

57th Street R.D.V. "Let's Get Fucked Up"

Visit "[Let's Get Fucked Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

CHORUS:

Let's get fucked up
Let's get high let's get drunk
Let's get fucked up
We got that weed that ain't no punk
Let's get fucked up
Let's get high let's get drunk
Let's get fucked up
Pumpin highlanders in the trunk
Let's get fucked up

BAKARII:

Nigga, This is Kansas City
You got me fucked up
Highland and Shortnitty
Nigga we can knuckle up
I got fifty-six with me
Strickly for my rouges
With me until they lift me
We can meet for shows
I see they lovin us
So let the world know
They hoes is fuckin us
If not, they hoes go
My villians and me yellin
We relish until we perish
Original rock wellers
My niggas and me releasin
Bone and CD's
With money steady increasin
For houlagans like me
Money by all means
Smokers gone pay for daytons
Smokin on collard greens
But mobbin off in a eighty
56th and highland
Livin and never dieing
Young, heartless tyrants

BAKARII: Man yah gone fuck or what?
Let's get fucked up!

T-WILL: I don't think they are, man

Let's get fucked up!
BAKARII: Bitches gotta get out if they ain't gone fuck
you know what I'm sayin
Let's get fucked up!

T-WILL:

Here comes T-Will
bringing the heat from the streets
I'ma 5-6 vill
You wanna drink come with me
Now I'm rollin with my dawgs
Nigga where yah bout to be?
On our way around the park
Nigga, you go get the weed
Now the parties on!
Got the liquour and the hoes
And it won't be long
Before we gettin em' out they clothes
Nigga show some love
Where the weed, pass the bud?
The hoes wanna fuck
If you can't fuck, pass the rug
Let a real nigga do it!
Cause you know I ain't no punk
Off the fifty-one fluid
Gettin blowed, getting drunk
Spittin shit, smokin blunts
That's all a nigga do
If I get too drunk
Rogue doggin it with my crew
Never givin a FUCK!!
Now my head startin to spin
Don't wanna upchuck
Open a window, I need some wind
Now I'm on the floor
Nigga, leave me alone
You don't need no more
Too drunk to drive home!

CHORUS

BIG SCOOB:

Got these dogs on a hunt
Let's get fucked up!
Smokin them honey coniac blunts
Let's get fucked up
Tried to quit, but now I'm back
Still gettin fucked up
Pump them heater, spray the pack
Mic check one, two
It's them rouge dog villians

And we come for you
Stick em up, touch the ceiling
Let's all get drunk
I got the thick one in the back
And I wanna get fucked
First night, like a mac
Fuck a hoe, neva trust
We all about the bucks
Coch it back and kick the clutch
So them fakers can't touch
Master blaster cause disaster
I wanna go out in a blaze
Set the glass on the dasher
Paw prints on my gage
So much money to be made
Let's all get paid
Get the cluch of red spaid
Good fellas on a rage
Hungry, hungry eat em up
It's a must that I bust
When I'm on stage, on my nuts
Let's get fucked up!

SHORT NITTY:

Nigga I will dump
I got my thang off in the trunk
I ain't lookin for no funk
Tryna find some hoes to fuck
Man, I want my johnson sucked
Bakarii's puffin on the blunt
While I'm steady gettin drunk
As we swerve off in the burbs
Rimmy got my hoppin curves
Now I'm smashin to the land
Fifty-six is where I'm in
Now my heaters close at hand
Heard these haters makin plans
Tryna get me for my grands
It's the world of Short-Nitty
Now I got my villians with me
On the corner, countin my scrill
On a mission, around the balls
Got to pick up one more dog
He's over from Ike's up from Paul's
Man, I'm speakin of Don and Questions
Y'all done heard him on them records
And he gets them bitches naked
Man, let me hit it for a second

CHORUS

TECH N9NE:

Nina, give me 1-5-1
With that pine up over straight
Plus that Malibu Rum
Got these hoes and I can't wait
Yum's make me cum
And the know what I want to do
Get yah straight stuck
Get em' all of CariBuLoom
So I can fuck
When I'm rollin with my dogs
Hit the burb on swole
Bitches know that we hogs
So they dress like hoes
They can come without them draws
They don't get ner' dime
And if you ain't with it, fuck yah
Yah don't know tech n9ne
I 'ma highlander, til I die
On Midwest Side
Never gettin drunk, I'm gettin high
Bumpin cloudy eyed
Givin mean mugs to my foes
We can all square off
Nigga we'll fight all of yah hoes
We don't neva wanna talk
Now the parties hella packed
Hoes straight star struck
Givin blow jobs in the back
Bustin fat ass nuts
Tell ya partners, tell ya friends
Even though we thru up
Fuck it, tommorow we'll do it again!

Let's get fucked up!
5-6 vill, 5-6 vill, 5-6 vill
"Yah drunk yet, Yah high yet?
5-6 vill

CHORUS

Visit [57th Street R.D.V.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.