

Lil Wyte "Drinkin' Song"

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Drinkin' Song Lyrics

now im a start this night out right so i dont fall on my face
i got some red necks wit me ready to get drunk and shot da gauge
they got 6 shots of tequila and half a bottle of bacardi
the bottle came from onions coat when we left the bonfire party
they constantly askin fo mo and tryin to pour me up a shot
incredible hulk mixed wit vodka and a skotch on the rocks
crown royal an coke a bud light my eye balls afloat
so much fuckin liquid in me i got to hit da pisser fo sho
keepin up wit hill billys actin silly drunker then shit
this might compare to my smokin song but pimpin this is not it
this is my drinkin song so you know wut you got to do
drink twelve or twenty one or wut eva you do just dont stop at two

chorus*2

this is my drinkin song
and there aint no rules wut you waitin on
pop a bottle pour your self a shot or even brew your own
if your gonna drink might as well drink until you hit the floor
afta you hit the floor get yo ass up and pour a couple mo

aight im alright listen to my words Ive done drank up half the bar
and still yet a slurr I heard
i looked down at red neck he look like he was about to hurl
brother robby actin similiar but was spinnin like the world
now real rednecks can get drunk like some shit ive neva seen
ten shots bud lights fo chasin ready for round eleventeen

demolition derbys at the races rodeos and bill streets
when ever legal liqour sold white folks will meet
but we all want to get fucked up and when i say we
im talkin about every nationality on this g.l.o.b.e
and some do, some dont, some might like it, some
wont,
i'll tell you wut i love this so much im fucked up right
now bro

chorus*2

we jump in slappa's car dont worry this fool wasnt
driven
the outcome would of been ridiculous and we wouldnt
of survived it
believe it or not i was the most sober of the five of us
liquor in me got to piss again i feel like im bout to bust
good thing we got out the exit fo me to handle my
buisness
i jumped out to drain my lizard and then god as my
witness
i see a truck load of moonshine hideing behind some
trees
wit the keys in it and nobody around
know what this means we fitna get drunker and crunker
and make us some cheese from mariana arkansas
through the woods back to tennessee
this event start anotha good ol'boy fraiser drinkin day
in the back of a chevelle pick up shootin of this daze

chorus*2

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