Get Fucked Up

Stevie Stone

Sitting all alone
Time to hit the liquor store
Need some trees that I can blow
And I'd done copped it for the low
Now I'm ready, put it on ya
New York to California
Bring liquor, bring bud
Let's get fucked upBring liquor, bring bud
Bring liquor, bring bud
Said "I'm ready, put it on ya"
New York to California
Let's get fucked up
Yeah, mount up. Buddy been winning
I ain't been in to the City in a minute
Got some bitches on the down gettin' ready
Bringin' Henny, and Cîroc and some Rémy
Backwood, roll it up and heat it
(Didn't need it though)
Drink up in my cup gettin' weeded
(Gettin' weeded though)
Bodies in the party showin' love
(where the love at?)
Turn this fuckin' house in to a club
(Where the club at?)
Bitches on the wall off the meter
(Off the meter)
Got tequila, Strawberry, Lime-Arita
(Lime-Arita)
Bad body hangin' imma beat her
(Imma beat her)
School teacher named Nina, she a diva
(Yeah)
Bouta be a blurry, she a baddy
(She a baddy though)
Little bitty waist with a fatty
(Got a fatty though)
I ain't even have to speak, it's automatic
(It's automatic)
When I'm drunk just call me Pam [?]
Told them bitches "Do it for the 'Gram"
(For the 'Gram)
Drunken friends give a damn about your mans

('Bout ya man's, ho)
Team Stone chokin' on that killer
(On the Killer)
C-c-c-call it Techa Nina, Mackzilla
Bass go dumb, I'm the man
(I'm the man though)
Fly nigga tryna find somewhere to land
(Where to land, ho?)
I'm tryna kick it with the fam
And tomorrow we gon' do this shit again

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