

# If It Ain't

Juicy J

Man this trippy stick's some fire

If it ain't kush, it won't touch my lighter  
I only smoke that shit that get me higher (and higher, and higher, higher)  
If it ain't drank, it ain't in my cup  
Gotta be that purple and yellow, I be turnin' up

I stay, I stay high as fuck  
Pour me up some more Pimp C  
Laid back with your girlfriend  
She ride my dick like a GMC  
Everyday I turn up  
Burnin' green and sippin' lean  
Codeine and Promethazine  
My money longer than a limousine  
Bitch bow down and kiss the ring  
I count more cash than a money machine  
I'm so dope in that Rolls Royce  
You can park my shit on a triple beam  
Squeaky queen, thousand dollar belt  
Thousand dollar shoes, thousand dollar jeans  
Juicy J so fresh to death, I hop out and I kill the scene  
Real goons on my team, this black truck got an army in it  
This the trippy life, my double cup got Barney in it  
And the hoes here and I'm tryna fuck  
Your baby mama is not a ten but when I'm drunk she close enough

Shine so hard, you need shades  
I been up for three days  
I live that shit that I say  
I'm getting stoned, out on stage  
Take a groupie, go berserk  
I got cake, no dessert  
In the game, twenty years  
And I still sip that syrup  
Juicy J is sick and that lean is my medicine  
In the back seat of that Ghost all I see is that President  
I pour lean in my lemonade and lean in my sprite  
Bitch I'm getting high as fuck for the rest of my life  
Bitch I live in cloud nine, prescription pills and cough syrup  
Bad bitches keep rolling up, I fuck your girl til we sober up  
Trippy trippy trippy, high like Bobby & Whitney  
I stay turnt up, I stay pourin' up, I smoke more weed than a hippy

I smoke more weed than a hippy, I smoke more weed than a hippy  
I smoke more weed, I smoke more weed, I smoke more weed than a hippy