

The Grouch

"Drunk Taste"

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How, How can I fiend for the rush that I get
When I sip off the cup of the shit that I knew
Wasn't cool from the get, I'm equip real talk
But the hour draws near, show night, oh right
I'm a low life with a bottle, feel the sorry
See your ass tomorrow
Denada can I feel ya, so I'm drinking in the first place
Swallow that first taste
To face the evening, and really just deceiving myself
cause I'm fresh still
But will I rest because my memory is broke
It be soaking up my liver till I shiver in a notion to earl
Get to twirling like my world and these every girl is the
same
And these dudes, man I gotta get the fuck away from
you

I can speak my mind but sometimes that rhymes
comes third
And the truth gets differered, roof gets blurred
And that's my fucking word, in the present lets hesitant
and humble
And tripping enough to stumble, I'm rip till I mumble
and tumble off the stage
And knowing when to stop me
I have no gauge no rage
In my moves, no, cool the fuck out
And bloody till I black out, I'm act out
That's have doubt, but doubt in my heart
To the part with routine stress relief
But when it comes to the morning I'm snoring
Who me? I'm more than grouch
He better shape it up
He better take two and quit it
I did it more than shows, had more drinks than hoes
And I suppose
That it grows and gets worse if you let it
I dreaded being a drunk, cause I'd rather be a punk or
genius
And that in my jeans it's a craft tho, a copout for that
stuff

Back into life for a minute to finish my thought
So wanna get part of doing what I don't wanna do but if
I do
It ain't cool but don't clown me
That shits always around me, found me when I was
down to ride around the town
Hiding from the sound that reality made
I was little disappointed and a little afraid
I got it laid out
Straight when I played out the game came and heard
that I couldn't resent wit
I balled my fist and took a sip of this
Another angle and now dangled on the floor feeling
Mangled, barbecued, and strangled
Couldn't recognize my own sister
Barely speaking english and talking shit to
Mr. rays of the treys
Who forgave the next day
I wanna have fun but never go out that way, I was a
spectacle
Very blessed to have my bed, and not care from a
sloppy ass
Stare at a cocky ass incompetent man, rid the land I
been there
Point of last return, time for concern I'm trying to end
there

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