

Bad day with my bitch
Negativity on my phone is ridiculous
Limo shine up on the real tech n9ne
They talkin' 'bout I'm the sickness
Comin' at that shit so vicious
Get up out of my bed, I'm sick of feelin' restricted
Fans sayin' I switched
They can tell I was hurt by lookin' at my twit pic
Got a call from stevie, y'all know his steezie
Said he's 'bout to come to kc, wanna have a get together, that's easy
Got a little cabo wabo, some biz and cîroc, yo
They wanna have it at my house, is there room for frizz and picasso?
Hell yeah, come on down
Told?mackazilla? be done on rounds, we gotta get more liquor, spread the fun
around
We 'bout to kick it with family, put the gun on down
Nigga, I ain't kicked it in eons
'Bout to be cooler than freon
Got another call from my homeboy in denver, named dion
He just pulled into kc sayin' he's double fisted, with bottles
I told him I was on liquor duty and?stone'em? was on models
All of my niggas ready for action
When I woke, I don't remember this crashin'
I can try and tell you in the next verse
But I don't really know what happened...

It's just a blur, blur, blur
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur
It's just a blur, blur, blur
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur
The whole thing's just a blur

Woke up, got sick, ain't nobody sleepin' in my shit
Looked in the mirror, that's fucked up
Because busted is my top lip
Real busted, real puffy, like a nigga punched me the fuck out
I don't smoke by my mouth taste like big [?] like my nigga yukmouth
I think I remember two chicks, one thick, another was a toothpick
I think I was takin' shots with 'em, of patrón, I don't do this
Kc teas, ghetto suds, talkin' to the chick with ghetto butts
She was trippin' when another beautiful widow cut
In front of me when she was talkin', I said "oh, fuck!"
Everybody keep sayin'
But I don't remember even seein'
But I heard if you really wanna please
Put one, two, and maybe three
Glimpses of a house full of bitches and dancin'
And some losin' their pants, romancin' each other
And eating each other, and beating these brotha's
My publicist almost stuck a bitch
Cause she punched my nigga with her [?]
But he kicked her out, ?
?
Then somehow when my?
My lip hit her big head

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Scenario, what happened?

That nigga keep laughin', cause he made all the drinks potent

My lip is fucked, I'm not jokin'

Said she's made up with hips out, she 'bout 5'1", hell pretty, but crippled out

Said she got a little cocky, called me a demon and I flipped out

Said her body was boozed up and her earlobes had a few cuts

I told him I don't hit women, I don't do stuff

I came downstairs, all my niggas still sprawled out

The makings of caribou lou, now there's a loose screw

The night was going perfectly, all seemed well

I woke up in the darkness dizzy, feelin' like hell

I don't feel like myself, oh no

I've never ever felt this way before in so long

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