

Oh, we get gone in the breeze
Late night smoking the weed
Riding sitting low in the seat
Just tell me if you're ready to roll
Oh

You wanna book the Doctor
But you can't afford me, But if you got the paper call Harry Gordy, H
e'll book you for a consultation, I'll prescribe you medication
You'll be vibing like it's meditation
Feeling wasted, don't make me have this shatter
Wrapped up round a white girl, put it in the L like it don't matter
We keep rollin' it fatter and fatter
She hit it harder pullin' like a monster and I don't mind that shit f
or starters
Down to the finish, we winning, the flower glistenin'
Just listen
We twistin' the fire and higher we getting
Light up this fire then flippin' and sippin'
The finest shit, wired and trippin'
We keep climbin', the elevation is too much for you bitches
Come on face it off the paper that was chasin'
Seems outrageous but the grind is contagious
And I got pages and pages of game
And I'm watching all of you fuckin' haters go through your stages

Brown bags full of new blue hundreds
My old bitch hates, damn my new bitch love me
Windows down, fresh air feel lovely
Smoke Wax, looks like honey
Makes your head feel funny (baller shit)
We spend this money like it never runs out
You broke, it makes me sick
Put this gun in your mouth
I had a plug in the south
Had me reachin' two thou, used to shit
Now trucks, take trips in the drought
Gone in the breeze, ocean view for a week
I piss pink champagne on a tropical beach
Sittin' low, in my old school, turn up the beat
Light weed, pull a hand full out of the P
Turkey bag boys, you ain't got it like this
5 gran hash play, burns slow as a bitch
We burn big everywhere we go
Top show, no blow
KK, floatin' out of my nose
Let's roll