

# Mixed Emotions

## Ab-Soul

One time for my niggas poured up yup, match a line  
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein  
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag  
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwedOne time for my niggas poured up yup, match a  
line  
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein  
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag  
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwedJust copped a pack of Backwoods, I'm sitting  
high as hell  
This OG kush suits this Honey Berry well  
The lights are low, the mood is right  
I got a fo... that's right I'm tryna get throwed  
Hit my nigga Agent, heard he bought an 8  
My nigga Legend blessed me with a cup the other day  
Hit my nigga Carver D, Dough boy and YaYCraCC  
Tell him it's a poe party, ASAP  
Bumping out the speakers, coffee cups with lids  
This way nobody accidentally ashin' in my shit  
Got a few two liters and it's about to go down  
Finnegan is the prescription of choice.  
Just call us the Finnegan boys  
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick  
You think you know, but you have no idea  
The lights are low, the mood is right  
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?  
Who got a Sprite? Who got a Sprite?  
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?  
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick  
You think you knowOne time for my niggas poured up yup, match a line  
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein  
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag  
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwedOne time for my niggas poured up yup, match a  
line  
Get screwed up like the neck on Frankenstein  
Purple weed, purple drank, purple swag, purple tag  
We be getting throwed, We be getting throwed  
I got this funny little dream of buying out the bar  
Then flexing in my section like a fucking star  
They ask me what I like to drink and I say I'm alright  
Then all you see is my purple sprite, glistening off of the strobe light  
No jolly ranchers please, this Ac' is all I need  
I hope it ain't cliché to shoot Pimp C a RIP

As well as DJ Screw since I made up this tune about lean  
But as of late, all I see is poe like Section 8  
The homie say he's got a few teens  
That's three 16's and a whole lot of cream  
I crack a seal, then drop a deuce now I got mixed emotions  
From here on out, it's slow motion I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick  
You think you know, but you have no idea  
The lights are low, the mood is right  
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?  
Who got a Sprite? Who got a Sprite?  
I got a fo', who got a Sprite?  
I do all this shit, just to say get off my dick  
You think you know Coming down, still sipping  
Draped up dripped out, still sipping  
Coming down, still sipping  
Draped up dripped out, still sipping (hey-ayy-yay-ay)  
I love the po', more than you'll know. (i love, I love, I love)  
Gotta let it show. I love the po'  
Hey! yeah  
(i love the po')

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>