

# The Dean's List, Burn It All

Pop a bottle for the girl with no boyfriend  
Drink it all we don't care we just order more in  
Light a blunt for the team cause we all here  
Take a hit and make a hit  
Nigga this is our year

In the game like a playbook  
Zonin' out no idea where we're going  
One day we will figure out  
Everything was meant to be don't trip  
It's only bitter now

Life is just a bitch but don't you worry I will sit her down  
Tell her bring the ketchup, these weenies need a dressing  
I a'int worried 'bout your hustle boy  
Why you keep on pressing?  
Let me live, let me live  
Cause I will die if I don't sip  
And drink my dreams a little bit  
A little more, a little this, ahh

She's the reason you just up here at the show right?  
And bring your girl homie she can stay the whole night  
If this is the good life I'm aiming for a better one  
You're shooting for the stars boy  
You're gonna need a better gun

Cause tonight homie we don't give a shit man  
Ask your girl friend can I be your girl's friend?  
Go, go, drink it all and then some  
We gon' burn it all don't worry 'bout your income

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Over here we only really party with the baddest  
And with you is when she turns into an actress  
Showin' up you know what?  
We gon' do this damn thing  
Roll it up, smoke it up, it's pulling like a hamstring

Crewnecks, snapbacks, Nixons on my wrist man  
I am not a hipster sister I just do some hip things  
Every night is minus Christ  
Boy I pray to God and I did not sell my soul  
I just gave him all we got

See this jager got a biddy  
Better tell her 'bout my city  
And that diddy shit we smoke  
I'll puff a cloud of something biggie

I'm 20 years young  
Livin' reckless with my friends  
And if you forgot your wallet  
Just tell Ralph he's got the spends

Waiting for that night, yeah I think about it all  
It's a red carpet moment when these lights begin to call  
Me and my girl chilling smiling with the pros  
We're just looking at the camera hopin' everybody shows up

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