

# Lights Off

ChillinIT

All the pressure and the stress has got my mind gone  
But pretty women wanna fuck me with the lights on  
Yeah, so I told her bring the drugs until the high's gone  
And cut the lights off, baby, cut the lights off, yeah  
All the pressure and the stress has got my mind gone  
But pretty women wanna fuck me with the lights on  
Yeah, so I told her bring the drugs until the high's gone  
And cut the lights off, baby, cut the lights off, yeah

I don't give a fuck about the G shit, argh  
Only give a fuck about a remix  
Light a fire to your crib and burn your house down  
I'm savin' the ashes like I was Steve Smith  
I got the weed lit, you know how the cash feel  
We puffin' on medicinal vac seals  
And Young T just came here to puff weed  
We bust beats, my brother let the lyrical axe wield  
Look, bitch, I'm movin' the chron grams at  
All the women with me got Louis Vuitton handbags  
Rap samples, pray like a mac handle  
This prodigy been poppin' the bottle, you better stand back  
So where the grams at?  
I get a second to none, my head's buzzed from adrenaline rush  
'Cause I been whisperin' the ghost like I'm Jennifer Love  
The 420 fam's gettin' it done, we straight kill shit  
Headshot, brother, I'm lookin' red hot  
Currency was lookin' the same colour as Mentos  
Scorin', stayin' a free man like Morgan  
Ballin', dollars and pounds on a Rolex watch  
Guess what? You couldn't tell that  
MDMA, I been poppin' it in a gel cap  
Brudda, I'm the boy bringin' hell back (Argh)  
On point with the pen, so you felt that

All the pressure and the stress has got my mind gone  
But pretty women wanna fuck me with the lights on  
Yeah, so I told her bring the drugs until the high's gone  
And cut the lights off, baby, cut the lights off, yeah  
All the pressure and the stress has got my mind gone  
But pretty women wanna fuck me with the lights on  
Yeah, so I told her bring the drugs until the high's gone  
And cut the lights off, baby, cut the lights off, yeah

Hustle on the grind  
I was at the Rydges at Cronulla with his wife  
So much cocaine here, flowin' through her vein  
'Cause I'm lookin' at her pupils and they've doubled in the size  
Brother, I was flyin', now I got a duffel on the side  
Brother, now I suffer in the mind  
Way that I be livin' got me sinnin' a million miles a minute  
I can't even look my mother in the eyes  
Nah, that ain't a lie, tell 'em all, "I don't wanna die"  
Brother, got the money on the mind  
Brudda, got the hunnids while the hunnids  
I swear that we keep it a hunnid in the club  
Yellin', "Cuzzzy, it's a vibe"  
Buzzin' off a line, battle with the fears

I was up and down, had to battle with the tears  
Never did I quit, a lot can happen in a year  
Fuck, now I happen to be here  
Homie, I put on, homie, I be LeBron  
Winnin' all the games for the Cleveland Cavaliers  
Homie got a bong, quey and the chron  
Did a hundred K with the patty in the rear  
Because homie, I'm a stoner (Argh)  
Pullin' over, nah, smack it into gear  
Crack another beer, have another Vallie over here  
Crackin' open Xannies over here with your bitch like

All the pressure and the stress has got my mind gone  
But pretty women wanna fuck me with the lights on  
Yeah, so I told her bring the drugs until the high's gone  
And cut the lights off, baby, cut the lights off, yeah  
All the pressure and the stress has got my mind gone  
But pretty women wanna fuck me with the lights on  
Yeah, so I told her bring the drugs until the high's gone  
And cut the lights off, baby, cut the lights off, yeah

The reason that the girls liked me was  
And I played and I sing and they said, "Hey, man  
You, you got, you got soul in that music"  
I said, "Yeah, I, I play a little bit, you know, I like mu—"  
Then he said, "Man, you're really somebody"  
I said, "Oh, I am?  
Oh, I just got out of jail, I don't know what somebody is"