

Drugs for you ears  
You've been alive, just wasn't aware  
But now you have to get down  
And we're so happy to have you, have to get down

I wrote a million dollar verse on a napkin  
While awaiting my baked Alaska  
Couple shots before and after the meal  
But not too much liquor to handle  
Swear I got this audio dope mastered by engineers  
Professors who receive masters, it's degrees  
Certain things you must achieve 'fore you ask it be allowed  
All inside store the pow-wow  
So include it in the private cloud cause this game sorta got my  
spirits down  
I need my baddest bitch and my realest niggas and a couple pounds  
Years later, Pilot Talk III finally being wrote now  
So tell them culture vultures where to stick it  
Tell them stuffed suits to up them digits  
We drug dealing, musical terrorism  
Underground faction existing  
So you don't have to accept that bullshit they giving you to listen

A G is what I am, a jet is who I be  
You know what I smoke anywhere I go  
All access, never it locked though  
Spitta got the key to the globe, well travelled  
I done lost more passports than you done took trips lil daddy  
Let's congratulate less on the purchase of his Caddy  
Strolling in the booth with a freshly lit fatty  
Now raw packages so I had to zig-zag it  
Like I did back when, ain't nothin' changed but the addresses  
New crib but I kept my old door mat  
Remind yourself where you came from, you could go back  
You've been told that, buss em, know that  
Cause they've been show that  
Learn the hallway, dead in the hallway  
Or cuffed and stuck sitting in the back of them cars mayne  
When you could have been a star mayne, shit raw mayne  
I want you to have it all, big crib, big car  
Have your cake and eat it, every motherfuckin' piece  
With the icing that you like  
La-la-da-da-la-la-la-la, like