

Kinda High Kinda Drunk

Coolio

Got kinda high and uhh kinda drunk
Beer drinkin', beer-beer drinkin', eight ball
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Beer drinkin', beer-beer drinkin', eight ball 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 freaks walked in and they was lookin' for a vic
But they, kept on passin' me by 'cuz they can recognize a trick
Twenty minutes later and two double shots of yak
I take a look up at the clock, I wonder where the homies at I feel my pager's 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've recieved a page, my love from the phone in the back
I got a wink from a pretty brown sugar dressed in black
Another double shot of yak and now the room is spinnin'
But that's only the beginning, 'cause the
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Beer drinkin', beer-beer drinkin', eight ball 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 bust him, but I didn't do it
I opted for the walk-away, watch the busta talked away
So mister policeman, you can put your chalk away
I mobb back in the club, and kick it at my table
'Cuz, bustas be acting stupid, and stupidity 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 my homies still ain't made itGot kinda high and uhh kinda drunk
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Beer drinkin', beer-beer drinkin', eight ballNow I'm on the dance floor with baby and, things 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, hop in the Q and go somewhere and kick it like some trojans
We can do a little drinkin', and do a little smokingWhen all of a sudden I start sweatin', my stomach starts
bubblin'
I hear earl coming, I think I'm in trouble, I got baby on her titties
I guess there go my chances of gettin' with her phi phi
I turn around and stumble away and there go the homies with
Long ass trenchcoats on, laughing, sippin' on 40's
Now in the back of my own car curled up like a punk
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