

**E40****"Ripped"**

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(feat. Lil Jon)

Hook:

Hey, hey, hey

Lets drink like we aint got work tomorrow

Lets drink like we aint got work tomorrow

Lets drink like we aint got work tomorrow

Lets drink like we aint got work tomorrow

I hate being sober

Hey, hey

I hate being sober

God damned Im ripped

Ripped, ripped, blisted, blisted

Have mercy, have mercy

Fucked up, fucked up!

Ripped, ripped, blisted, blisted

Have mercy, have mercy

Fucked up, fucked up!

Im ripped, tequila, vodka and Yak

Im so ripped that they cant saw me back.

Give me somesome limes, some dimes

Who were at? And watch me go ham, prosciutto!

Welcome to the gin pit, the

Its a line around the corner and its smacking in this house

Club pack like the Riner brothers air show

How can I qualify, Marshall?

Let me in the side, dont let me in through the back

Im a boss, I aint taking off my hat!

I smell like a Ive been smoking since I woke up

Full of that my eyes the colour of my cup

All eyes on us, we go the hardest

Hell of bachelors, and bottle service sparkling

Im high as a hippie, Im style

Patron til the lights come out!

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Uh, Im afraid to go in  
Party like Memorial Day weekend, weekend  
Youre hella torn up, drunk  
Today my birthday, so Imma party all month!  
They call metalking landlord out her house  
Famous for my work plus, so  
Shipped up like free clientele and class  
Everyday is payday without a dollar..  
Uh, I got my team in here  
Its hella damn bitches in here  
Cliqing and the three musketeers  
Making this our year! (Bitch!)  
Black boy, black boy, look at me!  
Hella guy, like Mr. T  
What after I was at, what after party?

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Have mercy, have mercy  
Fucked up, fucked up!

Tequila, gimmie that shit  
Yak, gimmie that shit  
Vodka, gimmie that shit  
Whiskey, gimmie that shit  
gimmie that shit  
Come yet, gimmie that shit  
Gin, gimmie that shit

Liquor, gimmie that shit!

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