

# Classic Male Pregame

## Lil Dicky

What's up, y'all?  
It's your boy LD  
A.K.A. The Original Pancake  
I'm going the fuck out tonight Off work, 'bout to get trashed  
Me and my crew all about to get ass  
Sam coming through with a bottle of the Cap  
Me and Dean 'bout to tube, Mark taking out the trash  
Clean up my room, bitches 'bout to peep that  
Peeing, getting groomed, bitches 'bout to eat that  
Dean shave my neck, thanks, man, I need that  
Read through my text, then I itch my kneecap  
Now I gotta play the game right with Liz  
Top prospect, met the other night through Tinder  
Eight o'clock so I think it's only right I hit her  
With a "what you got on tap for the night?", delivered  
While I wait Imma pick a shirt  
Ain't nobody wearing plaid so I claim it first  
Mark got a little sad cause his favorite shirt's plaid but fuck him  
He knows I back off in a reverse  
Now I'm taking a shot and we drinking and popping a bottle  
And thinking of all the bitches we gon' haul in  
Sam say I know a house party and it's popping  
Bet Imma cop some weird head, Dennis Rodman  
Oh, yeah, we plotting  
This is a pregame  
It's a pregame  
A classic male pregame  
Not a weekday  
So this is when we take  
Shots and we chasing alternate DJs  
And that we pray cause And we all get drunk  
And we get dressed up  
And we all buy gum  
And we all gon' fuck Aye, pour me another shot, God damn it  
I'm tryna get to a place where I can talk to these bitches  
I got seven shots in me, three condoms on me and immeasurable hope  
Ten O Clock, words getting slurred  
Another shot, Sam's tryna hurry  
Mark's not, says he isn't worried  
He ain't tryna spend hella bread at the clurb  
Call him out, "since when you using clurb, faggot"  
Mark pouts, something like a herb rabbit

Dean smiles, we been doing work  
Pretty turnt, think he blacked out  
Lil Dicky burp loud  
Peep phone, what the fuck, she ain't text back  
Pretty close to considering a text back  
Spilling Coke on my shirt that's a red flag  
Now I gotta change, Mark knows put his best plaid on  
We debating the top ten in the NBA  
Disagreeing alot about Lamarcus A  
Shawshank Redemption popped on, attention all on  
Sam was like, "nah, the party called off"  
I already got a Lyft, I'm going out to a bar  
Then Mark pulled out a spliff, temptation very hard  
You know I couldn't resist, we blazing, now the car here  
And we get fucked up  
And we all feel rushed  
And our plans fall through  
And we in bad moods  
Man, what time is it?  
12: 24? And the bars close at 2, lights on like 1: 30  
Let me just think for like a second  
Sam like, "we gotta go, cause the car here"  
Mark like, "I don't know, what's the bar deal?"  
Dean like, "I'm on a roll in Guitar Hero"  
Dicky looking like he about to choke on his lamb gyro  
Sam looking let down, 'bout to go berserk  
Mark put his sweats on, now he rolling purp  
Dean blacked out, he ain't even on the earth  
I was like, "Sam, I was with it with my other shirt"  
Sam bounced, he's like, "fuck it, I'm out"  
Me and Mark smoke a blunt, Dean stuck on the ground  
Text Liz, "what the fuck?", even snuck in a frown  
I get the spins high and drunk, I throw up in the shower  
Now I'm jerking off inside a condom (I do that)  
I text my ex say, "I miss you often" (true that)  
Sam back, it's not even one yet, he a dumb mess  
He about to be a problem  
I ain't even tripping, I'm Tindering  
All of a sudden I'm blinking, I'm squinting  
It's saying it's six in the morning  
I'm stinking, I'm still in the same shit from last night  
Got a text from Mark saying:  
"I ain't mad, but I know you'll clean the bath, right?"  
And we get too drunk  
And we don't have fun  
Then we eat too much  
And the next day sucks  
Like, we really just wake up and spend far too much time shitting  
So, the whole process just seems flawed  
Thank you for your time  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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