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I'm dizzy, F1 got the room pissy
Good smoke in my lungs, drunk bitch don't kiss me
Fresh picked, still sticky, but it burn right
I'm everythang that your girl like
I went from trimmin' to swimmin' in beaches
From Puerto Rican and Dominican girls, with no Visas
Light the reefer, pass it to the left
I told her hold it in
Let it burn to the end and we'll smoke again
My flip-flops Gucci, in my crib watch movies
In my own home theatre, with three or four groupies
Lobster roll, hot Saké with the sushi
Flip coke money, in the rap game
They wanna prosecute me
A couple tried to shoot me, let me live player, let me get paper
Three Xanax bars, that's a mind eraser
All the money and cars, I got all kinds of haters
I don't ever sip alone
Xanax and Patron, I don't remember gettin' home
Xanax and Patron, I don't ever sip alone
Xanax and Patron, I don't remember gettin' home
Xanax and Patron
When you're in the Dam, Better think about (kosher?)
Bitches passin' out at the Green House
Take a hit, lights out at the hash bar
On the floor eyes open, what you ask for?
Smoke everywhere, now ya need the Doctor
Air lifted, elevated, hellicopta'
Don't be comin' with no rookie lungs in the Dam
Don't be pumpin' up your chest like you're goin' H.A.M
Got ya flyin' into the E.R, first class
Got ya tappin' in a minute, first dance
When the thrust lasts, like a blast from a dab hit
Bern's in flight for the slab, bitch
From the herb, maybe shrub, then to shatter
Maybe hardcore, settin' off the high in the brain matter
In my shot glass, fire water
Berner got the Xanny
Lights out
She let us pop those, and I got those
I'm a two boss star, I move got fo
All the games, mix Patron, with champagne
Got me chillin' in the zone, like I'm gone on the plane
Yeah I wanna catch a fade
So I call my homie Berner, when he said he'll put me on, in the Bay
Breakin' cookies on the tray
Glass tips, Raw Papers when I twist, you ain't fuckin' with my day
Shit, it's just another day
Turn to a goodnight and it's goodnight for ya right away
All ya first top dabbers, we high like ladders
When ya really get money, mane shit don't matter
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