

# Wasted (feat. Cousin Fik)

## E-40

Party goin up, like a airplane  
I Gotta cup full of octane  
Yeah I'm on one, more like 2  
I don't know about you, but I'm Wasted x4  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh I'm wasted x4  
One one one one one  
One shot two shot three shot  
Dj let that beat drop cuz I'm wasted  
I'm so wasted  
Ughhhh  
I'm goin up like the price of goad  
I'm on the phone with the homie  
With ya bitch on hold  
Deep pockets, My paper can't fold  
Look bankroll so swoll think like a dictionary book  
In my demographics we push elbows and bricks  
We like to hear ourselves talk, and say slick shit  
Like I had this one broad named one young ho  
Her best friends name was nopay  
I changed her name to get my dough  
Operation stack a dollar, I'm having my multiplication  
I get faded every day, every days a special occasion  
Every nights a celebration, used to like a preso  
Double fist to gettin green like gettin pesto  
Party goin up, like a airplane  
I Gotta cup full of octane  
Yeah I'm on one, more like 2  
I dont know about you, but I'm Wasted x3  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh I'm wasted x3  
One one one one one  
One shot two shot three shot  
Dj let that beat drop cuz I'm wasted  
I'm so wastedCousin Fik:  
Look... I'm out my body wasted  
Octane in my cup, can't taste it  
So it don't make a difference if I chase it  
As long as when I finish somebody replace it  
Fo gotta nigga movin slow like the matrix  
Dro gotta nigga on like somebody laced it  
Gucci louis fendi prada all my bitches basic  
Beat the pussy up yeah my dick catch cases  
Like young frank ho my dick ain't racist

H got me feeling like I'm in two different places  
 We blowin out the pound  
 Them haters goin down  
 But the... But the Party goin up, like a airplane  
 I Gotta cup full of octane  
 Yeah I'm on one, more like 2  
 I don't know about you, but im Wasted x3  
 Oh oh oh oh oh oh I'm wasted x3  
 One one one one one  
 One shot two shot three shot  
 Dj let that beat drop cuz I'm wasted  
 I'm so wasted E-40:  
 Listen to this here  
 I'm married to my street sign, jump the broom  
 Don't plan on gettin no divorce, no time soon  
 The black Daniel Boone, alcohol consume  
 Been drinkin since 1 o'clock, this afternoon  
 Cool with all the goons  
 I'm a tycoon air this bitch out like a helium balloon  
 Ready for war state of mind always on the case  
 Black arsenal like Travis air force base  
 Deep like yo bitches throat  
 Yapered up money long like train smoke  
 She Cali pigeon, body crazy  
 The definition of Cali pigeon is shapeless, buttocks  
 Kerne had to get a second taste  
 How she stack?  
 Stack like some buttermilk pancakes  
 I'm loaded and I'm twisted and I'm faded  
 In the function gettin white boy wasted Party goin up, like a airplane  
 Gotta cup full of octane  
 Yeah I'm on one, more like 2  
 I don't know about you, but I'm Wasted x5  
 Oh oh oh oh oh oh I'm wasted x5  
 One one one one one  
 One shot two shot three shot  
 Dj let that beat drop cuz I'm wasted  
 I'm so wasted

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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