

Im Toe Up Remix

Problem

Ay man, I don't feel like going home man
Ay Felli, REMIX my drink

...

Where the fuck is the waitress at with my drink?

Oh my lord my might is gone
I done drunk too much Patron
I don't think I'll make it home
Bartender (remix my drink!)
I was just playing in the trees, and I'm on my tip
I drink all the drink, man you know what it is
He toe up (that's y'all cue)
He toe up (Problem, I'm cool)
He toe up (T-Martin I'm goin' 'cause it's Quik)
Remix my drink!

Put me back in the loc'd out hood now
Tree tops, see cops and we don't put down
The cups or hide the hydro in plain view
I aim to sock these nigga's askin' for handouts, I stand out
On the terrace lookin' down on the squirrels and gophers
And black and gold Gucci loafers
While you fat nigga's act like vultures
Livin' like a has-been sharin' a Stouffers
You sad it's over, while I'm eating Lobster spring rolls
You wish you could do it, me I'm used to it
Girls they love me, but you can't stand that
You always had a little jealousy for the man that
Inherited you a career in his rap game
Y'all failed and now we're platinum in the same year
Yeah it's DJ Quik and I'm eternally tight, and fuck it
I don't even feel like drinkin' tonight, I'm out

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Bartender (give me another one!)
I was just playing in the trees, and I'm on my tip
I drink all the drink, man you know what it is
He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (and I don't give a damn)

I'm high out my mind, and I know that I'm the...
In the middle of the dance floor, holdin' on my...
And I ain't trippin', ain't lookin' for drama
Tryin' to find a new babies mamma
And if I can't find that, push yourself right back

Hell yeah, it's what I've been 'bout
Hey rats, I brought more cheese out
Drunk off drink, high off life
Always fly, like I ain't missed one flight
Stop! Hold it, hold it
Let go of my guns I'm loaded, loaded
Bottle in my hand, dancin' on her whole booty

Tryin' not to spill Louis on my new Louis

He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (and I don't give a damn)

Champaigne bottles in a sea of Patron
Comin' in suited and booted in real grown
Made for gentleman jackin' this song
Upgraded fade to Jack and Coke
Huh, I could just smoke some snow
But I'd rather just smoke, I'd rather just poke
But it's a little too late, I'm stumbling
Fumbling my words, slurred, get the blurt off, no

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Hold on, hold on stop that real quick

Swervin' the lap, two cups like (what?)
P in the back, big Snoop in the front
T-Lee on the side but he lookin' so what
Big Quik in the club like What the fuck?
I'm all out of money
Palm is on time, no Hennessey honey
Talk about the crackin' with a little bit of juice
No need for Grey Goose to get the whole boost

I couldn't stay away from the bar
Damn near threw up on the way to my car
I'm so-so high like the top of a star
Drank got me so gone I don't know where I'm are
I don't know where I'm at
Pull it all from the back
Through the hole in the lat
Through some pole in the cat
Knocked it out the park I'm like Barry Bo' with my bat
Make room I'm 'bout to put the whole coast on my back

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He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (I'm toe up)
He toe up (and I don't give a damn)

Oh, let me hit somethin' real quick nigga
Why you? Why you monitoring the weight nigga,
You got low jack? Oh this motherfucker banging

Right here girl, shiiit.