Vice (feat. Aminé)

Jay Prince

Ok (Yeah, yeah, ok, ok all good, all good)
Ok (Yeah, yeah, ok, ok all good, get it)
Ok (Yeah, ah, ok, ok, yeah, yeah, ok, get it)
Ok (Yeah, ok, yeah, ah, wha, wha, wha)
What you talkin' 'bout?All I ever wanted is just a little more liqueur in my cup
(More drink, more drink, more drink, more drink)
All she ever was was just a little more weed in a blunt
(Ay, ay, ay, I'ma good)
I need to fry it in your eyes
Yeah, it's time for me to come and slide
Yeah I seen the devil in your eyes
Tell me what it takes to get a life
Yeah I seen the hate, I seen divide
Ain't no compromise, we just multiply
Numbers never lie, shame for numbers I
Never been a backseat boy, listening to black street
In the backstreet where neighbours will pack heat
Well let's fax me, I'll be where the blacks be
Summertime khaki, only time I get jiggy
Time we get busy 'cause
I don't fuck with niggas that they actin' like they don't know
When their head is goin' numb but really dat ain't true (Dat ain't true)
Dat, dat ain't true no
Dat, dat ain't true, done
You ain't never really in a cuck, cause you really ain't cool bro
I believe the fire in your eyes, time for me to come beside
And fuck the fight and fuck the time that you been wastin'
bein' a racist, face it, i ain't changin' at allAll I ever wanted is just a little more liqueur in my cup
(More drink, more drink, more drink, more drink)
All she ever was was just a little more weed in a bluntI be, I be on my cool drop
Aw, 'cause I'ma cool
That's it I be on my cool
Ok (Yeah, yeah, ok, ok all good, all good)
Ok (Yeah, yeah, ok, cool, all good, get it on)
Ok (Yeah, ah, ok, ok, yeah, yeah, ok, get it)
Ok (Yeah, ok, yeah, ah, wha, wha, wha)
What you talkin' 'bout?
Blow yo nigga like Akon
Says she loves Frank and napalm
Shoddy ain't drunk, she take qualm
But never will I ever put a cape on
West Side nigga we gonna save hoes

Well we do, sometimes
Tryna bag something in this club tonight
It don't mean they got the juice in the cryptonite(ha-ha-ha-ha, you so crazy)Day's up, better when I'm drunk (True)
Try to stay sane like a monk (Eh)
Trinkle when I drink some (Ey)
Why life gotta be so hard?
Why my bills gotta be so high?
She all B.M when she deal me and
My friends just to get lightAll I ever wanted is just a little more liqueur in my cup
(More drink, more drink, more drink, more drink)
All she ever was was just a little more weed in a bluntI be, I be on my cool drop
Aw, 'cause I'ma cool
That's it I be on my cool
Ok-a (Yeah, yeah, ok, ok all good, all good)
Ok-a (Yeah, yeah, ok, cool, all good, get it on)
Ok-a (Yeah, ah, ok, ok, yeah, yeah, ok, get it)
Ok-a (Yeah, ok, yeah, ah, wha, wha, wha)
What you talkin' 'bout?
Ok-a (Yeah, yeah, ok, ok all good, all good)
Ok-a (Yeah, yeah, ok, cool, all good, get it on)
Ok-a (Yeah, ah, ok, ok, yeah, yeah, ok, get it)
Ok-a (Yeah, ok, yeah, ah, wha, wha, wha)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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