

# Trippy (feat. Juicy J)

Lil Wayne

Uh, blue skies, blue skies, I see you with my red eyes  
Bust your fucking grape nigga, turn your shit to red wine  
Dont fuck up my high nigga, I'm too gone, bye nigga  
She get dick, weed and ignored, thats a D.W.I nigga  
My skin crawlin', my walls talkin', the pictures in here lookin' at me  
The ground movin', I'm seeing shit, I'm blowing like I'm stuck in traffic  
I'm smoking on that strong, got me coughing like I'm getting buried  
I've been fucking Mary-Jane, I knew her when she was just Virgin Mary  
I'm stoned, Mick Jagger, I can run around Saturn  
Eyes rolling back and keep blinking like hazards  
I said king me, king me with my mushroom crown on  
I graduated to better drugs, my cap and gown on  
Don't knock me off my high horse, what I do is my choice  
I'm high as the scoreboard, bitch look up at my points  
I'm trippin' out, cotton mouth, I got high and fell asleep loaded  
I woke up and got high again, O.K, I'm reloaded  
Weed, pills and that drank  
Thats my trippy kit kit  
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Thats my trippy kit kit  
Thats my trippy kit kit(We trippy, we trippy, we trippy...)  
Shoutout to my weed man, shoutout to my lean man  
Pussy ass nigga wanna spark something, I'm a gasoline can  
I'm high nigga dont blow it, I trust it as far as I could throw it  
I dont know if I'm coming or going, T, make my blunt a Samoan  
And I see lights flashing, life passing, take a bitch home and fuck like rabbits  
Styrofoam cups and wine glasses, shot glasses, hot flashes  
My tounge numb, I can't talk, no balance, my spine hurts  
My mind surf, my eye jerk, I try different drugs, I'm diverse  
Goodbye Earth, farewell, high as heaven, eyes low as hell  
Keep scratching, keep biting my nails  
Keep lighting an L, I'm a kite in the air  
I like weed brownies and cookies, I'm straight but seeing crooked  
I got my trippy kit, I hope I trip and fall in some pussyTunechi

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Musty herb in a zip lock  
Twisted up top notch  
Weed that I smoke, straight off a boat  
Six foot bong, tryna see what I toke  
This that cali kush, I motivate not gloat  
All I need is Mary, let the models do the coke  
Tryna' get some becky in the backseat of the ghost  
Hit the weed man, tell him that I need a bag  
Wake up every morning and I take a drag  
Take the blunt, dip it in the lean then I laugh  
In your baby mama ear and I'm gonna smash  
They call me the trippy king, dont try me niggaJuicy J with the Taylors, chinese eyes nigga  
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(Man fuck these lil bitch ass niggas)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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