Acid

Lil Wyte

[Chorus 1: Lil' Wyte]
Well I been trippin' for 10 hours on 3 hits of liquid microdot (I'm on acid - acid)
Gettin' chased around the car by some midgets in the parking lot (I'm on acid - acid)Feedin' doritos to a tree, a million spiders after me (I'm on acid - acid)
I'm runnin' around havin' a fit, on myself I'm about ta shit (I'm on acid - acid)[Lil' Wyte]
Can you imagine feelin' all calm then all of the sudden your fingers get numb?
Knees start freezin, what is the season?
where we at? and why we leavin?
Trees are shrinkin', turnin' plants ta roots and roots back inta seeds
And clowns are changin', comin' at me, different directions now I'm freakin'
Hoe's are rakin', body shakin'
Mane, I thought it was some crack
Called the fire department, told 'em I had a flame upon my back
This shit's crazy, plus enable, raisans dancing on the table
There's the horse, we got a horse, yeah we do and I seen the stable
Quit yo flaugin, I ain't flaugin
Got a beat in who ya talkin to
I'm talkin to you talkin to me
Listenin' cuz I have you and I have to
Be kinda smart to even catch that
I might be trippin' but the pimpin' grippin' gatta spit that
With no expectancy I made a party from a rivalry
Accidently, kicked then tripped the beef when he had ran by me
Fuck police, we gon' sanish this trick too well as the
50 shot of purple microdot you will be gone a week
[Chorus 2: Lil' Wyte]
20-20 vision blur and can't even feel the syrup (I'm on acid - acid)
I can smoke a pound of dro, drink myself unda the flo' (I'm on acid - acid)
Put the straw up ta your nose, take the blow straight ta your dome (I'm on acid - acid)
You passin' out in my front yard, throwin' up on Zanax bars (I'm on acid - acid)[Lil' Wyte]
Well I wishin I was sober, feel the shit from head ta shoulders
This ain't even halfway over, it's the part I'm waitin ta show ya
Laughin' long time like hyenas, laughed a long time at vienas
In the can or out the can they still look like a can a penis
I'm the meanest, acid-takin, down-south-cracka on the mic
Chainsaw crankin', gotcha thinkin', good trip gon' turn ta a fright
Bubble poppin, trails are watchin', foes done cross the fuckin' room
My dogs came in the den and made a mess and then thats for the broom
Now I'm 'Bouta hit the sack cuz I can't take this shit no more
Relax my mind, take a deep breath and let my head sink in pillow
Take a seven hour nap, wake up seven minutes later
This the greatest drug the seventies is ever fucking gave us

Yes it's major don't be playin' - when you drop it will hit ya
If it's gel caps or liquid - microdots yes I'm wit'cha
And I'm flippin' cross the Roll, visual contact lightning globe
The space ship I'm flying landed in the Bay - I have ta go
[Chorus 3: Lil' Wyte]
By now, I'm weak in some pain and my body's feelin drained (I'm on acid - acid)
Comin' down upon my trip and my skin's abouta rip (I'm on acid - acid)
I'll prolly sleep till Thursday and it's only Sunday (I'm on acid - acid)
Wakin' up on that Thursday to have another Saturday (I'm on acid - acid)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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