

# Screwed Up

Ludacris

Ah yeah, we sending this one out  
From everybody I mean to everybody from the H-Town to the A-Town  
To worldwide so get your lighters, get your drink  
And I tell you what I'm so fucked up, and screwed up  
If anybody try to blow my high, you know what I'ma tell 'em

(Fuck you!) Fuck you!  
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(I'm screwed up)

I feel better than I've ever felt before, Ah!  
Intoxicated but maintaining self-control, Ah!  
I took a swig, I had a jug, chug-a-log, I'm loud and clear  
I had some bud, I lit it up, and then I made it disappear  
'Cause my magic tricks, are so fabulous  
This shit's hazardous, got amateurs smoking canibus  
If you mad at this, damn it then

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I made a, call to my dog, time to split the blunt and break it up  
Three-wheel motion, purple potion, I gotta shake it up  
I tried to kick the habit, but it keep calling me  
Abracadabra, here's a magic trick, I smoked up all the weed  
Zig-Zag's and golden wraps got my mind gone  
Drugs don't affect my work, I still get my grind on

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I'm leaning like the Tower of Pisa, the syrup squeezer  
Come close to my stash, and get treated as if I'm Ebenezer  
I'm throwed, blowed, matter-of-fact let's call this the thrower potion  
I'm screwed up, so no wonder things are in slower motion  
I gots to have it, can't kick the habit, I've tried to shake it  
The drug experiment stage if you mistake then

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I'm from Screwed Up Texas, we drive reckless, and then we peel off  
You ain't had shit until you smoke Sweet Tooth and Jack Frost  
Hit it twice but don't cough, you gotta take it man  
If it's a record for smoking I'm 'bout to break it man  
Me and Luda puffing budda, we in a black Cougar

On Zap Judas, you try to jack us we grab rugers

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How can I say it plain?  
That I'm off that Mary Jane  
And if it's true what they say  
Then I don't know how many cells is left in my fucking brain  
But I'ma keep on writing and lighting  
Minds of these hungry rappers  
And tell the hood that I've hired niggers and fired crackers  
On the Fourth of July, opens your eyes I'm joking stupid  
I love all races but if you hating my music then

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I love my  
Occupation we never have to take a piss test  
Fuck a 9 to 5 'cause I'm always getting rest  
I wake to breakfast and head  
You wake up to breakfast in bed  
Should I drive my H2? Hmmm?  
I'ma take the Lexus instead  
Pimping ain't dead but I'll leave you niggaz  
Dead from all this pimping  
I'm riding spinners like a pimp  
That's why I'm limping

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Off substances that's controlled  
That's how this story goes  
I popped the cap, broke the ice  
And Lil' Flip done broke the mold  
I'm so cold I think I, see dead people  
Nah, that's just my homies passed out in the Regal  
Believe it, the potency is so strong, if you notice me  
I'm calm, cool, and collected and if you, disrespect it

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We doing this for them players that bank screw music  
We don't pass out after 8 blunts, because we used to it  
Me and Cris like cheech & chong  
So hurry, break out the weed and the bong  
'Cause if it ain't Grade A trees, we gotta leave it alone  
And to my homie screw, you know I gotta hold it down

And if they want it then they gotta come and take the crown

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Hahahahahaha So there you have it  
Sending this one out to all my drinkers and all my smokers  
United and lighted we stand inebriated we fall  
And if you wanna pass the sobriety and breathalyzer test  
Hear's a quick Luda tip some packets of mustard in your car  
Keep mustard god damn it and whoever said the south can't rhyme

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