

## Tom-Oh "Sour Face"

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You feel it, I feel it, put em hands up, cups to the ceilin,  
You feel it, I feel it, finna make the most uh this evenin.  
You feel it, I feel it, put em hands up, cups to the ceilin,  
You feel it, I feel it, finna make the most uh this evenin.  
(You feel it, I feel it, put em hands up, cups to the ceilin,  
You feel it, I feel it, finna make the most uh this evenin.  
You feel it, I feel it, put em hands up, cups to the ceilin,  
You feel it, I feel it, ha, fuck it.)

Take my hand, pull the kid aside, she wanna one night  
stand.

No strings ties free, tie free sick shit I needa IV.

We'll play doctor together all night,

Man, Better yet she'll Bite me squeeze me grab touch  
me feel me,

Bitches blowin up my phone can you hear me Siri?

Tap another keg up pronto, liven up the party you  
hardly drinkin I'm goin

Hard dig it thinkin the,

Dress coat filly bitch I'm feelin like a milli, Rep New  
Yawk, walk it

Talkin like I'm Diddy.

Gotter on the Wonka she otta be named Willy, Tell em  
I'm a rapper, they all

Like really?

Oh yeah, word to ya mother, a detective in the bed, I  
gotter goin

Undercover.

Man she always lookin hot whether it fall winter or  
summer, Done shots all

Night, hit the lights in this, bitch (wind out).

Drink, chase, sour face, wait... Don't we all gotta  
graduate?

Say, Drink, chase, sour face, hey... We gon do till we  
graduate.

In like 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till  
they make me go.

Say 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till  
they make me go...

(Drink, chase, sour face, wait... Don't we all gotta  
graduate?)

Say, Drink, chase, sour face, hey... We gon do it till graduate.  
In like 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till they make me go.  
Say 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till they make me,  
Won't,  
Won't leave till they make me, won't, won't leave till they,  
Won't leave till they, won't leave till they make me.

Bust that move, getta little a drunk, get her in that mood,  
Pour shots for 2, Better Hide that booze fore, you get screwed.  
Cuz that dude right there's getting blacked tonight,  
Finna mack tonight, this what Frat's are like, If you thinkin it's the  
Life, you exactly right.  
Without No pledge on, it's a taxi night, Wait, No pledge on? That can't be  
Right.  
Gettin pathetic we needa a beer and a medic you got a second to get it  
But I'ma betchu forget it.  
Puttin the bottles on credit, we gettin points on the spendin, Spit game  
Scorin on a Happy Endin,  
Hey, let the light die down, give a little toast ya life right now,  
Ciao, that's lights out, but I'ma stay up if she might get down.

Drink, chase, sour face, wait... Don't we all gotta graduate?  
Say, Drink, chase, sour face, hey... We gon do till we graduate.  
In like 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till they make me go.  
Say 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till they make me go...  
(Drink, chase, sour face, wait... Don't we all gotta graduate?  
Say, Drink, chase, sour face, hey... We gon do till we graduate.  
In like 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till they make me go.  
Say 3, 4 more short years uh so, no, won't leave till they make me, won't,  
Won't leave till they make me, won't, won't leave till they,

Won't leave till they, won't leave till they make me.)

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(Drink, chase, sour face, wait... Don't we all gotta  
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Say, Drink, chase, sour face, hey... We gon do till we  
graduate.

Drink, chase, sour face, wait... Don't we all gotta  
graduate?

Say, Drink, chase, sour face, hey... We gon do till we  
graduate. (Finna

Make the most uh this evenin.)

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