

# 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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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)

Champaign 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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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, shiiiiit.