# Trippy

## Cybel

Uh, bluExplaine skies, blue skies, I see you with my red eyes
Bust your fucking grape nigga, turn your shit to red wine
Dont fuck up my high nigga, I'm too gone, bye nigga
She get dick, weed and ignored, thats a D.W.I nigga
My skin crawlin', my walls talkin', the pictures in here lookin' at me
The ground movin', I'm seeing shit, I'm blowing like I'm stuck in traffic
I'm smoking on that strong, got me coughing like im getting buried
I've been fucking Mary-Jane, I knew her when she was just Virgin Mary
I'm stoned, Mick Jagger, I can run around Saturn
Eyes rolling back and keep blinking like hazards
I said king me, king me with my mushroom crown on
I graduated to better drugs, my cap and gown on
Don't knock me off my high horse, what I do is my choice
I'm high as the scoreboard, bitch look up at my points
I'm trippin' out, cotton mouth, I got high and fell asleep loaded
I woke up and got high again, O.K, I'm reloaded
Weed, pills and that drank
Thats my trippy kit
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(We trippy, we trippy, we trippy...)
Shoutout to my weed man, shoutout to my lean man
Pussy ass nigga wanna spark something, I'm a gasoline can
I'm high nigga dont blow it, I trust it as far as I could throw it
I dont know if I'm coming or going, T, make my blunt a Samoan
And I see lights flashing, life passing, take a bitch home and fuck like rabbits
Styrofoam cups and wine glasses, shot glasses, hot flashes

My tounges numb, I can't talk, no balance, my spine hurts
My mind surf, my eye jerks, I try different drugs, I'm diverse
Goodbye Earth, farewell, high as heaven, eyes low as hell
Keep scratching, keep biting my nails Keep lighting an L, I'm a kite in the air
I like weed brownies and cookies, I'm straight but seeing crooked
I got my trippy kit, I hope I trip and fall in some pussy
Tunechi

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Thats my trippy kit
Musty herb in a zip lock
Twisted up top notch
Weed that I smoke, straight off a boat
Six foot bong, tryna see what I toke
This that cali kush, I motivate not gloat
All I need is Mary, let the models do the coke
Tryna' get some becky in the backseat of the ghost
Hit the weed man, tell him that I need a bag
Wake up every morning and I take a drag
Take the blunt, dip it in the lean then I laugh
In your baby mama ear and I'm gona' smash
They call me the trippy king, dont try me nigga
Juicy J with the Taylors, chinese eyes nigga
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