

[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]