

Odies

Down with Webster

Just take another sip of the Odie,
So you don't have to feel lonely,
Just take another sip of the Odie,
Cause we all out to get loaded.

Once upon a Kegger I was coolin' with Webster,
Puffin' mella underneath an umbrella,
Surrounded by some imports and people drinking Stella
But what was in my hand did fine by this fella,
Who somewhere in the grass crossed paths with a lass
Who said she had a man but his head's in his ass,
So I offered her some Odies and she said that I was trash,
Who was I to act fast not an ounce of class and I should only come back when
I'm stacking cash.
I said I'm Rif Raf, bitch! What the fuck is on your mind?
And she said a cat nap, a California veggie wrap,
Whatever's on tap and a tab of E.
I said shit, now, girl. Do you wanna know what's on mine?
I want a fat sac of budda for the pickin,
A bucket of fried chicken, a bottle of Old E!

[x2:]

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Well we was chillin like some villians, feelin' high as the ceiling,
Bored as fuck but ain't got nowhere to go.
And since we chillin and illin, and yo it seemed a little thrillin
That d-dub should crash a party for sure.
But shit man, I'm feelin' kinda dry again,
I need a drink and I ain't talkin' about Heinekin,
Only got one thing on my mind, my friends, that's sippin odies,
Smokin blunts, and gettin high again, that's right!

Odies, odies, bo-bodies, no bottles, cans, we drink 40s,
We gettin throttled with shorties and that's what I'm talkin' 'bout!
That's right, we started, no bars or clubs we'd get carded,
The odies get us retarded, and that's what I'm talkin' 'bout!
When it comes down to it, only a few things I need.
So how you goin' kick it? Shit you know me,
I need a fat spliff, a stereo that's kickin',
A mic up in my fist and a bottle of Odie.

[x2:]

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Okey-dokey, pass me an odie,
A little bag of smoke and a pack of rollies
Some people call it Old E, I call em Odies
I don't care what you be callin' it just pass me a 40.

[x4:]

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