

Mixed Emotions

Ab-Soul

One time for my niggas poured up yup, match a line
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwed
One time for my niggas poured up yup, match a
line
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwed
Just copped a pack of Backwoods, I'm sitting
high as hell
This OG kush suits this Honey Berry well
The lights are low, the mood is right
I got a fo... that's right I'm tryna get throwed
Hit my nigga Agent, heard he bought an 8
My nigga Legend blessed me with a cup the other day
Hit my nigga Carver D, Dough boy and YaYCC
Tell him it's a poe party, ASAP
Bumping out the speakers, coffee cups with lids
This way nobody accidentally ashin' in my shit
Got a few two liters and it's about to go down
Finnegan is the prescription of choice.
Just call us the Finnegan boys
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know, but you have no idea
The lights are low, the mood is right
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?
Who got a Sprite? Who got a Sprite?
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know
One time for my niggas poured up yup, match a line
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwed
One time for my niggas poured up yup, match a
line
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwed
I got this funny little dream of buying out the bar
Then flexing in my section like a fucking star
They ask me what I like to drink and I say I'm alright
Then all you see is my purple sprite, glistening off of the strobe light
No jolly ranchers please, this Ac' is all I need
I hope it ain't cliché to shoot Pimp C a RIP

As well as DJ Screw since I made up this tune about lean
But as of late, all I see is poe like Section 8
The homie say he's got a few teens
That's three 16's and a whole lot of cream
I crack a seal, then drop a deuce now I got mixed emotions
From here on out, it's slow motion I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know, but you have no idea
The lights are low, the mood is right
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?
Who got a Sprite? Who got a Sprite?
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick
You think you know Coming down, still sipping
Draped up dripped out, still sipping
Coming down, still sipping
Draped up dripped out, still sipping(hey-ayy-yay-ay)
I love the po', more than you'll know. (i love, I love, I love)
Gotta let it show. I love the po'
Hey! yeah
(i love the po')

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>