

Lil' Wyte

"My Drinking Song"

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[Lil Wyte]

Start this night out right so I don't fall on my face
I got some rednecks wit me ready to get drunk and
shoot the gauge
They got 6 shots of tequila and half a bottle of Bacardi
The bottle came from ?????????? when we left the
bonfire party
They constantly asking fo mo tryin to pour me up a shot
Incredible hulk mixed wit vodka and a scotch on the
rocks
Crown royal wit coke a bud light my eye balls a float
So much fuckin liquid in me gotta hit the pisser fo sho
Keepin up wit hill billys actin silly drunker then shit
This might compare to the smokin song but pimpin this
is not it
This is my drinkin song so you know what you gotta to
do
Drink twelve or twenty one or what ever you do just
don't stop at two

[Chorus 2X]

This is my drinking song and there ain't no rules what
you waitin on
Pop a bottle, pour yourself a shot or even brew your
own
If your gonna drink might as well drink until you hit the
flo
After you hit the flo get yo ass up and pour a couple mo

[Lil Wyte]

Aight I'm aight listen to my words I've done drank up
half the bar
And still yet a slurr I've heard
I looked down at redneck he look like he was about to
hurl
Brother robbly actin similar but was spinnin like the
world
Now real rednecks can get drunk like some shit I've
never seen
Ten shots bud light fo chasin ready for round
eleventeen

Demolition derby's at the races rodeos and Beale
Street
When ever legal liquor sold white folks will meet
But we all want to get fucked up and when I say we
I'm talkin about every nationality on this G.L.O.B.E
And some do some don't some might like it some won't
I'll tell you what I love is so much I'm fucked up right
now bro

[Chorus 2X]

[Lil Wyte]

We jump in slappa's car don't worry this foo wasn't
drivin
The outcome would of been ridiculous and we wouldn't
of survived
Believe it or not I was the most sober of the five of us
Liquor in me got to piss again I feel like I'm bout to bust
Good thing we got off the exit fo me to handle my
business
I jumped out to drain my lizard and god as my witness
I see a truck load of moonshine hiding behind some
trees
Wit the keys in it and nobody around
Know what this mean we fittin to get drunker and
crunker
And then make us some cheese from Mariana
Arkansas
In the woods back to Tennessee
Then sit back start anotha good ol'boy fraiser drinkin
day
In the back of a Chevrolet pick up shootin of the gauge

[Chorus 2X]

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