

Louis Logic "Dos Factotum"

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* send corrections to the typist

Before settin it off {*scratch from original "Factotum"}

[Louis Logic]

... Fresh from a court runnin from a bar tab
Drivin drunk with car lag in need of a barf bag
I left my smart half on the hard path to recovery
With hangover hovering I took a bath in the bubbly
I woke up in the trash, cold clutchin a flask
With a wino askin for some from me, but there's no
stuff in my stash
I'm so stuck in a glass but insist on throwin Rollin Rocks
Shades drawn, doors closed and locked, hopin no one
knocks
I'm in a lonely spot
Nowhere, and I want some some Stoli shots
Like I don't care if my AA sponsor knows or not
I'll spend a week soaked in scotch on Venice Beach
with the vagrants
Then I'm... leavin for Vegas
But I'm penny free, and owe a lot of dough
To spot my landlord and old lady liks
It's like I said, she likes to collect, she don't babysit

[Hook]

"When I get bent, I must represent, no question"
{*scratched*
I'm the lush president of the wino section
Since you find no lessons in this lonely life, it's like...
"Shorty let me
Tell you 'bout my only vice" {*scratched*
"When I get bent, I must represent, no question"
{*scratched*
I been at war with lady liks and can't find no weapons
Or find protection on my coldest nights, it's like...
"Shorty let me tell
You 'bout my only vice" {*scratched*

So basically, my drinkin schedule's 8 to 3
But wait and see I bet you I can make the rate increase
Until I start sprayin my vomit on my Old Navy fleece

So sayeth the logic, so say the sheep
My next commandment, to drink a case a piece at least
To set the standard, a buncha drunks that's dead from
cancer
Leave your 12 steps abandoned on the way to the bar
A convoy that's on joy juice racin their cars
Drinkin grain from a jar, that's moonshine to the Leigh
men in bars
And soon I'm hearin angels with harps
Perhaps it's beepin horns and I'm crossin lanes in my
car
And sleepin on the job but made it so far, I'm thinkin
ain't this bizarre

It's kinda freezin', tryna find the reason
When I realized my gates were ajar
I took the Nestea plunge straight to the tar, but never
jumped
Then I awoke in a pool of my puke where I had left my
lunch

[Hook]

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You 'bout my only vice" {*scratched*

I was born of beer kegs in college dorms and molotov
mixtures
Fists up, breakin bottles off niggas
Make escape doin the hundred yard dash, comin from
a car crash,
That's what I call a runnin bar tab, back to the lab
When an undercover car passed after my ass
Dropped to my knees and my hands in the grass
A straight shot to the trees beside my door, but I'd
forgotten my keys,
Plus I had too much brandy to last, so I hopped to my
feet
My hands were both clasped stoppin the stream
If I puked the cop would probably see
But he was watchin me flee on wobbily feet, at least
that's what I'm thinkin

That's when he tackled me stagnant and stinkin
I said, "No way occifer, I haven't been drinkin"
Then he said, "You're under arrest kid, and we're goin
back to the precinct"

[Hook]

"When I get bent, I must represent, no question"

{*scratched*

I'm the lush president of the wino section

Since you find no lessons in this lonely life, it's like...

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{*scratched*

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Or find protection in this lonely life, it's like... "Shorty let
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'bout my only vice" {*scratched*

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