

# Defective Trip (Trippin')

## Gravediggaz

Wanna see something that could make ya sick?  
Stand in front of jets on the gaza strip  
I used to take puffs from a car, jet in my garage  
Then I get blitzed from the charge  
I felt my head swayin, my eyes in a daze  
Felt and violence and off balance I got drugged for days  
A room full of smog, I dipped it in my dart  
Then I throws it at my dog  
I need another hit, hurry, quick! hurry, quick!  
My high's takin signs and the shit's about to kick  
I'm gaspin' for air, my vision dissapears,  
I'm blinkin' and I'm thinkin'--yeah!  
Word, cause that's the shit I was hawkin  
So stay the fuck away 'cause I spit when I'm talkin  
Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid punk--  
When I'm trippin' Chorus Some people like cheeba, some like brew,  
I get mad lifted off four gallons of glue,  
Pretty soon I spin like a top, in the middle of the room  
And the shit won't stop!  
Now what I see when I triiiiippppp.....  
The rats in the basement all start to flip,  
All through my building, from door to door,  
I swear there's a fire, so I piss on the floor,  
Now down the corridor was old fat ned,  
Schemin' on a blowjob from a crackhead,  
He was like 'hey wanna piece little man? '  
I was like 'yo, I'm better off with my haaaannnddd!!!!!!'  
Oh shit, reality returns,  
I need another hit but the glue won't burn,  
I'm cukoo and murderous, just plain nuts,  
Smokin' sodium menthol cigarette butts,  
And trippin'....Chorus  
(yo, pass it man)86 on the strip, and yo' my hands was rusty,  
The reaper, the keeper, my niggaz let's get flusty  
The leaky leak I feel the high on the stimuli,  
I'm like the two face, like the signs of gemini,  
My head keeps on spinnin', constantly continuin'  
Two tabs of mescaline, fucks up my adrenaline,  
I'm in a big mess and i can't escape it,

It's like go, goddamit--i hate it!  
Sometimes I get blind (brine), from the grapes of a vine,  
The wine, it fucks up my mind, everytime,  
I'm goin', and all I wanna be doin' is moaning',  
But like a dope fiend character of Donald Goines  
I'm stuck, fl-fl-flipping, sssslipping.....  
I'm tripping.....Life of the-----  
Can be stopped by accident  
When you're tripping  
('cause I'm trippin')

Songwriters

DIGGS, ROBERT F. / BERKELEY, ANTHONY IAN / HAMILTON, ARNOLD E. / HUSTON, PAUL  
E.Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>