

## Wednesday Night Heroes

### "Glass Table Girls"

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Been on another level  
Since you came  
No more pain  
Look into my eyes  
You can't recognize my face  
You're my beloved  
You can stay  
You can stay  
But you belong to me  
You belong to me

If it hurts to breathe  
Open the window  
All of mine goes to me  
What you came for

This is a happy house  
We're happy here  
In a happy house  
Oh this is fun  
Fun, fun, fun  
Fun, fun, fun, fun  
Fun, fun, fun, fun oh

Music got you lost  
Nights ends so much quicker than the days did  
Same clothes, you ain't ready for your day shift  
This place will break you up  
Baby it's okay, them my niggas next door  
They be working in the traps  
So get louder if you want  
Just don't blame it on me  
That he didn't call you home  
So don't blame it on me girl  
Cause you wanted to have fun

If it hurts to breathe  
Open the window  
All of mine goes to me  
What you came for

This is a happy house  
We're happy here  
In a happy house  
Oh this is fun  
Fun for me

Bring the 707 out  
Bring the 707 out  
Bring the 707 out  
The 707 out  
The 707 out  
The 7...

Two puffs for the lady who be down for that  
Whatever, together  
Bring your whole stash of the greatest  
Trade it, roll it up, burn it up, cough it up, taste it  
Now watch us chase it  
With a handful of pills  
No chasers  
Jaw clenching on some super-sized papers  
She bad and her head bad, escaping, van is a  
wonderland  
And it's half-past six  
Weed's nice cause time don't exist  
But when the stars shine back to the crib  
Superstar lines back at the crib  
And we can test out the tables  
Got some brand new tables  
All glass and it's four feet wide  
But it's a must to get us ten feet high  
She give me sex in a handbag  
I got her wetter than a wet nap  
And no closed doors  
So I listen to her moans echo  
"I heard he do drugs now"  
You heard wrong, I been on them for a minute  
We just never act a fool  
That's just how we fucking' living  
And when we act a fool  
It's probably cause we mixed it  
Yeah I'm always on that okey dokey  
Them white boys know the deal  
Ain't no fucking phony  
Big O know the deal  
He the one who showed me  
Watch me ride this fucking beat  
Like he fucking told me  
Is that your girl, what's her fuckin story?  
She kind of bad but she ride it like a fucking pony  
I cut down on her man

Be her fucking story  
Yeah I'm talking 'bout you man  
Get to know me  
Ain't no offense though  
I promise you  
If you a real man dude you gone' side the truth  
But I'm a nice dude with some nice dreams  
And we could turn this to a nightmare; Elm Street

La la la la la la la la  
I'm so gone so gone  
Bring out the glass tables  
Whip the 707 out

La la la lalalalala  
I'm so gone, so gone  
Bring out the glass tables  
With the 707 now

La la la lalalalala  
I'm so gone, so gone  
Bring out the glass tables  
Bring the 707 now

La la la lalalalala  
I'm so gone, so gone  
Bring out the glass tables

With the 707 out

La la la lalalalala  
The 707 out

La la la lalalalala  
707 out

La la la lalalalala  
La la la lalalalala  
La la la lalalalala

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