

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/>