

Eggstone

"Acid"

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[Chorus 1: Lil' Wyte]

Well I been trippin' for 10 hours on 3 hits of liquid
microdot (I'm on acid - acid)
Gettin' chased around the car by some midgets in the
parking lot (I'm on acid - acid)
Eatin' doritos through a tree, a million spiders after me
(I'm on acid - acid)
I'm runnin' around havin' a fit, on myself I'm about ta
shit (I'm on acid - acid)

[Lil' Wyte]

Can you imagine feelin' all calm then all of the sudden
your fingers get numb?
Knees start freezin, what is the season?
where we at? and why we leavin?
Trees are shrinkin', turnin' plants ta roots and roots
back into seeds
And clowns are changin', comin' at me, different
directions now I'm freakin'
Hoe's are rakin', body shakin'
Mane, I thought it was some crack
Called the fire department, told 'em I had a flame upon
my back
This shit's crazy, plus enable, raisans dancing on the
table
There's the horse, we got a horse, yeah we do and I
seen the stable
Quit yo flaugin, I ain't flaugin
Got a beat in who ya talkin to
I'm talkin to you talkin to me
Listenin' cuz I have you and I have to
Be kinda smart to even catch that
I might be trippin' but the pimpin' grippin' gatta spit that
With no expectancy I made a party from a rivalry
Accidentally, kicked then tripped the beef when he had
ran by me
Fuck police, we gon' sanish this trick too well as the
50 shot of purple microdot you will be gone a week
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[Chorus 2: Lil' Wyte]

20-20 vision blur and can't even feel the syrup (I'm on

acid - acid)

I can smoke a pound of dro, drink myself unda the flo'
(I'm on acid - acid)

Put the straw up ta your nose, take the blow straight ta
your dome (I'm on acid - acid)

You passin' out in my front yard, throwin' up on Xanax
bars (I'm on acid - acid)

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[Lil' Wyte]

Well I wishin I was sober, feel the shit from head ta
shoulders

This ain't even halfway over, it's the part I'm waitin ta
show ya

Laughin' long time like hyenas, laughed a long time at
vianas

In the can or out the can they still look like a can a penis
I'm the meanest, acid-takin, down-south-cracka on the
mic

Change start crankin', gotcha thinkin', good trip gon'
turn ta a fright

Bubble poppin, trails are watchin', foes done cross the
fuckin' room

My dogs came in the den and made a mess and then
thats for the broom

Now I'm 'Bouta hit the sack cuz I can't take this shit no
more

Relax my mind, take a deep breath and let my head
sink in pillow

Take a seven hour nap, wake up seven minutes later

This the greatest drug the seventies is ever fucking
gave us

Yes it's major don't be playin' - when you drop it will hit
ya

If it's gel caps or liquid - microdots yes I'm wit'cha

And I'm flippin' cross the Roll, visual contact lightning
globe

The space ship I'm flying landed in the Bay - I have ta
go

[Chorus 3: Lil' Wyte]

By now, I'm weak in some pain and my body's feelin
drained (I'm on acid - acid)

Comin' down upon my trip and my skin's abouta rip (I'm
on acid - acid)

I'll prolly sleep till Thursday and it's only Sunday (I'm on
acid - acid)

Wakin' up on that Thursday to have another Saturday
(I'm on acid - acid)

