

# Kinda High, Kinda Drunk

## Coolio

Got kinda high and uhh kinda drunk  
Beer drinkin, beer-beer drinkin, eight ball  
Chorus: repeat 4X Got kinda high and uhh kinda drunk  
Beer drinkin, beer-beer drinkin, eight ball Verse One: I'm sittin' at the bar with a hundred dollar  
bill  
The homies is runnin' late so I got some time to kill  
I'm peepin' out this freak in the booth in the corner  
I think I seen her rollin a Noble, nosin under and moanin  
Two hookers walked in and they was lookin' for a vic  
But they, kept on passin' me by coz they can recognize a trick  
Twenty minutes later and two double shots of yak  
I take a look up at the clock, now where the FUCK the homies at  
I feel my pagers on my hipbone, who could it be  
Cuz I done talked to everybody that I was 'sposed to see  
Hahaa! Now I know, the story is told  
And I don't even call 'em back cuz they don't know the homie cold  
I recieved a page my niggers from the phone in the back  
I got a wink from a fine ass sista dressed in black  
Another double shout of yak and now the room is spinnin'  
But that's only the beginning, god damn!  
Chorus Verse Two: I take a walk out to the front to get myself some air and  
see if I see the homies, but they still ain't there  
There's a fool outside drunk and he want to get into it  
I was strapped I coulda killed him, but I didn't do it  
I opted for the walk-away, watch the busta talk away  
So mister policeman, you can put your chalk away  
I mobb back in the club, and, kick it at my table  
Cause, niggaz be acting stupid, and stupid shit is fatal  
The homies is hella late, and now I'm startin' to think  
Homegirl that gave me the wink from earlier just bought me a drink  
She's sittin' at a stool at the other side of the bar  
Doing tricks with her tounge and a cherry like a porno star  
The club is gettin' packed and the party is jumpin  
Another double shot of yak and I'm on the dancefloor bumpin'  
She's licking in my ear and, now I'm feeling faded  
It's 11: 35 and the homies still ain't made it  
Chorus Verse Three: Now I'm on the dance floor with baby and, shit is gettin' hectic  
The big homey done erected, damn I've been affected  
By the funk in the boom and the booty in the room  
This ain't the Commodores but this Brick House got me on zoom  
Now I'm mackin and struttin and asking baby wassup  
My name ain't Everlast, but I can still make you jump

let's, hope in the Q and go somewhere and kick it like some Trojans  
We can do a little drinkin, and do a little smoking  
When all of a sudden I start sweatin', my stomach starts bubblin'  
I hear earl coming, I think I'm in trouble \*vomit sounds\*  
Ahh shit, I got baby on her titties  
I guess there go my chances of gettin with her kitty  
I turn around and stumble away and there go the homies with  
long ass trenchcoats on, laughing, sippin on 40's  
Now I'm in the back of my own car curled up like a punk  
Cuz I got too high and uhh, got too drunkChorus(Big throw up S-P-L-A-S-H)  
SHIT!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>