

I know I dream about her all day
I think about her with her clothes off
I'm ridin' 'round with my system pumpin' LSD
I look for ways to say, "I love you"
But I ain't into makin' love songs
Baby, I'm just rappin' to this LSD
She ain't a stranger to the city life
I introduce her to this hippy life
We make love under pretty lights, LSD (Acid)
I get a feelin' it's a trippy night
Them other drugs just don't fit me right
Girl, I really fuckin' want love, sex, dream
Another quarter to the face system
Make no mistakes, it's all a leap of faith for love
It takes a place in feelin' that you crave doin' Love, Sex, Dreams

It started in Hollywood
Dreamin' of sharin' love
My tongue had a loss for words
Cause my feelings just said it all
Party just started up
Dreamin' of sharin' worlds
Held this feeling for way too long
Said I really wanna let it go

I've been gettin' fly because the gimmick's so dope
I've been getting high cause I figured Lord told me
I've been drinking, driving, I will never go home
I'm gon' stay drivin' cause the weather so cold
Feeling low some times when the light shines down
Takes me high
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Feeling low sometimes when the light shines down
Takes me high
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?

For all them hoes that was frontin' on niggas back in the day (this for my broke jiggy niggas) excuse me, fuck out my face. They say wealth is in the mind, not the pocket, I learned that from a very wise man

Okay excuse me, Mr. Bill Collector, I got problems
My check arrive mañana, I'mma pay my debt, I promise
I spent 20 thousand dollars with my partners in Bahamas
Another 20 thousand dollars on Rick Owens out in Barneys
I said excuse me, why the fuck you lookin'? What's your problem?
I swear we gon' have drama if you touch my tailored garments
All you see is niggas here, so that means it's triggers there
What you mean? We got weed, and codeine and bricks for sale
I bet a lot of niggas plottin' so you know I got that heater, bruh
Drive my side of Harlem, catch me ridin' with my nina, bruh
She got an apple bottom that remind you of Bonita, bruh
Oh you mean like Q-Tip? Now that girl my new bitch
Excuse me, no, I believe the proper term's excuse you
I could switch up on you niggas and start shittin' if I choose to
That's when the new you becomin' different since they knew you

I guess the new me is just gon' take some gettin' used to

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