any guns in the house cause they might go nuts
Shoot each other, or they might go fuck
It could go either way, '09 came, adios to '08
Both of them got laid off, so did her mom and her sister
Facing foreclosure with nowhere to stay
No dough put away, Ramon Noodles every night
They applied everywhere to try to get a job
Looking like white trash, wearing hand-me-down clothes
To the job interviews, so nobody ever call
Running out of time, running out of alcohol
Maybe if they sobered up then the shit would change
But instead they keep on emptying the piggy bank
Up in the liquor store buying something cheap to drank, because

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He went to a specialist, the doctor said he had an ulcer in his stomach
Probably cause he did and then he'd tried to make himself throw up and vomit
Making room so he could drink cause he's a drunk and he's a glutton but the
combination's common
But the fact that he was young with stomach problems was alarming
But the ulcer wasn't cancerous, right then he made a promise to his mama
He would quit, he's full of shit he wasn't honest
Cause he only went a month and started chugging another bottle
She was getting sick and always shaking, she's afraid
Cause everything she ate was coming up and when she made a date
To see the doctor, told him she's an alcoholic
So they checked her liver noticed the aluminum her Plus the color of her skin
and mouth and tongue is turning yellow
Indicating that she may have got cirrhosis of the liver or maybe hepatitis
Maybe nothing, told her not to drink a lick of liquor
But she never listens, turning up that bottle...

Next to Nothing

Ya-uh-yeah