

## All I Hear Is

2AM Club

Oh yeah, this my shit  
Both hands on my dick  
Coke and whatever's gon' mix  
I ain't really picky I just wanna get tipsy  
R.I.P to them days  
When I wasn't chased like Bieber and  
Days when I couldn't even imagine being friends  
With these types of girls now I leave with them

Standing on the edge of this crowd  
Music in the air so loud  
Lost you somewhere in the night  
Got to get you back on my side

Take out my phone  
I'm calling you up  
But all I hear is  
But all I hear is

Oh yeah, put my feet up  
Chillin' so hard that I'll probably need a  
Parka and a scarf, when I start pulling knobs  
Like I'm some kind of parking meter  
They all wanna catch up  
But I just want to see ya  
So I'm looking through my cell phone  
Cause I feel like I need ya

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But all I hear is  
But all I hear is