

# Hangover

T. Mills

Wake up in the mornin'  
Poison poundin' through my head  
Swear I gotta stop then find myself at it again  
If I didn't have you I'd be locked away or dead  
I know  
For sho'

Love it when it hurts, when it's good, when it burns, and it hits my chest  
Now my vision's blurred, and I'm slurrin' out my words, but there's no regret  
All I need is you and your moves in the nude, baby lose that dress  
Now I'm hungover  
Baby come over

The reason  
The reason I get fucked up every night is so you can heal my body  
In the morning, in the morning  
The reason  
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In the morning, in the morning

I been lit all night, put me on  
Know my mouth is dry, quench me now  
Baby, your body runs, through my mind  
I got a loaded gun, save my life

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Baby the reason I get fucked up so you can heal me  
Baby the reason I get fucked up (up...)

(Baby the reason)  
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