

# Screwed Up

Chris Webby

Da, da da da, da  
Da, da da da, da

I've got my seat leaned back, keep my tires looking clean  
Rolling with the baddest bitches that you ever seen  
Always rock my brim low, cause we rolling up the green  
Getting screwed up, you know what I mean, mean, mean!  
Sipping on my drink, drink, fill another cup  
Then I'm rolling up the dank, dank  
Twist another dutch, dutch  
Shorty what you think, think we don't give a fuck  
Cause I'm always screwed, always screwed, always screwed up!  
Let's go!

Back on the mic with the shit I say  
We popping off!  
And I been going through at least a couple grams a day  
Drinking up like Mazel Tov  
Cause you know we gon' ball, young entrepreneur  
My money long  
If I start to run low, then I go back out on tour  
Voila! Problem solved, no schedule  
I just relax with a weed sack, while my cheese stack cause I run this shit  
If I see that, then I need that  
Hear me baby girl? Get on your knee caps and suck my dick  
'bout to relapse from the pills I get  
Blue ones, white ones, purple too  
( 'bout to relapse from the pills I get)  
And it puts me in the perfect mood!  
Yeah, ooh, (ooh), now I'm feeling too good to move  
Everything I'm hearing is chopped and screwed  
Rolling in my Chevy when I'm cruising through  
Vroom! All black, from the tires to the rims to the paint to the tints  
Fire when I spit, put the flame to your bitch when I'm lighting up a spliff  
then I came on her tits  
Shit! See, Webby is a nasty dude with a raspy voice  
Cause I burn so much, but my mom still proud  
Every time I come around she's like, "that's my boy"  
Get up on the beat and the track's destroyed  
It is what it is and it is what it be  
Webster is the baddest, boy!  
You get me screwed up, just follow me!

Get up on a beat like, "bitch, what's up?"  
Every single day I'm getting loose  
Got a mixture in my solo cup  
So loud, got a subwoofer tied to the roof  
Rhymin the truth with a fine little slood  
Hitting more hoes than young Shia LaBeouf  
Money on my mind, yeah, money on my mind  
Trying to get some pesos on my grind for the loot  
I'mma go getter, flow spitter, ho hitter  
Surrounded by trees like gorillas  
Webby cold to the bone, don't shiver  
Made it this far, now I'm trying to go bigger!  
Andre the giant, dropping the finest  
Mix tapes, but the game cannot define it

Don't know whether or not to co-sign it  
Because I'm different, fuck if y'all don't like it!  
B-B-B-B-bitch! Yeah, we'll be head tripping!  
I'm about to lose my shit, wait til them meds kick in!  
I'm a Doberman Pinscher, y'all just some whack kittens  
My bitches look like models, yours look like Meg Griffin  
Check out my cat scan, that shit says that I'm out of my mind  
I'm just a mad man, rolling up like an ounce at a time  
Hitting the club and I bounce with a dime  
But only show up for a drink and a song or two  
And now that I'm on, all you haters are mad I'm doin what I said I was gonna  
do

[Hook]