

# Highway

Devin the Dude

Everybody got an opinion of what I need to do  
But I'm paying no mind of pour up some fresh brew  
Slowing out my mind clouding out what I say  
So I blaze the weed and hit 420 Highway  
420 Highway 420 Highway and gonna blaze some blunts  
No we don't discriminate  
420 Highway 420 Highway  
It's the rap that I think  
When I'm here without a say

I'm first to arrive so I'm up with the birds  
I got plenty noca, I got to get me some herbs  
'Cause see them babies is home  
We got to scoop up some worms and duck 'em  
'Couple of cash with bags just carrying guns  
'Cause see I don't want no trouble  
I'm just tryin' to have fun  
'Cause see them, people is coming  
They gonna drop the bomb  
And then the kingdom is coming  
Tell them the show must go on  
I hit the road highway 420 here I come

By any means necessary got to make it out the hood  
Hustle man doing what I can, trying to make good  
Everybody got an opinion of what I should be doing  
Keep the fresh brew brewing  
Blown out my mind, living on cloud nice  
Sick and tired of getting punked so I'm gonna get mine  
Travellin' up 420 highway  
Gone like Tup and Day-Day was on friday

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I wake up, bake up, gotta get my cake up  
Me and baby had an argument  
And ain't no time to make up  
I'm headed out of state bro  
It's money where I'm going  
It ain't no time to waste bro  
My kid's standing hard  
And daddy got long way to get ahead of the game  
See it don't even do no good to sit around and complain  
So now I'm a focus hoping that my whole family notice  
Losing ain't an option a good plan I got one  
Tacked up some weed, get my stacks up and deed  
Do my best to stay my ass up out the penitentiary  
See, opportunity is never missed  
Tellin' this G here never had no fear

When it comes to getting it yeah  
Kush kush got my mind all skushy couple free  
Is dying to pushing down to shine, is a blessing  
Take fool give it up ain't get me  
Don't need no GPS with that Highway 420

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Man, shit  
I need to find a way to make some paper today  
And it's gotta be soon you see I'm already late  
A couple of weeks a couple of sweets to the head  
And all my incoming mail is pink yellow and red  
But my home boy said he's got a plan and a plot  
With a whole bunch of crops, so I'm like why not  
I don't know how much it is, but he said it's alot  
And highway 420 would take us right on the spot

He calculate and we plot  
We on a mission no doubt  
We coming down the highway  
Giving all that we got  
Moving that pured steel  
Quality shine for real  
Running that late night  
Often moon life on the hills  
Get to the moon, no rushing  
Costs crackless be busting  
And our grind would be choising  
We gonna win no discusion  
Overcoming the adversities  
To fly away  
Ain't no such thing as you hurting me  
I'm on the highway

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