

# Gumball 3000

Esham

Feelin' kinda down, I need a little pick-me-up  
Caffeine in my coffee just to get me up  
If you want that nose candy, you should hit me up  
My words turn into crack once they lit me up  
My best friend's ephedrine, methamphetamines Syrup to the codeine, promethazine  
A world full of dope fiends, know the coke kings  
You could get a chicken wing, or the whole thing  
Five-hour energy drink with no crashin'  
Put the pedal to the heavy metal, straight mashin'

Droppin' the top when it's sunny (I can't give it up)  
Livin' this life 'cause they love me (I'll never get enough)  
Whippin' out mags on dummies (I can't give it up)  
Countin' these bags of money (I'll never get enough)  
Droppin' the top when it's sunny (I can't give it up)  
Livin' this life 'cause they love me (I'll never get enough)  
Whippin' out mags on dummies (I can't give it up)  
Countin' these bags of money (I'll never get enough)

Feelin' kinda down, I need a little pick-me-up  
A1 yola, feds wanna trick me up  
Word on the streets is niggas wanna stick me up  
Don't get wet up, 'cause you know I'm quick to bust  
Feelin' kinda down, I need a little pick-me-up  
Call me up a slut so she can come and lick me up  
Did her doggystyle, so I guess she just a mutt  
She was such a dead fuck that I had to dig her up  
Now I'm—

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Feelin' kinda down, I need a little pick-me-up  
One thousand grams on the scale, brick me up  
Feelin' kinda Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick me up  
Jackass in my nasal, donkey kick me up  
Suicidalist at the wrist, slit me up  
I'm dope as the piff, so you know they sniff me up  
Play me like a blunt wrap, tryna twist me up  
Instead of tryna down me, you need to lift me up  
But when it comes to wicked shit, you not sick to us  
You not hip to us, but you on the dick to us  
They don't wanna touch me, 'cause they know I'm blicky'd up  
They should just stay up off my niggy-niggy-nuts