

I Can't Make It Home

Devin the Dude

I can't make it home
One blunt, one more shot of a patron
I'm lit, I can't make it home
Cops right behind me
I might be gone!
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I know I just left your crib
But, I'm about to make the block and come back
It's too hot over here, matter of fact
Police behind me right now and shit!
I'm kinda' bent
I'm glad I got tint
Damn! I hope they don't try to tow my shit!
I should've chilled, though
No, them patron shots
See, I drink Crown Royal
That's my drink!
Know what I'm talkin' about?
But, nevertheless, I gotta' stay between the lines
'Cause if I trip, then I dip
Then if I swerve one more time
They gonna be...

On my ass
Like white on rice
Like shit on grass
So I grab what I have and stash it
I got the time for no harassment
(I can't make it home)

Aww, shit!
Aww, damn, baby, I'm gonna have to call you back
Yeah, they're pullin' me over
(Excuse me, sir - you sober?)

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Yeah, they got me
He tried to pull me
Out the car, I had to resist
He almost shot me

But, I'm cool
He found a blunt, it wasn't burnin'
But he smelled it and he checked it
I had a warrant in East Texas
So I was cuffed and stuffed
In the back of the car
He didn't report the cigar
I guess he thought I was a star
But we drove real far
Fo' about six hours
I really had to piss, my wrist no longer had power
Couldn't even take a shower
Surrounded by niggas
I'll only be there a couple of hours, I figured
As far as the weed, I think he kept it and he smoked it
But he got me on a DUI and I'm on some broke shit

So I'm a need you to go down to the bail bondsman, y'know
And try to come up with a few funds
And hurry up and run down here
And get me outta this one!
Hello?

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