

To the Bottom (feat. Charlie Brand)

Skizzy Mars

Don't think if you thinkin' wrong
This the type of song you could sing along
This the type of song you relate to
She wouldn't talk much
Hit the bong, had a breakthrough
Ooh one and the joint we should be alone
Don't say nothin' foul, you on speakerphone
It's just the homies and I told em that you comin' thru
Leave the club at 1 or 2, probably leave at 1 or 2
Keep it casual, bitches mad at you
Keep it pushin' girl, and move it lateral
I know you been weird
So baby why you actin' cool?
Why you actin' coy, girl I ain't a fool
Let's get it, but only if you wit it
And I hate commitment
And man I need forgiveness
And she gon' say I did some shit
I probably really didn't
It's too late, but now I really did it
Let's get down to the bottom of this
Tonight, while you are gone
Tomorrow things will look different, I know
If I make it back home Yeah, tryna make it to the promised land
Feelin' on shorty's butt, drink is in the other hand
Aggressive when I drink too much
Hopin' that she understand
But I know she understand
Shorty I'm the fuckin' man
And I say that cause I always do deliver
Well maybe I should chill and reconsider
These niggas can't compete, they resumes is weak
Drivin' somewhere cool, the city with dumb heat
Shorty wanna dance, I'm a little bit clumsy
You got your boobs enhanced, they look at little bit bigger
And I know you got these niggas all over you
But she got a [?] and I'm a little bit iller
Put the bottle in the freezer, a little bit chiller
We need something to mix the weed with
Stay up til 7 and watch the sunrise, all night with the weed lit
Cookin' breakfast in my flannel, isn't the view scenic?
I'm thinkin' of myself

No room for anyone else
Forgotten of my head
My girlfriend and my house

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