Yo, this Virginia Straight from the country, right there wit my kinfolk Golds and my mouth and they put 26's on Benzo's Dirt roads, back wood They got weed but I've been dope Ratchet, n-gga we act hood But I'm getting money with these white folk Sippin and I'm faded, super medicated Said she wanna check the pole I said Okay Sarah Palin, so I lay down and lay in A n-gga gon' be faded, sll the way to the AM More drink, pour it up More weed, roll it up Whoa there ho, you know wassup Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down Pimps up, hoes down Ass up, nose down Damn b-tch I do it And this the live we chose Workin' all night Swear I'm never going broke And I'mma do this till I die And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm... (I'm high) Oh God, oh God Ok, wow, bow Look at me now, chief like a indian Talkin in clouds, I'm high as a b-tch I'm talking to clouds Off tree every night like I roam with the owls I super soak that ho, show 'em no love just throw em a towel Still rocking Louis Vuitton condom, cause I'm so f-ck-ng in style, wow New crib, crash that. Drove here, cab back Now knock that pussy out, yeah that's just a little cat nap Hold up, hold up woah Don't be smoking my sh-t, I be smoking that fire And she be smoking my d-ck More drink, pour it up More weed, roll it up Whoa there ho, you know wassup Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down Pimps up, hoes down Ass up, nose down Damn b-tch I do it And this the live we chose Workin' all night Swear I'm never going broke And I'mma do this till I die And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm... (I'm high)

Smoking, choking, always rollin' something

I don't need a key to start my car
Bitch I just push a button and theater showing
Got a half a mill and spent it like it's nothing
Money flowing, never sober
Smoking till I got concussion, no discussion
Man I got a condo and got a big crib
Pounds all over my kitchen is
If I ain't on the road gettin' it
Then I'm in the hood where my niggas live
Did a tour, sold it out, just bought a pound 'bout to finish it
Now all my pasta got shrimp in it
You talk about and I'm living it
Fucking little b-tch

More drink, pour it up
More weed, roll it up
Whoa there ho, you know wassup
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down
Pimps up, hoes down
Ass up, nose down
Damn b-tch I do it

And this the live we chose
Workin' all night
Swear I'm never going broke
And I'mma do this till I die
And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm...
(I'm high)

Real n-gga never frontin'
Cause when you got it all
Everybody want somethin'
Middle finger in the air no fist pump
And me, Sean and Wiz got this bitch jumping
Ah! Finally got this b-tch jumping
Got this b-tch jumpin'
Fly...that's me...