

Drank (feat. Z-Ro & Paul Wall)

Slim Thug

Every time I stop drinkin', drank keeps callin' me back
I need to stop it but it taste so good
I love the way it make me feel but I spent too much money on that
I need to stop it, I need to stop it
Every time I stop drinkin', drank keeps callin' me back
I need to stop it but it taste so good
I love the way it make me feel but I spent too much money on that
I need to stop it, I need to stop it
Four ounces of Promethazine, 20 ounce soda
Styrofoam make ice cubes last a lot longer
Your cup cool but my cup is a whole lot stronger
If the soda damn near black then I'm the motherfuckin' owner
To buy drank, well it used to cost an arm and a leg
But now it's outrageous they really want your arm and your leg
(?) back in 2008
And if the drank man was sleep I'd hang round and wait
I wake up sippin' like a motherfucker, ichin' like a motherfucker
Attitude for no reason, I'm trippin' like a motherfucker
I need the drank man to show me some love
Before I fuck around get somebody to show me your plug, bitch
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I wondered last year how many sweets I rolled
I wondered last year how many cups I poured
Of that muddy, muddy, purple
I purchase by the pint
I spent too much motherfuckin' money on this drank
The prices so high, got a nigga bunk sippin'
At least that's how it start until I tell myself I'm trippin'
Then it's fours poured until everything slowed
It make me feel good, I can't say no
But it's breakin' my bankroll
That plus the dro? I coulda bought a new Rose
Or paint the mansion house snow
All of what I drink and smoke, I feelin' like I'm a fiend
Cause everyday all day, I gotta be on lean
Every time I stop drinkin', drank keeps callin' me back
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Every time I stop drinkin', drank keeps callin' me back
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I love the way it make me feel but I spent too much money on that
I need to stop it, I need to stop it I'm the drink man favorite, let me place an order
I drink (?) like an athlete drinks water
I sip at least four a day since 2004
And when I try to stop, it only last a week or so
Playin' games, yeah I know
Thinkin' bout Big Moe
DJ Screw, Pimp C, and that Big Meek so
All of 'em died with Codeine in their blood
I'm in denial though, I never blame it on the mud
Infatuation know it's love
Thinkin' bout the way it was
Shoutout to my partner fuzz
We downed over 300 jugs
In one summer, 2007
I pray they got Actavis in Heaven Real talk, in the corner store with some good ass kush. Barre
in soda, that'd be straight. Tell Pimp C, tell Pimp C to save me a four of that Act' man. It's a red
flash, two cups of ice. I'll be there soon, but not too soon, but I'll be there soon bruh. You know
what I'm sayin', rest in peace

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>