

Wasted

Soulja Boy

Oh, I'm wasted, wasted, wasted, wasted (Take it, FATBOI)

Lifestyle, I won't make it
I'm in Jamaica on vacation
Soulja Tell'em, man, higher than a Asian
Got my eyes slit low like an Asian
And my swag on, on, on
And I'm ridin' Chrome, Chrome, Chrome
And I turn my swag on and then I told your girl, "Kiss me through the damn phone"
Now I'm getting my shine on
In every city, they sayin', "Soulja in them diamonds"
My diamonds shinin' when I stepped on the stage
She said, "Soulja, you the shit," I said, "Thank you, pretty bitch" (DJ Neptunf)
Oh, now my whole clique wasted
Standin' on the stage with pounds smellin' tasty
Damn, like-like, damn, he like, "Damn, how you do that?"
A hundred thousand cash in a week, man, we blew that
Oh, oh, and we stepped inside the strip club
Then we throw some money, we just threw some numbers
They just threw the point pointin' up like pointers
And you already know, let me give you pointers
Pay attention, shawty, I'm departin'
When I stepped inside the party, I'm the party
When I walk outside the party, the club close
When I step inside the ice show, jewelry froze
Soulja Tell'em, he's the shit, he's a fuckin' beast
Every nigga in the city wanna get like me
And I can do this auto-tune shit, man
Watch me sing just like T-Pain
Oh, but I'm not Lil Wayne
But I'm tatted on my neck, man
And I'm higher than a jet, man
I mean, I'm higher than a jet plane
Pay attention what I'm fuckin' sayin'
I go hard just like Super Saiyans, but my hair not gold
But my chain is gold and my whole neck froze
And, yeah, I am wasted
Yeah, I am gone, yeah, man, face it
I am on my throne, king shit, bitch
Boss, shawty, check my wrist
Damn, I'm stuntin', Soulja gettin' money
Arab, money, Soulja Boy, money
SOD, money, ain't shit funny
Shout-out to my niggas holdin' it down in the country
City boy, shawty, tell these boys, "Show that"
A hundred boys show that, bottles of Bacardi
Step inside the party, everybody screamin' gnarly
Swag surfin' shawty on the brand new Harley
Davidson motor, send Soulja, he poppin'
Just like the cold, he go cold with no stoppin'
Damn, he go hard, no homo, but I'm rich
I'm Soulja Tell'em, shawty with a hundred fifty on my wrist, bitch

What's my damn name?

Soulja Boy Cortez

Uh, got more hoes than
Got more hoes than, got more hoes than a broke nigga's socks
Got more bitches than these guys got stitches
Oh, I'm wasted, bitch
What's my fuckin' name?
Shout-out to Gucci Mane
We wasted
And I don't wear tight jeans like these faggots
Fuck the new girls
150 Lambos, I'm so ight
250 Lambos, you can't reach my altitude
Oh, wasted
Wasted, wasted, wasted, wasted
Oh, woah, ho-ho, oh