

Jack Daniels

Mike Stud

Next time never been my thing
So next time ain't gonna be with me
I'm on Sunset cooking in the lab, 4 AM
Got my girl at the crib foreplaying
And I'm cruising down the motherf*cking Boulevard
You should cop the album
Man, that shit feel like a rookie card, I should sign that shit
And I go out on the weekend
Swimming in all these shallow thoughts from the deep end
That's why I'm tweaking
Pour it up

That Jack Daniels, wash away my sadness
For the money and the fame and the antics
Man, god damn it
So pour me some Jack Daniels
That Jack Daniels, last man standing
For the money and the fame and the antics
For the pain they don't really see the damage
Just me and my boy Jack Daniels

I do it for my mama back at home
I'm doing everything I can
Yes you know, yes you know
And my fam got problems, I got issues

And you do too, that's why I miss you
Even when I'm with you, girl I f*ck with you
But I feel like I got nowhere to go
Nowhere to hide, no one's inside
The reasons why I don't know
No, I don't know
So pour it up

That Jack Daniels, wash away my sadness
For the money and the fame and the antics
Man, god damn it
So pour me some Jack Daniels
That Jack Daniels, last man standing
For the money and the fame and the antics
For the pain they don't really see the damage
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f*ck the fame, I don't want it no more
Let's hit a day on the morn'
That Mary Jane marijuana when I wanna
So I got me a girl I love a lot more
And she's the only one I can stop for
The game driving me away like a cop car
I miss you, but I think I miss myself more