

Liquor Locker

Vic Mensa

Yeah, 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 (brtt brtt!)
Bring me apple vodka
Shawty yeah, yeah, yeah
Stop fussin' with your Samsung
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 from the Liquor Locker
Have ya have ya 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
Have ya have ya 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, Imma 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, way too much, 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 from the Liquor Locker
Have ya have ya have ya talking way too much, way too much, way too much
whoaOooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh
Oooooooooohh

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