

Bad Day

Vinnie Paz

Some people wake up late, I wake up mad late
All the time hungover, it's a sad state
I love liquor, she my bitch and her ass great
But I don't remember anything from our last date
I wipe the sleep from my eyes and I peep my phone
Twenty texts, thirty calls, just leave me alone
My head pounding like crazy, I need some Patron
That's the hair of the dog, god need a bone
Kiss my mama on the cheek, she look beautiful
(Vinnie you're a mess, what I'm gonna do with you?)
I know you cooking something
(Yeah, I made some food for you
Managut, bragol, and some brigutte too)
I told you wild times ma I don't fuck with pork
Please pass the lucatelli and a bunch of salt
The phone ring, it's the police but who would've thought?
This motherfucking pig telling me I'm due in court

Every time I feel this shit is going my way
Something come along and fuck up my day
I had a rhyme in my mind now there's nothing to say
And cousin that just fucked up my day

Driving down the block someone cut in my way
That shit went and fucked up my day
Rap critics, they always got something to say
I would never let that fuck up my day

I don't know where the fuck I'm at today
I drank a couple of bottles, I guess I have to pay
This bitch laying next me, she look like Cassius Clay
Gotta get outta here before she asks me to stay
I don't know how I got here in the first place
She had a banging body but she had the worst face
I guess I act like an animal, I deserve hate
She must've lured me in with white like she was third base
It ain't hard to convince me to do some dumb shit
Especially when I'm on that get high and drunk shit
That's why Vinnie always end up with a dumb bitch
The only thing I'm never on is on some punk shit
I'm on the other side of town and I'm walking dolo
Panerai watch, Gucci kicks, lots of Polo
Goons ran up on the kid, put the gat to my dome
I was caught slipping, I left the ratchet at home

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