

Screwed Up

Chris Webby

Da, da da da, da
Da, da da da, da

I've got my seat leaned back, keep my tires looking clean
Rolling with the baddest bitches that you ever seen
Always rock my brim low, cause we rolling up the green
Getting screwed up, you know what I mean, mean, mean!
Sipping on my drink, drink, fill another cup
Then I'm rolling up the dank, dank
Twist another dutch, dutch
Shorty what you think, think we don't give a fuck
Cause I'm always screwed, always screwed, always screwed up!
Let's go!

Back on the mic with the shit I say
We popping off!
And I been going through at least a couple grams a day
Drinking up like Mazel Tov
Cause you know we gon' ball, young entrepreneur
My money long
If I start to run low, then I go back out on tour
Voila! Problem solved, no schedule
I just relax with a weed sack, while my cheese stack cause I run this shit
If I see that, then I need that
Hear me baby girl? Get on your knee caps and suck my dick
'bout to relapse from the pills I get
Blue ones, white ones, purple too
('bout to relapse from the pills I get)
And it puts me in the perfect mood!
Yeah, ooh, (ooh), now I'm feeling too good to move
Everything I'm hearing is chopped and screwed
Rolling in my Chevy when I'm cruising through
Vroom! All black, from the tires to the rims to the paint to the tints
Fire when I spit, put the flame to your bitch when I'm lighting up a spliff
then I came on her tits
Shit! See, Webby is a nasty dude with a raspy voice
Cause I burn so much, but my mom still proud
Every time I come around she's like, "that's my boy"
Get up on the beat and the track's destroyed
It is what it is and it is what it be
Webster is the baddest, boy!
You get me screwed up, just follow me!

Get up on a beat like, "bitch, what's up?"
Every single day I'm getting loose
Got a mixture in my solo cup
So loud, got a subwoofer tied to the roof
Rhymin the truth with a fine little slood
Hitting more hoes than young Shia LaBeouf
Money on my mind, yeah, money on my mind
Trying to get some pesos on my grind for the loot
I'mma go getter, flow spitter, ho hitter
Surrounded by trees like gorillas
Webby cold to the bone, don't shiver
Made it this far, now I'm trying to go bigger!
Andre the giant, dropping the finest
Mix tapes, but the game cannot define it

Don't know whether or not to co-sign it
Because I'm different, fuck if y'all don't like it!
B-B-B-B-bitch! Yeah, we'll be head tripping!
I'm about to lose my shit, wait til them meds kick in!
I'm a Doberman Pinscher, y'all just some whack kittens
My bitches look like models, yours look like Meg Griffin
Check out my cat scan, that shit says that I'm out of my mind
I'm just a mad man, rolling up like an ounce at a time
Hitting the club and I bounce with a dime
But only show up for a drink and a song or two
And now that I'm on, all you haters are mad I'm doin what I said I was gonna
do

[Hook]