

Drugged

J. Dash

Hah, okay so
A lot of people ask me why
Why don't I drink?
And a lot of people guess it might be for religious reasons and that's not t
he case
I just had a bad experience
You really wanna know?
Alright, so this how the story go, look

Went into the club to rock a show real quick
Then smoke a bird ain't drink no liq'
Got up to spit, rockin' my new clothes and kicks
I remembered that chick that sat on that sofa
I sure done forgot what I told her
And she put her hands on my shoulder
And then I drink all of my soda
And it all went out of control, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
E'rybody started movin' real slow, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
And then I started talkin' real low, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
And now I can't remember no mo', whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

(Drugged!) Woke up called Kitty on the cell
Told her come and get me I'm in ATL
(So where are you exactly?) Dog, I can't tell
My head's still spinnin', can't think too well I'm
I'm (drugged) I think I woke up on a bench
I got a couple dollars and a wrench
A paper clip and a lil' lint
And 'bout half of a Mento mint
I'm (drugged) look, I just want to get home
Hop on the MARTA and get, get gone
Reached in my pocket to pull out my wallet and
Shoot, my wallet gone
(Drugged) A'ight, Dash, take a breath
Get it together and retrace yo' steps
This is not what I had on when I left
And why am I wet? Look, all I know is that I

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(Flashback) Here's the nitty-gritty of the nitty-gritty
Me and Kitty took the sev'-fifty to another city
Pretty as a Playboy bunny (church)
Backside feelin' all gummy (church)
Ridin' down the road feelin' better than ever
She say she never had a brother that had treated her better
And whether the weather was better or not

Until death do us part, we would always be together (wait, what?)
(Blackout) Then I woke up in the same car
(Blackout) Then I woke up in the gay bar
(Blackout) Now I'm tweaked out, gettin' freaked out
Tryna figure out how I'm geeked off Spreete
Sprite, whatever I know that I'm never
Drinkin' after no heffer wearin' leather ever, again
Lord, Jesus, if you let me get through this, I promise
I'll be at church every Sunday (amen)

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Nah, bro, I'm tellin' you she was fine
Like Halle Berry fine, y'knamean?
And like, you would've never guessed she would've slipped somethin' in a dud
e drink, y'know I'm sayin'?
Like one second in the club chillin' with her
Next thing I know I'm wakin' up on a park bench with a tattoo of a chicken w
ang on my shoulder blade
And oh, my wallet gone
Y'know I'm sayin' like, how the hell I'm a get home now?
Luckily I still have some battery on my phone so I can call y'all up
But look, call Beeze up, tell 'em to have my car ready when I get to the Hal
iford, y'know I'm sayin'?
I'm 'bout to get out of here