

Drugs

Tela

Man die if you wanna, pushin' a corner
Sit in a comma, from the Aroma
Of the , the Marijuana, it's hotter then sauna
Bodies sweetin' like Arizona
Sheriffs on his Paramedics, with pairin' on the feron
Of new Morga, I'ma goner
I need a donor, leave my seat
So I can see destiny, I fight stronger
I feel the hunger, I see the tunnel
Now I was back through the lights
Where I remember the sights
Where I was workin' and robbin'
Go into the ride, gettin' blowed
Gettin' throwed, it was stormin' outside and
I'm tryin' to get used to the selfish abuse
But it had me, plus I did a fight in a half
Me I'ma runnin' in lanes
Try'na approach thangs
Speedin' upon rain, it's hard to obtain
When I done drunk the whole thing
Close ranges that I drained
Then bird, I done swerved and broke my whole frame

Oh no....I might need to leave these drugs alone....
Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhooooooooohhhhhh

(2x)

Awoke from the smell of weed smoke, damn
Passed out again, don't know where the fuck I am
Oh, at the hotel room, all by my lonely
Want a bitch on my mattress without the matrimony
Sony stereo, a bowl of cheerios, gettin' soggy
And someone's knockin' at the door, the room's just foggy
But it's the maid, she comes every day 'round three
So at 2:45, my dick is hard as can be
Told her "Come here", threw extra shit on the floor
So she can, bend, and boot it over some more
She's not a hoe, but she'll show me a piece of her bra
Panties pulled back in her ass real far
Well today she was horny wasn't gettin' dick at home
Lookin' at me like she really wanted to come lick my bone
She said "Come on", but her voice changed tones
Pussy started to foam, I looked again, she was gone

Two in the Morn, dolla bill packed to the bone
Yes I'm own, I ain't leavin' 'til these Two Gee's is gone
Tuck in the cut, with girls bitch, livin' it up
I pick up a Tux, and weed, that's enuff for me bra
One full of it all, me I'm gone ball 'til I fall
I hit the spot with Rap-A-Lot,
They got me high, I'ma dog, I might need to quit
I might just need some time for this shit
But until then I'm in the wind with a big face ten and some gin
Done hooked up with Pep, and now they got me watchn' myself
I'm G-A-N-G-S-T-A, Taylor Made to the death
Proceed to get high, I pop a VA Cloud on this track

If that ain't enough, I hit the back and blow on a sac and
Tela forgive me cause me, I'ma say it how we play it
No suger coat, just this dope and who the fuck gonna come do it?
Me I'ma Vet, I ain't goin' out like a bitch
If I choose to switch right now, quit is all on me trick
What!

[Chorus x3]