Man

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I got the joints and the Backwoods burning (got 'em burning)
Still moving like the wheel's still turning (still turning)
I got the joints and the Backwoods burning (got 'em burning)
Still moving like the wheel's still turning (still turning)
When I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
Oh, when I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
Oh, when I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
Oh, when I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
(Come on)
I'm just tryna sip that Bel Air
Get that white and gold bottle
That's my favorite if you grab one, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Always staying wavy with my brodie-bros
Or wavy with my queen, I got a bad one, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Young and free, livin' wild and I'm down with it (Down with it)
I'm up for the challenge, let's get the crowns fitted (Right)
Then I bought a recorder, go ride around in it (Ride around in it)
The money gettin' longer and I'm proud of it
In my 20s I've been giving niggas call sheets (What?)
Been fuckin' with the stocks, Wolf of Wall Street (What?)
Now I get the sloppy toppy 'til my balls leak
Then I go and rip a show, they heard a boss speak
I wind down soon as I get paid
Got the champagne waiting on a nigga backstage
Don't get played, gotta get all of the business out the way
Guaranteed me and the homies know exactly how to end the day
I got the joints and the Backwoods burning (got 'em burning)
Still moving like the wheel's still turning (still turning)
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Still moving like the wheel's still turning (still turning)
When I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
Oh, when I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
Oh, when I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
Oh, when I come I need champagne service (Hell yeah)
(Come on)
And it can't stop me
I do my damn thing like the champagne poppy
Slow me down, you gon' need a campaign probably
And shawty pull your 'gram up, hit the face time
It's a slam dunk
Throwin' curve balls, tryin' to stop the wind streaks
I represent the culture, boy, you been sleep
Nobody cares, I'm workin' hard, I let the pen speak
I can't wait 'till she throw that pussy when her friends leave
I grew up with the funkadelic vibes, look
All I know is real, I can't be out sellin' lies
Man, it's different for me now, I see nobody is on my side
Look how far I got from all these niggas that have tried
Everywhere I go, everywhere I been
They always recognize the kid, I always do it big
It ain't a flashback, I'm in chill mode with a chill glass
She ain't fuckin' with me, I don't feel bad
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