

Wasted

Stevie Stone

I ain't fucking with you basics (You basics)
Shot glass down, I'm wasted (I'm wasted)
I'ma keep it real who I came with
Who I came with not the one to play with
Put my shot glass down and now I'm wasted

I'm talking to bae, I told little bitch "Don't get carried away"
I'm stuck in my ways, I'm smoking and drinking, no driving today
I'm calling the play, don't put salt on my name
I told y'all niggas, better step up in it when the motherfuckers don't play
I'ma drink this drink to the bottom
From the hip, we ain't worried about tomorrow
Tito, Patron, I'm live [?]
We don't be tapping or copping a plea
I'm drinking a knot, this little bad bitch try'na gobble the D

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I ain't fucking with you basics (You basics)
Looking at me like you wanna taste it
Wanna taste it, caught up in the Matrix
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This ain't what you wanna
Play with me too much, I might just put these killers on ya
Mixing up the [?] a lot, look like I sip Corona
Said that I was frilly, well somebody misinformed ya
Yeah I got the Hennessy breath on me
Every time you come around, your energy less holy
Ain't an enemy alive that [?] and say that they stepped on me
Catalog full of hits, the hotel's getting [?]
Pussy, we not in the same bracket, you a geriatric but the shoe fits
It's Ludacris, I meant Ruth Chris'
And you eating tuna fish
Hard to miss 'cause even when the lights' out, the neck piece luminous
I get up on the stand and tell a lie, but I stay true to this
Damn, my list of felonies getting numerous

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