

Jay Gordon

"Up All Night Remix"

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[Verse 1: Prez]

Tall glass of SoCo on the rocks, plus my Swisher's lit
Fresh Polo on my chest, I'm reelin' girls like fishermen
Shout out to the fans who been loyal to this muthafucka
The fat lady ain't singin', Susan Boyle in this
muthafucka
I can spot a liar or a faker from across the club
And don't believe your girl when she says your the only
one she loves
'Cuz I just had the bitch under my covers for the past
few nights
She said her grandmother was sick, but guess what?
Grandma's feelin' fine
Pop a bottle for the dudes who be outside standin' in
lines
While we dine in V.I.P., exchange numbers, and sip on
some wine
I don't have A.D.D., but these pills gon keep me up all
night
My date is on the bed drunk as can be, what a fuckin'
night
They call my verses perfect, they're amazing, I'm
incredible
If you choose not to come with us I'd say that is
regrettable
I got somniphobia, I never wanna go to sleep
Call me Mr. Wall Street, I got Gordon Gekko greed

[Hook: Drake]

I'm about whatever, man
Fuck what they be talkin' 'bout
They opinion doesn't count
We the only thing that matters, uh

So we do it how we do it
All up in ya face, man I hate to put you through it
I be up all night, whole crew's in here
'Cuz I don't really know who I'mma lose this year, uh
Man I love my team, man I love my team

I would die for them niggas, uh

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