

Wildcat

Chris Brown

Ounce of love is all I need
To fly with an angel
While the dealers die for it
The kush burn like bullets, both I'm chasin the green
I'm chiefin, seein

Time after time
Girl I need that strong shit
Top of the line
You know that stick icky wrong shit
You know there might be a time
Pretty young thing
Baby just try this
I got all the flavors
Got you fienin'

Oh oh
Girl I got you warming up so take off them clothes
We can do it anywhere
Have one cup, let's go
Hallucinating this hit will make you see your ghosts
You're mine, it's alright

You said that you ain't smoke in a while baby
So we gon' fuck and I'mma roll up
It's getting loud, blowing on that loud girl
Baby I'mma work you out girl, work you out girl
I love you, Mary Jane

I'mma break it down, baby lick you like a swisha
Homie light that shit on fire, Mary Jane I'm poppin wit ya
I'm a hot box in your hot box
You just take it like a picture
I'mma go slower and slower
So high you flyin baby
I'mma break it down, baby lick you like a swisha
I'mma break it down, l-l-lick you like, lick you like
I'mma break it down, baby lick you like a swisha
I'mma break it down, baby so high we're flyin yea

You so high, you fine baby
Smoke that shit, better give me a light
My private jet red eye baby
Give it to you good, beat it up
Yo pussy is a crybaby
Don't stop, take it to the head
Yea yea

And I'm putting in work, that 9 to 5 baby
Coming round, you smoking brown
Let me bust that, switch you out baby
That white girl, them white papers
Let's roll up, roll up
I'm off that green, she off that molly
I need a bottle of water
And everything good, the kitty got smilin

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Okay, hold up I'm bout to roll up
I got a pint, gon mix it with the Sprite, let me pour up
Hell of a night, 100 million dollar yacht
Never paid for the pussy but after this you gon owe us
Stick on the dick but don't throw up
Break it down, bend you over
Always be, I'm off the THC
I guarantee that bitch nigga won't show up
I'mma make the bitch box box
Nigga to yo look style, we gon pull up at Snoop' house
Smoke it by the ounce (ounce), a nigga be too high
Man you're star struck, kinda fucked
I'mma go HAM when I'm in it
I throw 100 bands when I'm winnin
What you sayin? It's a limit?
She on my shoulder, getting closer
Now she a changed small

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Yeah, yeah wild
Yeah, yeah wild
Yeah, yeah wild
Yeah, yeah wild