

Drugs, Girls, Money, Liquor

Spose

A couple of things that'll bring a dude down, I'll tell ya in a sec
Uh-Spose, OH, SEVEN,
Drugs, girls, money, liquor
Check it out, hey, yo, I'm breaking up prescription drugs on Egyptian rugs
Too blazed to be depicted thugs, blunts like "Huh, huh?"
My zip-locks used to be in tip top form, like my hip-hop
'Til one morn police swarmed the dorm (god damn!)
One that didn't listen, ignored my inhibition with snorin' but they had warr
ants so now my parents bitchin'
No tuition because of my drug addiction 'Oh Ryan, you lyin'! ', Nah bitch it
's non-fiction
These blonds and brunettes are god-damned ruthless
My wallet's Somalian and starvin' it's quite retarded
Girls, you can't take them out like the garbage
When the dinner costs more than the rent for your apartment
They want diamonds, islands, expensive bottles
I'm like "How about the dollar menu, at McDonalds?"
But no girls is on their knees for fries and double G's
Jeez, at least my right hand will fuck me for free!

What's it all about?
Drugs, girls, money, liquor have got me
Minding my dimes and nickles
But still I'm (alright)
As long as I'm myself it's cool
I'm just trying not to be a fool
If you feel me say (yeah)
Drugs, girls, money, liquor have got me
Minding my dimes and nickles
But still I'm (alright)
'Cause as long as I'm myself it's cool
I'm just trying not to be a fool
(SHUT THE FUCK UP!)

Spizzy still unequivocally ill, but no deal
From Wells, like the girl from the ring, but no bling!
No ice like summer, Bank balance a bummer
Call my mom's house, they disconnected my number
I ain't stinkin' rich, but at least I don't stank
Fuck irrational skanks at Ocean National Bank
I'm broke, but still breaking the Garcia figure
Feeding at White Castle or sonic like (SEGA!)
Muchos Cannabis, I'm a blunt analyst
Burritos, Fritos, Cheetos, and a sand-a-wich
I got the munchies, dank smellin' funky
Chunky blunts longer than a candle stick!
Hey, I like herbal shit, Percocet, Vicodin
It's like Heineken after Heineken
I freestyle and rhyme again
Also I'm drunk, trying to find shrooms
And this slam-pic is starting to look like Heidi Klum

(Oh yeah) OH YEAH!
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And now it's 4 A.M., bag with stems
No honeys, mo money
And this liquor got me feeling crummy
Hug me
In a secluded room, or smokin' Buddha
Thrice times wooted, find me where the food is
Or-or, studderin' and pukin' shit up
Like the second half of 2 girls 1 cup
Yep, demented exes, or pimpin' sluts
'Cause I'm drunk like WHAAA-I DON'T GIVE A FUCK
I'll be wilin', drunk dialin', freestylin'
Zoned out, rockin' closed eye-a-lids
Me? I get higher when
I be smokin' out the piece
Like I'm preached on violins
This liquor kicks into my liver
But fuck that, where the drugs at?
Spizzy uninhibited drinker
Girl, you never find Ryan lyin' on the mic
But you might find Ryan high lyin' on the dike

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(SHUT THE FUCK UP!)

(Yeah)x4
Who got-who got smoke-
(Yeah)x4
Who got-who got smoke-
(Yeah)x4
Who got-who got smoke-
(Yeah)x4