

# Get Wasted

Chrisette Michele

Hey boys, just call me Chris  
Don't need a big introduction  
My present speaks all on its own

Watch me, just watch me move  
Just off the [?]  
From my two hips  
That rock my [?] in my zone

[?] tell me yes or no  
Ain't shy about it  
I'm nice about it  
Sweet as rum

Get drunk, up off the smile  
Of this confidence  
This coca cola bottle  
Full of rum

Take a sip of these hips  
Hello, hello, hello, I'm fly  
Take a sip of these lips  
Hello, hello, hello, I'm fly

Get wasted, come on get blacked boy  
[?] with your eyes  
Just taste it, I'm shaking up  
My rum for my guy

Don't touch, I'm not for rent  
His money spent around my ring  
Around my finger  
[?]

It's cold, I won't be mean  
I'll say hello, I'll say no thanks  
And you could go  
That was sweet

I'm chill, just like the music  
That you're blasting from your wind  
Just watch me [?] but please don't stop

Don't [?] what a smile you got, oh my  
I smile right back, you caught my eye  
Oh when I wave you might go blind

Take a sip of these hips  
Hello, hello, hello, I'm fly  
Take a sip of these lips  
Hello, hello, hello, I'm fly

Get wasted, come on get blacked boy  
[?] with your eyes  
Just taste it, I'm shaking up  
My rum for my guy

I like a drink of rum  
I make a steady man  
Dumb like a silly man  
Drunk like a leprechaun  
Intoxication  
Filling your belly up  
Twisting my hip  
You can face in the position

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