

Just tell me how high you are  
I don't know, what are you giving me?  
Just tell, just tell everyone how high you are  
No, I can't talk, I'm not telling anyone  
I'm not telling anyone  
Can you please-  
Are you recording me?  
No I'm not, can you just-  
You are lying  
Can you please tell them?  
I-I can't describe it, I am so high  
That's it, it's like I'm tripping

(Yeah, Yeah, Wolfpack)  
Puerto Rican Air Force 1's at the wedding  
I'm only speaking truth  
Uh, I might open up for Bruce  
My own horn I don't really mean to toot  
Sign big deals with yamakass on and suede gloves  
It's safe to say your boy done came up  
Too much lobster on the plane  
The plane won't stay up  
Bitch I'm butt naked layed up  
Yo, what the fuck (Wolfpack)

This dick'll make an R&B chick write a song  
About the rain when it falls and the pain that it causes  
And how she always wakin' up alone  
And now Bronson gotta call Tyrone  
Fuck that, I'm tryna blow smoke towards the moon  
Until my mind start racing like zoom  
I'm hotter than when Bow Wow dropped in the Summer  
Girls scream and I hop into the Hummer like  
Uh, I'm a teenage heartthrob  
You smoke little blunts, like Kevin Hart's arms  
My bloodline predate Aardvark and large shark  
And cookin' flesh off of charred bark

(Wolfpack)  
I shot dope before I wrote this  
Sniffed coke and did aerobics by the ocean  
This is Blue Chips 7 not Usher  
Big muskets get squeezed like mustard  
And mother fuckers flee off in the Nissan  
They say that life is like a see-saw  
I roll solo, why I got these extra seats for?  
Hit eject watch him free fall  
Better use both fucking feet dog

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Bam Bam, Blue Chips 7  
My Blue Heaven