

## Bethany Dillon

### "Let's Get Fucked Up"

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#### 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

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