

[Intro]

Let's ride, let's ride tonight, let's ride tonight

[Hook]

My homie from the Westside alway scoop me in his Cadillac  
Hundred pounds of kush, said officer that's for the cataracts  
I be up in Bokey all the time, that's where the savage at, rap gonna make a  
million dollars let me take a stab at that  
Cruisin' through the Westside, i'm inside the Cadillac  
She gon' suck it while i drive  
Swear she ain't bad at that  
Women tend to lie  
When they lie to me, ain't mad at that  
I just got my baggage packed, looking for a show  
Eh-let me grab at that

[Verse 1]

So high in the City of Angels, think that i'm at the summit  
We out in Cali', I'm constantly blunted  
Just cause you got it don't mean you should stunt it  
A handful of hundreds  
Don't make you a hunnid  
Folks do it all for the Gram  
Gotta see through the lines  
Gotta learn how to tell  
Gotta distinguish between the ones who want you down  
And the ones who wanna see you prevail  
No way i could fail  
Baby just called me, said, "Cas when you come back, bring 200 bales"  
I'm at the grow house in Cali'  
Like ya i could do that but is that to smoke or to sell  
Wasn't surprised when he said it was personal  
We doing shatter and i grab the nail  
I just taught Stunna how to take a dab  
He said white people crazy as hell  
Live up to my reputation  
Getting road head while i'm driving  
She know that it's my meditation  
And the way i'm looking at the competition  
Y'all must really be on medication  
They ain't fucking with me and they know it  
Went from a local dealer to a poet  
Went from the Natty Ice to sippin' Moet  
We ain't finna blow it  
Don't need your plug cause we grow it

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Ever pop so much that you up for hours  
Feel like there's cameras on all of the towers  
X made me fuck that girl like Austin Powers  
Her pussy wet like we went in the shower  
She fuck with my style  
Don't know when my plug will get back the Sours  
Them my favorite type of flowers  
I got no use for the kind they throw in the aisles

Skurt, then i skirt off  
First off we in love with money  
Not these bitches with they shirts off  
My homie got the rock hard and the dirt soft  
Ain't shit sweet  
He a star but he down to let the burst off  
Hold up wait, that's how i'm gonna kick the verse off  
I brought change to the game but at times it can derail  
Goddammit i guess everybody worst off  
Vibe, he wasn't suppose to slide  
How is we gonna survive  
Bagging up the dope, can't cope with the vibe  
Praying to the Pope and you hopeless deprived  
While i wrote this alive  
Mixing my sin with the lean  
And i'm pouring codeine in the Sprite  
Two hundred Xans, i'ma serve 'em tonight

[Hook]

[Outro]

Baby we can go into the back seat of the Cadillac  
Getting high we floating through the sky up in the Cadillac  
Serving everything in all the places that the savage at  
Blowing out the kush, i know my haters really mad at that (2x)