

# 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