

# 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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