

# Laid Way Back

Webbie

Man I live up in B.R  
Ima die up in B.R  
I got shit to do today so I cant die until tomorrow  
I done stole a bag of dro Im gettin high til tomorrow  
Nigga play with me right now im bussin nine til tomorrow  
My shit got a bad motor i aint promised til tomorrow  
so as long as I got gas ima drive it til tomorrow  
lookin for a bitch thats bad so we can act until tomorrow  
put that hoe up on this dro and beat that ass until tomorrow  
Baby momma ass just gonna be mad until tomorrow  
me and boosie rollin guards and acting bad til tomorrow  
how bout we get pessy drunk and then stagger until tomorrow  
yo bitch tight, I wantta me borrow her, let me have her til tomorrow  
dont give a fuck about who smellin when its comin out ya car  
Im inhalin and exhalin gettin blunted til tomorrow  
lets go posted up at the spot and make some change til tomorrow  
if im laid shit i might do the same thang tomorrow

Laid way back behind black gettin blowed  
full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothes

I was spose to go drop my red bone off or not  
for some fit she tryinna cop said she need right now  
what had happen was I had stopped by my nigga B spot and he had a big blunt  
of that dro and I forgot  
I was spose to go to the studio I got some hits to drop  
but a bitch had hit me on the phone and told me to come pick her up  
cuz how she fuck my dick got hard  
she tellin me how she so wide  
she took those draws off and I forgot  
went to check the mailbox  
some sepeana from the mothafucka  
tellin me my court date in 2 weeks for beatin on my older woman  
showed up at that hoe apartment  
smokin somethin ran into her  
put it in her mouth and told her to drop it

When I walk up in the mall with that big ass stack  
fresh kicks fresh boes with the jersey to match  
you know I got to do it big nigga give me the hat  
manager comin out the back cuz all he smell is that dro  
when I go and see my hoes my eyes be all low  
my clothes be full of smoke they mommas be knowin Im blown  
them ghetto mommas dont trip they askin you got some mo  
let her momma hit the dro and she smell is that dro  
when I hit the club they can tell  
cuz Im puttin it in the air  
hoes ask can they hit niggas askin is it for sale  
security dont be trippin they be puttin in tne air  
when you in here thats all you smell high dro is what we smokin  
when we be