

# Dumb High

Starlito

I don't expect you to understand me cause they day I do will be the day I'm gone,  
And you won't play this song.

Ridin round gettin dumb high, count money the whole time.  
Thinkin bout how time flies.  
Seem like yesterday was the lunch line.  
Last night was a homicide.  
Trippin off how time flies.

Greedy niggas don't last, the hungry niggas don't win.  
I'm somewhere stuck in between some, roll somethin to spin.  
Twist me a blunt and jump in.  
I'm slump in this fuckin Benz.  
Youngin just tryin to run it up, thuggin for all my ends.  
In and out of the sprite, I probably need a new winds.  
Just bought me another glock, girl I don't need new friends.  
Mix marlen with Ciroc, teach me how I need to stop.  
It keep my stomach in knots, boys got me dreamin a lot.  
Call once I got some blunt, maybe this game hold will stop.

Move onto bigger plays, never stopped gettin paid.  
Now I get it like a hundred some different ways.  
Where you at, what you got? Man I'm on my way.  
Where you at, what you got? Man I'm on my way.  
Where you at, what you got? Man I'm on my way.

I've just been ridin round gettin dumb high,  
Count money the whole time.  
Trippin off how time flies.  
[x4]

Jumped in the coupe, closed my eyes and opened em up.  
Rolled a blunt, poured a cup, then I look up in the rearview.  
Fired up the weed, then cop the strap, hundred forty in my lap.  
In my head like, "What have I got myself into?"  
Fuck your pain, keep it to yourself, nigga.  
You don't know what I been through.  
One trap man all I think about is money.  
I got dope boy issues.

Out here sellin weed, my nephew want the new J list.  
You home, what nigga, I let you hold this fuckin cane.  
Nobody never gave a shit my nigga, I put that on my long chair.  
No other choice but to trap it out day and night.  
Call your shit, grow my past.  
Soon as I get my money right,  
Nigga play with palmer,  
I'm a try to kill his ass twice.  
Real story, no lie, cross my heart, hope to die.  
I've been out here chasin money,  
Have for my whole fuckin life.  
Can't get your bitch snappin a finger cause she know I grind hard.  
Smoke one with a blow one and then hit her from behind.

I've just been ridin round gettin dumb high,  
Count money the whole time.

Trippin off how time flies.

[x4]

A lot of shit on my mind so I've been without a mind.

I don't give her no time, no, I've just been on my grind.

I'm just out here livin my rounds.

I'm just out here stuck in this game.

I keep sayin I'm a change...