

Yea, Ok I'm fucked up
I ain't gun lie
Ima' drunk drive
Meditate, let the drunk ride
Ima dive deep
Levitate, but I ain't a mind freak
Get behind me
Then you on the right path
Check my time sheet
Reminds me, fucking 9 to 5 I just ride beats
9-5 pussy other time, I'm on it
The other 5 don't exist they mit
Release chronic from my lips
Ima trip, you on it or you is missing the fuck out
Lucky I ain't catch a ride
Fuck all them blue and whites
I'm tryna' catch a vibe
I got my baggage packed
I'm feelin' mesmerized also intoxicated
And feelin' I'm destined to rise
Pressure to pressurized
Reggie in lessen the vibe
So I, only keep the best to the left of my side
This is that, 400 ah zip
I'm drunk as a bitch
Sippin' out the fifth til I'm motherfuckin' blended or I'm sunk in a seat

This here (here)
Is one of them drunk nights (nights)
I'm wildin', Eddie twist the blunt tight
Guess I'm driving (driving)
I ain't tryna say that I'm sober
So pray that them cops don't pull me over
Yea yea, cause then its over
Yea yea, cause then its over
Yea yea, cause then its over
Yea yea, cause then its over

(Over, we gotta-we gotta- we gotta 10-9-100, highly highly intoxicated drive
r, we have to pull him over)

Drunk driving, swimmin' in the sea of the funk
Let me dive in
This is not doctor prescribed
I be vibin'
Double L shot of patron
No chase
That's the shit that have me frozen in space
Cold case
The whole eighth vanish with no trace
Manage its slow pace
Bitches rotate, like the wheels of my 08'
Smoke alot
Crop these hoes out of the picture like it was Photoshop

Oh shit, I think that's cops right behind me
(Fuck) and I could run dog

But they'll find me
Shit, probably been swervin' for a minute
And that police car faster then my civic
Guess it's time for the...
DUI
Test, Ima walk lines
Guess it's better then gun shots and sharp lines
Took another sip, like shit it's hard times
Then looked up in my rear-view, that ain't ah cop!
So, fuck it!

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Is one of them drunk nights (nights)
I'm wildin', Eddie twist the blunt tight
Guess I'm driving (driving)
I ain't tryna say that I'm sober
So pray that them cops don't pull me over
Yea yea, cause then its over
Cause then its over
Cause then its over
Cause then its over
(Cop talking: Driver is definitely intoxicated, emerging from lane to lane,
ahh potentially a hazard)

I ain't wasted
I'm in a in between groove
Where I could operate a vehicle smooth
Fully complacent, Yea
My momma swear I ain't gun make it
I continue to sip it and drive like she must be hatin'
Debatin' on whether or not, I'm gun stop this
And whether the cops gun' watch this
Or let it go and just let me keep livin'
And then he went and made his decision
I saw the lights like fuck! (Police siren goes on)

(Ah fuck) (Ah Shit)
(We are so fucked dude, my mom is gun' fucking kill me)
Caskey: Fuck how the fuck am I gun get out of this bro
(Police walks up to vehicle)
Police: Licence and registration please
Caskey: Officer I didn't do shit
Police: Licence and registration!
(You fucking asshole)
Police: Sir have you been drinking tonight?
Caskey: Officer what the fuck is that suppose to mean?
(Just chill just chill)
Caskey: No fuck, No fuck this
Police: Sir, Ima need you to step out the car
Caskey: HUH?
Police: Step out the car!
Caskey - Fuck... you [*Car starts to drive off*:] (Go, go, go, go)

Yea, This here (here)
Is one of them drunk nights (nights)
I'm wildin', Eddie twist the blunt tight
Guess I'm driving
I ain't tryna say that I'm sober
So pray that them cops don't pull me over
Yea yea, (uh, uh) cause then its over
Cause then its over
Cause then its over
Cause then its over

Cause then its over

Yea best of luck to you, motherfuckers