

# 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 p hone"  
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 Nept unf)  
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