

## Lil' Wyte "Acid"

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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)

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' 'cause 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

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)

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 'cause 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

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)

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