

# Smoke Beer

Lil Wyte

Pardon me, I'm kinda blasted,  
I've been drinking since noon (are you for real?)  
So forgive me, I just need a little room  
'Cause in any given minute I might fuck around and throw up  
Then hop inside my pickup, hit the lot and go do doughnuts  
Fuck the police though, I can grab that weed and roll up  
Ask me what my name is, I'll probably tell em I'm toe up  
Hold up, hold up, I really mean it, hold up  
I told that bitch to put me through, kinda like a tow truck  
My homie on that lean, he's swaying like a rocker  
And now he's moving slower than a granny with a walker  
I told that bitch to come here, I really need a driver  
And then I told er treat my dick like a breath of lager, I'm drunk

I smoke beer (I smoke beer)  
Drink weed (Drink weed)  
Ridin round singing fuck the police (police)  
I sip beer (sip beer)  
Without lean (without lean)  
Ridin round singing fuck the police (police)

Oh I go fucked up and I know it (you know it)  
Shit, I'm stumbling  
Thinkin I'm spittin, pimpin to this bitch but I'm just mumbling  
I had an idea,  
I can get this hoe to my room and make her squirt  
All I need is weed and drinkin beer to smoking that shit what  
Keepin up with me is up, I always go hard I'm never going home  
I'm crashing out on the studio couch  
Tonight don't cry, leave me alone  
I'm in my zone and I'm feelin it  
High or drunk, it don't matter, I'm killin shit  
The name is Lil Wyte if you didn't know by now  
Might take a nigga a week to settle yo bitch  
Don't give a fuck who, fuck the police too  
Must be my niggas' Tennessee attitude  
I'm a cool motherfucker, I'm just actin rude  
I got no class to put me in a bad mood  
I'm a little bit ratchet and trippy at all times  
I'm turnt up to the max, these ain't just rhymes  
I'm on my Juicy J shit  
It's been 30 o'clock and that's the first I tried

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Fuck em

I pull up to the club bumpin country music  
Them people look at me like I was really fuckin stupid  
I'm ridin round drunk listening to Jason Aldean  
Sippin on that work, oh shit I'm smoking on that Al Green  
As much as I've been drinkin, man I ain't even thinkin  
I told this bitch that my dick was smaller than my pinky

Don't know what I was thinkin  
But maybe I could pull er  
And then I told her bitch to grab a beer out of my cooler  
And I'm a hilarious guy  
I might cum before I fuck like American Pie  
Now they sayin that I'm longer so don't curse no more  
And then I tell em shit fuck damn cunt whore

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