

Lil' Wyte "Acid 2005"

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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)
Feedin' doritos to 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 inta seeds
And clowns are changin', comin' at me, different
directions now I'm freakin'
Toe'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
Accidently, 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

[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)

[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
that's 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 probably 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)

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