

[Verse 1: Domo Genesis]

We trippy nigga, hella far out (trippy!)  
I'm on the track with Juicy J, bitch eat your heart out  
Haters like, "what's the fucking odds I pull the cards  
out?"  
Not a shooting star, but high enough to shoot the stars  
out  
Sipping on some syrup, and I'm feeling great  
Chilling with this girl, I'm finna penetrate  
Now she [?], I ain't cuffing, I'm a renegade  
Skeeting in her face, hit the dougie, bitch I'm getting  
paid  
Domo's in this ho, chilling on the ceiling  
Smoking my prescription, how you doing, how you  
feeling?  
It's not for the weak, strong drugs might kill em  
I'm a hop in the beach crispier than white linen  
And I'm faded like a washed black tee, mad tree  
If you need the loud sheep, ask me, I'm deep  
Influenced underneath, I'm good, no sleep  
Nowhere near me, up 30, 000 feet bitch

[Hook: Hodgy Beats]

It's like I'm high in the airport  
And they know I'm faded  
No problems escalated  
Man, we ain't the ones to play with

[Juicy J:]

30, 000 feet  
30, 000 feet  
30, 000 feet  
30, 000 feet

[Domo Genesis:]

I'm coming down but I ain't touching the ground  
Flyest nigga around, G6 high in the clouds bitch

[Juicy J:]

30, 000 feet  
30, 000 feet  
30, 000 feet  
30, 000 feet

[Verse 2: Juicy J]

Juicy J be high as hell, get that drink I might as well  
Find a bitch and sock the bitch  
And give her dick, but please don't tell  
Trippy hoes with trippy niggas  
Paper planes and plenty swishas  
Need something? I know them niggas  
[?] gone, I know the nigga  
Shots, shots, everybody taking shots  
Smoking and I'm sipping, stumbling through the parking  
lot  
Syrup, slurred words, dropping, hitting curbs  
Bad model bitch, I'm trying hit her where it hurts

Medication proper, I got it from the doctor  
Tonight's a celebration, roll them blunts up like a [?]  
Might die, might die, might die  
Walkies been around, Bombay straight  
Bitch I need another round

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Hodgy Beats]

I tell my mans I'm on the way to the show  
Grab the bottles, call the models on the way, let's go  
Niggas leaning in the Lex, no need for a stretch  
Return typos when I receiving text  
I don't wife hoes, I just fiending for sex  
Heard she like pills, she be screaming for X  
YZ, I'm the nigga you might see  
In need of Visine, blood shed on the crime scene  
[?] for the summer fire works, which I observe  
Mary Jane is nymph, she gon die a perv  
Police may pull me over, cause shit, I might serve  
I blow the smoke in they face, I got a lot of nerve  
My life is like a strobe light, you turn me off  
I pro light up the weed  
And pour some fucking drink that give me fix I need  
OFWG overseas, 30, 000 feet

[Outro: Left Brain]