

# 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