

## Ludacris "Screwed Up"

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We sendin' this one out from everybody  
I mean to everybody  
From the H town to the A town and world wide  
So get your lighters, get your drank  
And I tell you what  
I'm so fucked up, and screwed up  
If anybody try to blow my high  
You know what I'm a tell 'em?

Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
I'm screwed up

I felt better than I ever felt before, I'm  
Intoxicated but maintaining self control, I  
I took a swig, I had a jug chug-a-lug, I'm loud and clear  
I had some Bud, I lit it up and then I made it disappear  
'Cause my magic tricks are so fabolous  
This shit's hazardous, got amateurs smokin' cannibus  
If you mad at this damn it then

Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
I'm screwed up

I take a call to my dog trying to split the blunt and break  
it up  
Three wheel motion, purple potion I got to shake it up  
I tried to kick the habit but it keep callin' me  
Abracadabra, its a magic trick, I smoked up all the  
weed  
Zig zags and golden wraps got my mind gone  
Drugs dont effect my work, I still get my grind on

Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you

I'm screwed up

I'm leanin' like the tower of Pisa and a syrum squeezer  
Come close to my stash and get treated as if I'm  
Ebaneeza

I'm throwed, blowed, matter fact lets call this 'the  
thrower potion'

I'm screwed up, so no wonder thangs are in slower  
motion

I gots to have it, can't kick the habit, I've tried to shake  
it

The drug experiment stage, if you mistaken then

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

I'm screwed up

I'm from screwed up Texas

We drive wreckless, and then we peel off

You ain't had shit until you smoke sweet tooth in Jack  
Frost

Hit it twice but don't cough, you gotta take it man

If it's a record for smokin' I'm bout' to break it man

Me and Luda puffin' buda

We in a black Cougar on Sab Jewelers

You try to jack us, we grab rulers

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

I'm screwed up

How can I say it plain

That I'm off that Mary Jane

And if it's true what they say then

I dont know how many cells is left in my fuckin' brain

But I'm a keep on writtin' enlighten minds of these  
hungry rappers

And tell the hood that I've hire niggaz and fire crackers

On the 4th of July, open your eyes, I'm jokin' stupid

I love all races but if you hatin' my music then

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you

I'm screwed up

I love my occupation, we never have to take a piss test  
Fuckin' 9 to 5 'cause I'm always gettin' rest  
I wake up to breakfast in head  
You wake up to breakfast in bed  
Should I drop my H2, hmm, I'm a take the Lexus  
instead  
Pimpin' aint dead, but I leave you niggaz dead from all  
this pimpin'  
I'm ridin' spinners like a pimp thats why I'm limp'in'

Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
I'm screwed up

All substances that's controlled that's how this story  
goes  
I pop the cap broke the ice and lil' flip done broke the  
mould  
I'm so cold, I think I see dead people  
No, thats just my homies passed out in the Regal,  
believe it  
The potency is so strong if you notice me, I'm calm  
Cool and collected, and if you disrespect it, then

Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
I'm screwed up

We doin' this for them playas that bang screw music  
We don't pass out after 8 blunts, because we use to it  
Me and Cris like chee chee chong  
So hurry bring out the weed and the bones  
'Cause if it aint grade A trees, we gotta leave it alone  
And to my homie screw, you know I gotta hold it down  
And if they want it then they gotta come and take the  
crown

Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
I'm screwed up  
Haha haha ha ha

So there you have it  
Sendin' this one out to all my drinkers  
And all my smokers

United and lighted we stand, inebriated we fall  
But if you wanna pass the sobriety and breathalyzer  
test  
Here's a quick Luda tip  
Some packets were busted in your car  
Keep bustin' goddamn it  
And whoever said niggaz in the South can't rhyme

Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Fuck you, fuck you  
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I'm screwed up

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