

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