

Classic Male Pregame

Lil Dicky

What's up, y'all?
It's your boy LD
A.K.A. The Original Pancake
I'm going the fuck out tonight Off work, 'bout to get trashed
Me and my crew all about to get ass
Sam coming through with a bottle of the Cap
Me and Dean 'bout to tube, Mark taking out the trash
Clean up my room, bitches 'bout to peep that
Peeing, getting groomed, bitches 'bout to eat that
Dean shave my neck, thanks, man, I need that
Read through my text, then I itch my kneecap
Now I gotta play the game right with Liz
Top prospect, met the other night through Tinder
Eight o'clock so I think it's only right I hit her
With a "what you got on tap for the night?", delivered
While I wait Imma pick a shirt
Ain't nobody wearing plaid so I claim it first
Mark got a little sad cause his favorite shirt's plaid but fuck him
He knows I back off in a reverse
Now I'm taking a shot and we drinking and popping a bottle
And thinking of all the bitches we gon' haul in
Sam say I know a house party and it's popping
Bet Imma cop some weird head, Dennis Rodman
Oh, yeah, we plotting
This is a pregame
It's a pregame
A classic male pregame
Not a weekday
So this is when we take
Shots and we chasing alternate DJs
And that we pray cause And we all get drunk
And we get dressed up
And we all buy gum
And we all gon' fuck Aye, pour me another shot, God damn it
I'm tryna get to a place where I can talk to these bitches
I got seven shots in me, three condoms on me and immeasurable hope
Ten O Clock, words getting slurred
Another shot, Sam's tryna hurry
Mark's not, says he isn't worried
He ain't tryna spend hella bread at the clurb
Call him out, "since when you using clurb, faggot"
Mark pouts, something like a herb rabbit

Dean smiles, we been doing work
 Pretty turnt, think he blacked out
 Lil Dicky burp loud
 Peep phone, what the fuck, she ain't text back
 Pretty close to considering a text back
 Spilling Coke on my shirt that's a red flag
 Now I gotta change, Mark knows put his best plaid on
 We debating the top ten in the NBA
 Disagreeing alot about Lamarcus A
 Shawshank Redemption popped on, attention all on
 Sam was like, "nah, the party called off"
 I already got a Lyft, I'm going out to a bar
 Then Mark pulled out a spliff, temptation very hard
 You know I couldn't resist, we blazing, now the car here And we get fucked up
 And we all feel rushed
 And our plans fall through
 And we in bad moods Man, what time is it?
 12: 24? And the bars close at 2, lights on like 1: 30
 Let me just think for like a second Sam like, "we gotta go, cause the car here"
 Mark like, "I don't know, what's the bar deal?"
 Dean like, "I'm on a roll in Guitar Hero"
 Dicky looking like he about to choke on his lamb gyro
 Sam looking let down, 'bout to go berserk
 Mark put his sweats on, now he rolling purp
 Dean blacked out, he ain't even on the earth
 I was like, "Sam, I was with it with my other shirt"
 Sam bounced, he's like, "fuck it, I'm out"
 Me and Mark smoke a blunt, Dean stuck on the ground
 Text Liz, "what the fuck?", even snuck in a frown
 I get the spins high and drunk, I throw up in the shower
 Now I'm jerking off inside a condom (I do that)
 I text my ex say, "I miss you often" (true that)
 Sam back, it's not even one yet, he a dumb mess
 He about to be a problem
 I ain't even tripping, I'm Tindering
 All of a sudden I'm blinking, I'm squinting
 It's saying it's six in the morning
 I'm stinking, I'm still in the same shit from last night
 Got a text from Mark saying:
 "I ain't mad, but I know you'll clean the bath, right?" And we get too drunk
 And we don't have fun
 Then we eat too much
 And the next day sucks Like, we really just wake up and spend far too much time shitting
 So, the whole process just seems flawed
 Thank you for your time

