

# To the Bottom (feat. Charlie Brand)

## Skizzy Mars

Don't think if you thinkin' wrong  
This the type of song you could sing along  
This the type of song you relate to  
She wouldn't talk much  
Hit the bong, had a breakthrough  
Ooh one and the joint we should be alone  
Don't say nothin' foul, you on speakerphone  
It's just the homies and I told em that you comin' thru  
Leave the club at 1 or 2, probably leave at 1 or 2  
Keep it casual, bitches mad at you  
Keep it pushin' girl, and move it lateral  
I know you been weird  
So baby why you actin' cool?  
Why you actin' coy, girl I ain't a fool  
Let's get it, but only if you wit it  
And I hate commitment  
And man I need forgiveness  
And she gon' say I did some shit  
I probably really didn't  
It's too late, but now I really did it  
Let's get down to the bottom of this  
Tonight, while you are gone  
Tomorrow things will look different, I know  
If I make it back home Yeah, tryna make it to the promised land  
Feelin' on shorty's butt, drink is in the other hand  
Aggressive when I drink too much  
Hopin' that she understand  
But I know she understand  
Shorty I'm the fuckin' man  
And I say that cause I always do deliver  
Well maybe I should chill and reconsider  
These niggas can't compete, they resumes is weak  
Drivin' somewhere cool, the city with dumb heat  
Shorty wanna dance, I'm a little bit clumsy  
You got your boobs enhanced, they look at little bit bigger  
And I know you got these niggas all over you  
But she got a [?] and I'm a little bit iller  
Put the bottle in the freezer, a little bit chiller  
We need something to mix the weed with  
Stay up til 7 and watch the sunrise, all night with the weed lit  
Cookin' breakfast in my flannel, isn't the view scenic?  
I'm thinkin' of myself

No room for anyone else  
Forgotten of my head  
My girlfriend and my house

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>