Ridin through the city, rollin up sticky
A bad bitch with me and we both getting trippy
Man I'm sippin on brown, 'till I might drown
I'm high and I'm never comin down...
Stay high all day
Stay high all day
Fuck around and stay high all day
Stay high all day

Say you love me is that true
Told her if it's that real get a tattoo
Maybe this bitch is who I come back to
Maybe this beat is too chill to rap to
Riding with Bonita smoking reefer
She ain't heard of you I ain't heard of you neither
Blowin' up gettin money and they hate it
No job so I'm chillin' gettin faded
Think I'm 'bout to go pick up a zippy I'm just...

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Now I'm floatin' off my city Rollin up sticky Got a gypsy with me and we both gettin' trippy (trippy mane) I'm face a whole pot and then refill the roach quickly? (Seal the zag with kief dust,) call that thing pixie Got me feeling straight up, out the 50's Think that life is made up, it's so damn nifty And I'm lookin' extra spiffy tryin' to get lifty Step up in the room they hittin' go up back and then re-dip me? Been in love with weed since the first time I smelled it Wanted it for free but karma wouldn't let me sell it Got my first and only job just so I could afford it But that didn't fit the schedule of skateboarding and recording Put my hours in now I got a job tourin' Where we get free O.Z.s when the land is foreign? It's safe to say that we live that life All these people keep sayin', "Man it must be nice" And I'm just...

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