Mixed Emotions

Ab-Soul

(2x)
One time for my niggas poured up yup, bachelor
We get screwed up like the neck of Frankenstein
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag
We be getting dough, We be getting dough

Just copped a pack of backwoods, I'm sitting high as
hell
This OG kush suits this honey very well
The lights are low, the mood is right
I got her foe, that's right I'm tryna get dough
Hit my nigga AJ, heard he bought an 8th
My nigga Legend blessed me with a cup the other day
Hit my nigga Carver D, Dough boy it ain't crack?
Tell him it's a pole party, ASAP
Bumping out the speakers, coffee cups with lids
This way nobody accidentally ashin' in my shit
Got a few two liters and it's about to go down
Then again it's the prescription of choice
Just call us the Finnegan boys
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know, but you have no idea
The lights are low, the mood is right
I got a foe, who got a Sprite?
Who got a Sprite? Who got a Sprite?
I got a foe, who got a Sprite?
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know

I got this funny little dream of buying out the bar
Then flexing in my section like a fucking star
They ask me what I like to drink and I say I'm alright
Then all you see is my purple sprite, glistening off of
the strobe light
No jolly ranchers, this ack? is all I need
I hope it ain't cliché to shoot Pimp C a RIP
As well as DJ Screw since I made up this tune about
lean
But as of late, all I see is poe like Section 8
The homie say he's got a few tings
That's three 16s and a whole lot of cream
I crack a ceiling, drope a douce now I got mixed
emotions
From here on out, it's slow motion
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know, but you have no idea
The lights are low, the mood is right
I got a foe, who got a Sprite?
Who got a Sprite? Who got a Sprite?
I got a foe, who got a Sprite?
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know

(2x)
Coming down, still sipping
Draped up dripped out, still sipping