

Up getting high round 7 am
And my girl start bitching about my friends
Because last night niggas was going to fuck in
I stumbled through the door cloud 9, cloud 10
Yeah that was round 4, say 3 hours ago
Now I'm smoking out the crib, picking out clothes
What I'm most comfortable in, like khaki cargos
Monte Carlo, When I think of somewhere to go
I scan barcodes trying to see what it's hittin for
Slamming my car door too hard, you can't ride with me no more
I don't need a chain or a whip to get with these hoes
Word to the homie wacko, they fucking with me natural
Factual, though your bitches go, hannibal
Tryna eat a nigga alive, that's what this rap shit do
Then police is after you, niggas getting mad at you
Jetlife, from this high I can't see shit that matter to you
Ah, you trying to be the boy they wonder what had happened to
I try to be the man I did more and I plan to do
I did my thing I snatched it before they could handed to
Earthquake motor the road I'm doing damage too
The paint of murder, the doors are suicide fool
You may die, no lie, and this is very true
I'm online like the dot com
Constructing these bars like I'm building a prison
Locked in, though I gotta be out of my mind
I'm parked, I'm sparked, I'm chillin, you can burn with me
But them niggas gotta stay outside

Diamond in the back, sunroof
Counting up a stack in the drive-thru
Bass slapping, what the G's ride to
Wonder what this is, high tunes
Diamond in the back, sunroof
Counting up a stack, when I ride through
I gotta fifty sack in my shoe
You know what this is
Diamond in the back, sunroof
Counting up a stack in the drive-thru
Bass slapping, what the G's ride to
Wonder what this is,
Wonder what this is, High Tunes fool