

Quez

Trinidad James

Alright dirt, let's go
(I'm too fucked up)

I'm too fucked up (4x)

I need a trippy bitch, I ain't with that cute shit (4x)
I'm too fucked up (I'm too fucked up) (8x)

My nigga what you need?
My nigga what you smoke?
My nigga what you drank?
My nigga pour a fo'
Nosebleed, nosebleed
My nigga, what you snort?
I took a hundred shrooms
I need a hundred more
I need a trippy bitch
She fuck on Hennessy
She got that Miley Cyrus
White girl shaking
Now watch her shake (bust)
Now watch her shake (bust)
Now watch her shake
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm still seeing spaceships on Bankhead,
I'm too fucked up
I need a trippy bitch, ratchet bitch
The one that like the drugs
She addicted to the club
Ain't with the cute shit
I'm looking for a hundred piece
That's got the real freak in her blood
I'm two fucked up, already doubled up
Bands'll get her naked like a birthday
Bougie, cute, gold digger
Hold up, you got the wrong nigga in the first place
I like to see her spread her legs in the two seater
Wet and hot, runnin' like a meter
Tellin' me, all she want me to do is beat it
Got her leakin' by the litre
So I eat her cause it's sweeter
I need a real trippy bitch when I'm fucked up
Ain't with that cute shit in my spaceship
Gas blowin' on your way out
Tell your homegirl to come in
Cause your ass can't stay here

Hell yeah I play with my nose,
Got powder stains on designer clothes,
I be rollin' off of them crystals,
Got a nigga brain feelin' like a launch missile,
God damn right,
Off that thizzle, Bitch I'm ballin, blow my whistle,
Smokin' on a Bobby Johnson,
Got felatio at my concert,
Knockin on them hoes tonsils (2x),

Got my cock all up in her noggin,
When I be shoppin',
And she callin' callin' me daddy,
Got road head up in that caddy,
And she the driver
And I can't explain nothin'
But I know one thing it was fatal,
I be higher than a motherfucker,
Fucked up, turn down for what?
I wanna fuck, she wanna fuck,
So we hit the BP to grab a rum,
Copped a Fiji and a box of magnums,
Hit that bitch with that arm and hammer,
Dope dick, stay focused,
Need a trippy bitch...
I got a 20oz, couple lines in it
... but sure I'm finished
Heart beat sound like I'm playin' tennis
Drinkin' Dr. Pepper, looking just like dentists
Looking for a trippy bitch
That cute shit I ain't with that
Ratchet bitches getting turnt up
Off a couple pills and a six pack

I'm too fucked up
My crew fucked up
My boo fucked up
They rubbed me up too much
That made me tough
So now I'm too turnt up on O-Zs of OG burnt up
I be in chronic city
Player fly to funky town
Codeine and prometh and tussin'
Next there to wash 'em down
Pop me a roxy, percocet
Or a lower tab
I'm on that molly, plus that Madonna
I'm going mad
... til the diz-ay I diz-ie
Set that shit back I'm crownin'
They still live by the now, fly
Need my bitches fire
I need my bitches hiz-igh
So high we gettin' sky
Til they can't take no more now they fly
They soakin' wet, never try
And overflow of supply
The truth they cannot deny
And givin' only a try
No ho, no owe me no lie
Keep dummy promises from me
The influence I'm under
But I'm on top of this money
Say, what's funny honey
Don't see no laughing stock
Not your Winnie The Pooh
But do want into your honey pot
Turn down the giggle box
Turnt up her kiss my spot
Gyrating and motivating on chemicals
Recreating Woodstock
I wish I would stop
Like they say turn down for what?

Before they turnt up, get crunk
I come to get niggas buck
And now they stuck with me
And trill and buck with me
I need a trippy bitch to come get fucked up with me

Hold up, man
Y'all just heard that shit?
Man, y'all playin'
Anyways man, where my homegirls?
I don't have groupies
I have homegirls
All my homegirls bob your head with me one time
Yeah