

Crown Royal

Rittz

See what's goin' on in this mothafucker
Bitch pass me that mothafuckin blunt mothafuckin' trippin'
God damn lighter, let me see what's goin' on.. What's happenin'

Check it out we takin' shots, posted up
Drinkin' that Crown we toastin' cups
Bitches looking at us like they so in love, they about to go uncut,
no one's frustrated we faded we celebrating life
cause we made it we hella faded and we smokin' bud
The party doesn't end until we sober up
Tell ya ladies lay up naked on the sofa drunk
Better come on in, get inside
Slicc brought the pills Rowdy Beezal brought the white
When I mix em' it's a feeling that I can't describe
But I guess I'll give my best a try
Barely shit can get to heavy to carry so every now
and then my body needs a opposite of exercise
So I pull the plastic wrapper off the cap of my
Crown Royal bottle somewhere in Gwinnett you'll find, me

Chillin'
I'm high
I'm feelin'
Sublime
No killin'
My vibe
If you drinkin' raise your glasses high
Cause we ain't trippin' on the past or the afterlife
Cause right now we sippin' on that Crown Royal
Drunk when I threw up, they already know what's in my cup,
they know I'm sippin' on that Crown Royal
This ain't no champagne, they already know what's in my drank

I pull that crown up outta that purple bag
Crown up outta that purple bag
Crown up outta that purple bag
That purple bag
They know I'm sippin' on that Crown Royal

We been turned up all day long, long day off
We going to drink until the alcohol is gone
Neighbors sayin' that they gonna call the law
I ain't trippin' on that blahzayy blah
Playin' music loud as fuck and the house is a cloud of smoke
These hoes be showing titties like they been in Mardis Gras
Her song came on I guess that's when her bra came off
We going to party all night like we got insomnia
Red cups in hand, some got spilled, I'm on tilt my eyes on slant
Lightweight drinkers they don't stand a chance
They about to make a crash landing, trying to keep up with me
Going shot for shot is not the move
My tolerance is through the roof I'm like a champion
Shot king when I hang out bring a bottle of some Crown Royal
Bout' to go so ham oh man"!

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Nothin' better than a bottle you just bought off the shelf
And you see the logo with the golden crown that sits on the pillow
And run your finger nail across the sticker right in the middle
And take the bottle out the bag and save it maybe for later
Maybe to put your weed inside it hide ya drug in the paper
You mega-mix it with some soda or shootin' it straight up
With the reserve or the black and maple original flavor
You know that shit is my favorite, no other whiskey is player
Like that Crown

They know I'm sippin' on that
They know I'm sippin' on that
They know I'm sippin' on that