

I know I dream about her all day  
I think about her with her clothes off  
I'm ridin' 'round with my system pumpin' LSD  
I look for ways to say, "I love you"  
But I ain't into makin' love songs  
Baby, I'm just rappin' to this LSD  
She ain't a stranger to the city life  
I introduce her to this hippy life  
We make love under pretty lights, LSD (Acid)  
I get a feelin' it's a trippy night  
Them other drugs just don't fit me right  
Girl, I really fuckin' want love, sex, dream  
Another quarter to the face system  
Make no mistakes, it's all a leap of faith for love  
It takes a place in feelin' that you crave doin' Love, Sex, Dreams

It started in Hollywood  
Dreamin' of sharin' love  
My tongue had a loss for words  
Cause my feelings just said it all  
Party just started up  
Dreamin' of sharin' worlds  
Held this feeling for way too long  
Said I really wanna let it go

I've been gettin' fly because the gimmick's so dope  
I've been getting high cause I figured Lord told me  
I've been drinking, driving, I will never go home  
I'm gon' stay drivin' cause the weather so cold  
Feeling low some times when the light shines down  
Takes me high  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it?  
Feeling low sometimes when the light shines down  
Takes me high  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it?

For all them hoes that was frontin' on niggas back in the day (this for my broke jiggy niggas) excuse me, fuck out my face. They say wealth is in the mind, not the pocket, I learned that from a very wise man

Okay excuse me, Mr. Bill Collector, I got problems  
My check arrive mañana, I'mma pay my debt, I promise  
I spent 20 thousand dollars with my partners in Bahamas  
Another 20 thousand dollars on Rick Owens out in Barneys  
I said excuse me, why the fuck you lookin'? What's your problem?  
I swear we gon' have drama if you touch my tailored garments  
All you see is niggas here, so that means it's triggers there  
What you mean? We got weed, and codeine and bricks for sale  
I bet a lot of niggas plottin' so you know I got that heater, bruh  
Drive my side of Harlem, catch me ridin' with my nina, bruh  
She got an apple bottom that remind you of Bonita, bruh  
Oh you mean like Q-Tip? Now that girl my new bitch  
Excuse me, no, I believe the proper term's excuse you  
I could switch up on you niggas and start shittin' if I choose to  
That's when the new you becomin' different since they knew you

I guess the new me is just gon' take some gettin' used to

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