

# Liquor Locker

Vic Mensa

(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
I'm just coming over  
Wake up)

Late night calls  
Feelin' slightly faded  
Free alcohol at the club  
That shit's overrated  
Call up liquor locker (brrrt brrrt!)  
Bring me apple vodka  
Shawty yeah, yeah, yeah  
You know that I could do you proper  
Pour you a drink, would you please  
Stop fussin' with your Samsung  
I call your bluff, why you playin'?  
I ain't that nigga to play games on, no, no, no, no  
I could do you proper, proper  
I could do you proper, proper  
I love your conversation  
Usually I'm not the long talker  
But this...

Liquor liquor liquor liquor, liquor got me talkin' talkin'  
Way too much, way too much, way too much, way too much  
Got me textin', callin' it's 2: 30 in the morning  
Tryna wake you up, wake you up, where you at, where you at  
I might put a uber on you, I might have to pull up on you  
Pick you up, fuck you up, give you some of this  
Liquor liquor form the liquor locker  
Haya hay have ya talking way too much, way too much, way too much whoa

Don't listen to Kiara  
She be talkin' crazy  
She say I'm a savage, man  
That bitch just be hatin'  
I just think you're worth it, oh  
Please don't take it personal  
But by the way you talk, I know that I could do you proper  
Pour you a drink, is it me, or is one of us romantic?  
Don't be so stiff, move your hips  
I ain't that nigga 'til you're dancin'  
I hope you know I can do you proper, proper  
Like I was a doctor, doctor  
This is an emergency, hurry up  
Call the liquor locker, pour up the...

Liquor liquor liquor liquor, liquor got me talkin' talkin'  
Way too much, way too much, way too much, way too much  
Got me textin', callin' it's 2: 30 in the morning  
Tryna wake you up, wake you up, where you at, where you at  
I might put a uber on you, I might have to pull up on you  
Pick you up, fuck you up  
Give you some of this  
Liquor from the liquor locker  
Haya hay have ya you talkin  
Way too much  
Way too much

Drink bombay 'til we all fucked up  
I was drinkin' Bombay, 'till I had to throw up  
I was boolin' with a baddie from the Bay Area  
Couldn't make it up the stairs, had to get carried up, aye  
Wave to my general, I can't sleep now  
Kush got my eyes low, can't see now  
Orange tesla got me on ten right now  
If I get her naked, I'm a sin right now  
Can I hit it proper  
Fuck you real proper  
Have you screaming papa, yeah  
Touch all on your body  
Feel all on your body  
Fuck all on your body, yeah  
Too many drinks and all these drugs  
Way too much So, please, get off your Samsung  
And let's do this while your man's gone  
Baby

Liquor liquor liquor liquor, liquor got me talkin' talkin'  
Way too much, way too much, way too much, way too much  
Got me textin', callin' it's 2: 30 in the morning  
Tryna wake you up, wake you up, where you at, where you at  
I might put a uber on you, I might have to pull up on you  
Pick you up, fuck you up, give you some of this  
Liquor form the liquor locker  
Haya hay have ya talking way too much, way too much, way too much whoa

OOOOOOOOOhh [x10]