

# Bitches N Marijuana

Chris Brown

You can tell by the way I walk that I got 'em  
Bail any girl that I wanna  
Got bitches n marijuana  
I can tell by the way you move that you a problem  
Bail any girl that I wanna  
Got bitches n marijuana  
I got 'em, I got 'em  
Ooh, she bad, she don't do it for free  
I got em, I got em  
Got bitches n marijuana

T-ballin', globetrotter  
Got a bunch of pre-rolls and a gold lighter  
Think you on fire? You gon' need more fire  
I tell her that's all you get like Street Fighter  
Nah, walk with me, talk to me  
That body cold, chess game like a pawn to me  
She wanna ride with me, kick it and vibe with me  
I got that long clip, fall asleep to the movie  
Motherfuckin' goonies, Cartier rubies  
Coupe, no top, yeah I took off the Kufi  
I'm high, I'm woozie, D'usse, I'm doosing  
I might just be right with my bitch in Jacuzzi  
Right, nigga, gettin' right, nigga  
I'ma knock that pussy out, fight night, nigga  
I'mma light it up, pass it to the right nigga  
Our bitches at the crib, don't invite niggas

Pull up, got the fat sack  
With some clean motherfuckers, no hood rats  
Yeah we suited and booted, you know your bitch 'bout to toot it  
She want love from a nigga, that's a heart attack, Yack!  
Loud pack, give me all of that  
Don't be sending naked pics cause my phone tapped  
Black Mas, duffel bag and a hundred racks  
I don't snitch but I could show you where the money at, me nigga  
It's right here  
Got girls and they all on my lap, they with me nigga  
Hell yeah  
You see the Lambo parked in the trap, that's me nigga  
I own it while you living on a lease nigga  
I'm known to keep my bitches on a leash nigga  
I smoke it by the pound what you talking 'bout  
I dick your bitch down then I walk it out

Grimy nigga way too groovy for the Grammys  
Overseas collecting panties, poppin' Xanies  
Young nigga, hundred grand for the gram, hot damn  
Hit the curb with the Benz, swerve  
Rollie do no ticky do the blingy  
I spending hundreds, all the fifties  
Word around the city I'm that nigg-y  
But this month I made a milli  
Another month, another milli, man that shit be gettin' silly  
Man, bitch you looking silly

Why you broke, go get a check  
And when you fly, who need a jet  
She wanna move out to the west  
She want them diamonds on her neck  
And palm trees in the yard, wanna be's with a star  
And get the keys to the car huh  
And wanna lick on every scar huh  
My money good, shit we buying off the bar right now, right now  
Who got the weed right now, right now