

Sueco, Drunk Dial

Drunk dial, that's my style
I'm calling you from the bathroom tile
I know we said our goodbyes
So I deleted your number but I got it memorized

Here go the Hennessy talking again
I know you hate me and so do your friends
Wrote you a song then blew up on the internet
I know you heard it but you not a fan
Sending green texts when they used to be blue
Got a new bitch but it used to be you
Send me the addy and I'll pop an addy and hop in the coup

Can somebody remind me not to call you when I'm fucked up
And thinking about us you know that
I'd be lying if I said I'd stop blowing your phone up
I can't let you go, no

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I was thinking we could reconcile
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Cut to the chase put the knife to my throat
Shorty a killer so murder she wrote
She bought a ticket to my meet and greet
Making a scene up at one of my shows
I'm getting high just to balance the lows
Sending my ex, X's and O's
List of the shit that we've been through it look like a suicide note

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