

Yeah, who else you know  
Smoke a half pound in seven days nigga  
Drew on the boards  
E on the beat, uh hahaha  
And I'm just doing  
What I usually do man  
Sticking to the script  
No new lines

Uh, I spend a lot of nights thinking  
How did I make it this far  
I spend money every chance I get  
Cause God damn I work hard  
Play here to take care of the family  
But how was I supposed to know  
If I don't take care of myself huh  
Then how am I supposed to grow  
Still rolling my 0's, and all of my fans  
They all at my shows, they rolling them pins  
And counting up all of them grams  
We smoking till all of it's gone  
Just bought a new crib  
And there's not enough space to fit all of my clothes

I'm just riding out in my ride  
Smoking weed while I drive  
Flying like we were time  
Smoking weed while I drive

I spend a lot of days thinking  
I hope this never gets old  
Then I realize I'm on vacation  
Somewhere it never gets cold  
Some criticize decisions that I made  
But fuck was I supposed to do  
Long as I'm on everything is straight  
Plus all my niggas on too  
So you can't tell us nothing  
Not a thing no discussion  
You can smell what I'm smoking  
Know it's dank that I'm puffing  
Kinda high when I made this  
On the plane hella comfy  
On my way to the money

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