

Girl
Girl

Come, baby
Come and get on my level
Breathe it in with me
Let it get to your head then get to mine
Let it get to your head then get to mine
I wanna watch you take it in

I'm so high
I'm wasted, I don't wanna come down
Let me take you to Mars, girl
We'll make love on a star, girl

I don't wanna talk
I don't wanna think
I'm up here waiting for you
I'm so high, high, high

You taste so pure, you see something working out, baby
My eyes must be clouded, purple haze
Reach in time to touch you
With you all night long
You're my fallen angel and I'm here to take you home

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She's such a centerfold, you other chicks just run along
She shoot on crys, yo Loubuittons, she will put it on
No logos on the bag if she got in on the arm
All she talk is swag and you know she put it on
On those cold nights fat boy had to keep her warm
Kept a paintbrush, studying The Art of War
Mr. Brainwash into my favorite song
I run with cash money but you know my money long

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