

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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