

# Err Damn Day

Travis Porter

Still smokin' that la, la, la - 'bout to head out to East LA  
I hope I don't miss my flight, got a show out in Saint-Tropez  
I be kickin' it in the red light district where some hoes speak Franzais  
Shoutout to the thick girls in Houston, Chi-Town and M.I.A.  
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Aye look, I'm gone off the molly - I'm gone out this world  
I'm buyin' all my luck, and I keep thinkin' 'bout my girl  
I'm out in West LA, my bitch from West LA  
Yeah she talk all night, but she fuck all day  
We on that la, la, la - we just landed in the Bay  
From San Fran to Oakland, they smoke all day  
And then we fly down south... to ATL  
And M-I-Yayo, I'm probably with your girl  
Then head to NYC, did a show with SOB  
Interviews on MTV, yeah it's just me and Travy

Roll up and pass it - this another classic  
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Black-balled... black balls, though  
Three deep, but we came in a four-door  
Had to stalk through the 'hood on the low-low  
Stepped out, niggas smellin' like dough-dough  
Hit a dice game, rollin' on the floor, hoe  
First roll, nigga, three pimps, four hoes  
Nigga, put your money on the floor  
My nigga Three keep the 'dro rolled  
Like err damn day, my weed from West LA  
But I got it from MLK  
That's Atlanta, hoe - I'm from Kamero  
Probably catch me at the crib with a centerfold  
And I still pop sills if you didn't know  
Oh man, I'm a player god  
On the track with my homeboy Jeremih  
Heat on with the top down  
Man, it's pretty cold in the Chi-Town  
This ain't no motherfucking Newport  
But we headed to the airport

Smokin' on that la, la, la - top down, I'm sky high  
Diamonds bright when the sun shine  
The girl is yours but the pussy's mine  
Me and two mamis seated in the back of the truck  
Smokin' on keesha while they backin' it up  
Been gettin' money, throw a stack in the club  
Know a nigga still 'hood, got a strap in the tuck  
My bitch is immaculate, more money I have to get  
200 on the dash, no holdin' back, boy, I'm smashin' it  
Got a bitch from the H-Town - big booty smoked my whole pound  
All the dope boys want shorty, I can't even bring her around  
If you want to, we can ride away  
Get high today and throw some bands away  
Got a show tonight in Saint-Tropez  
I poured a four and just copped an eighth