

After Mornin'

Rittz

Take 85 north to Gwinnett to my stompin' ground
People sleepin' on my county
Now it's time to wake em' up, smell the coffee ground
Bout' to steal the spotlight
Snort snow and I flow, feel the frostbite
We sellin' ice cream, I ain't talking Klondikes
Crystal meth, and it's crystal clear
Reporting live from Gwinnett like I'm Walter Cronkite
So ya'll might wanna keep a pistol near
Devo on the board, hear the engineer
What's the deal, pickle spear? Smoke a hog leg
After that I'ma bounce to the crib with this bitch cause she got my dick stiffer than a frog leg
Have her soundin' like she ball-gagged
Bust a nut then I dip out I'm Jimmy Carter
Motherfuckers wanna look hard from they whip, but 26
I ain't playin' with you kindergartners
It's the infamous Rittz, aka White Jesus
Alias Jonny Valiant
I hope when I come across to you it's on
Cause if you step you'll get tossed like a pasta salad
So, excuse me junior, got a QP in my underwear right next to my huge kahunas
And it's not for sale homie, it's personal
Take a toke and tell me how the purple pull
[?] brought it through the terminal
My heart's still from the bay, bay, bay all the way to the A, A, A
I'ma take a little hit then I'll do a little yay', yay'
Got the hookup on the customized J's
Everybody look amazed when they checkin' out the footwork
Sayin' who the fuck is Rittz and the Cli-N-Tel comin' out the woodwork
Puffin' good herb, yuh uh yeah

I got a cup full of Captain Morgan, a mango blunt wrap filled with kush
Got a gram and a half to snort and my fingernails smell like a ganja bush
I put my Xanax bars in the cellophane and when you givin' me dirty looks
I'ma wash it down with this Captain Morgan, the party don't stop till After Mornin'

[x2]

All the ladies in the crowd raise your hand if you're tired of your man and you wish you had something new
Ok, I see a couple few. You, you, you, too suddenly the number grew now listen
All the girls with their hands in the air that is tired of their man wantin' somethin' new
Congrats girl, you're invited backstage, afterwords you can fuck my crew
It feels like Utopia, we livin' la vida coca, man
I feel the line slide down my throat and drain, then chase it with a Crown and Coke
Till my body's floatin' like a big banana boat
Try to kill my high and I'ma split your cantaloupe right in half like a nut shell
Tell the cops that you got drunk, fell, tried to run somewhere that's the reason for the motherfuckin' blood trail "Rittz, just chill"
I'll be in an all black presidential Caddy '06 DeVille
Still with the original wheels smokin' pure kush, shit
"What's your name there white boy?" George Bush, bitch

[?] it's neon green

I had it in my pocket, you can smell it on my Sean John jeans

My Sean John jeans, eyes chinkin' like a Chinese ping pong team

Now I'm off tryin' to find me a ding-dong fiend with a drug habit

Got some porn star E pills

I'mma take her to the crib, get her freaky as fuck

And when tomorrow comes around, tell my boys the details

Some say I go overboard, and the thought that my heart might explode before

When my nose was sore, I just smoked some more

When my lungs are done, there's somethin' cold to pour

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