

Let's Get Fucked Up

Lil' O

[talking:]

Well alright now, we getting fucked up
In this motherfucker, with the Screwed Up Click
And this is what, we want y'all to do
Light it up, roll it up
Threwed as a dyke nigga, smoke it up
If you gonna drank nigga, po' it up
Man I'm feeling good, let's get fucked up

[Lil' O:]

I'm fresh off, probation
So I bought me, some inhalation
To celebrate this, pimp occasion
It's going down, no time for waiting
Call the drank man, bring me a pint
And I don't even drink drink, but I'm drinking tonight
Went straight to the sto' and I bought me a Sprite
Told the chink ring me up, I need plenty of ice
It's time to get fucked up, and I ain't playing
Got my cigarillo white up, know I'm saying
No plex, we just straight parlaying
It's a gangsta party it's on me, so nobody's paying
So smoke and choke, drink what you want
But don't be no roach nigga, pass the blunt
Got the Belve' and the Cris', if that's what you want
Man you ain't got to front, enjoy yourself

[Hook:]

Light it up, roll it up
Threwed as a dyke, nigga smoke it up
If you gonna drink, nigga po' it up
Man I'm feeling good, let's get fucked up
(fucked up) fucked up, (fucked up) fucked up
Man let's get fucked up, (fucked up)
Fucked up (fucked up), fucked up

[H.A.W.K.:]

Man I'm feeling good, just left the hood
And smoked some good, now the point is understood
Light it up, roll it up
I'm getting fucked up, in my pick-up truck
Like the big bad wolf, I'll huff and puff
And huff and puff, till my lungs about to bust
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
I follow it up, with a cup of purple stuff
And ooh-wee, I'm on a P-I-N-T
L-E-A-N-I-N-G
The blunt is lit, I'm smoking like a barbecue pit
And aw shit, here come that roaching bitch
(how can I hit the weed), bitch please
This that good shit, that grow on trees
No sticks no seeds, so I had to trip
What you got on the weed, she said (my lips) I let her hit

[Hook]

[Big Pokey:]

I'm feeling dizzy right now, my buzz just snuck up
I'm trying to get like the economy, fucked up
I stay doped up, like everyday
On this seedless weed, and the Grand Mane
I don't play, gotta do what the song say
Kick back, and grab my weed tray
Ay, I gotta twist some'ing up
This the City of Syrup, I gotta mix some'ing up
I stay fixed up, cause I love the feeling
Get high, like the cost of living when I'm chilling
Three wheeling, when I raise it up
Layed back parlaying, when I blaze it up
Don't make me, purple haze it up
I'm bout to leave the boat with a fo', and a cajun slut
It's really all gravy brah, on the real
Willo, let em know the deal

[Hook]

[talking:]

Are y'all fucked up (yeah), well alright now
On the count of three, I want y'all to repeat after me
One, two, three...

[Dannie Marie:]

Light it up, roll it up
Don't hesitate, nigga smoke it up
If you got the drank, nigga po' it up
Man I'm feeling good, let's get fucked up
Fucked up, fucked up
Man let's get fucked up, fucked up, fucked up