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 tonightOff 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 causeAnd we all get drunk
And we get dressed up
And we all buy gum
And we all gon' fuckAye, 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 hereAnd we get fucked up
And we all feel rushed
And our plans fall through
And we in bad moodsMan, what time is it?
12: 24? And the bars close at 2, lights on like 1: 30
Let me just think for like a secondSam 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 sucksLike, we really just wake up and spend far too much time shitting
So, the whole process just seems flawed
Thank you for your time
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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