

Oh, we get gone in the breeze  
Late night smoking the weed  
Riding sitting low in the seat  
Just tell me if you're ready to roll  
Oh

You wanna book the Doctor  
But you can't afford me, But if you got the paper call Harry Gordy, H  
e'll book you for a consultation, I'll prescribe you medication  
You'll be vibing like it's meditation  
Feeling wasted, don't make me have this shatter  
Wrapped up round a white girl, put it in the L like it don't matter  
We keep rollin' it fatter and fatter  
She hit it harder pullin' like a monster and I don't mind that shit f  
or starters  
Down to the finish, we winning, the flower glistenin'  
Just listen  
We twistin' the fire and higher we getting  
Light up this fire then flippin' and sippin'  
The finest shit, wired and trippin'  
We keep climbin', the elevation is too much for you bitches  
Come on face it off the paper that was chasin'  
Seems outrageous but the grind is contagious  
And I got pages and pages of game  
And I'm watching all of you fuckin' haters go through your stages

Brown bags full of new blue hundreds  
My old bitch hates, damn my new bitch love me  
Windows down, fresh air feel lovely  
Smoke Wax, looks like honey  
Makes your head feel funny (baller shit)  
We spend this money like it never runs out  
You broke, it makes me sick  
Put this gun in your mouth  
I had a plug in the south  
Had me reachin' two thou, used to shit  
Now trucks, take trips in the drought  
Gone in the breeze, ocean view for a week  
I piss pink champagne on a tropical beach  
Sittin' low, in my old school, turn up the beat  
Light weed, pull a hand full out of the P  
Turkey bag boys, you ain't got it like this  
5 gran hash play, burns slow as a bitch  
We burn big everywhere we go  
Top show, no blow  
KK, floatin' out of my nose  
Let's roll