

Elemeno P, Weed Out

She had a real cute face and
Despite her lack of taste
I thought it was time to say hello
Yes we have met before
In September last fall
Around a camp fire and yes I think I like her

Chorus:

So I played myself out
Sip from my 40-ounce
Don't smoke the weed out
Took a step back
So I played myself out
Sip from my 40-ounce
Don't smoke the weed out
Till the cows come home
And I don't know where I let myself go
And I don't know if I'm ever gonna let it go

First time I saw her face was
Working at my cafe and
Simply she flew into the room
We had not met before
I had to think of baseball
We traded phone numbers and
Yes I think I like her

Chorus

So I guess it's been crapped upped
Forever not enough
My little buttercup
Remembered what was up
So I guess it's been crapped upped, forever not enough, my little buttercup

Chorus