

(We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin)  
Yeah, yeah  
We gon' keep the E in it, Chevies on switches

Say I'd never fall off and I still won't  
Say I don't fuck with suckers and I still don't  
Still stoned  
Stoned on ocean  
Right back

Like Brian De Palma wrote it, notable poet  
Who The Source Magazine never quoted, not once  
But every month another key unloaded, I'm one of the ones  
Had to walk that shit down so my younguns could run  
Wild, strong, they come whatever the fuck they want  
Keep them diamonds on Lucia, she the mother of my son  
Rolls Royces, I got choices, just purchased my third one  
Laid my jewelry on the mantle, lit a dozen candles  
Little champagne as I observe my security cameras  
Scanning, peeping 'cause niggas get scandalous  
Especially when they think you sleeping  
It's not candy rain, out them street sweepers  
Can't panic in this time, mishandling, reaching for fire  
What's happening niggas outside? (What's happening?)  
Element of surprise, ain't no chance to compromise  
Rookies disrespecting the game and coloring all outside the lines  
I ain't scared of change, I forever stack my dollars high  
Nigga

Still stoned, still on  
Said I'd never fall off and I still won't, nigga  
Still stoned, still on  
Said I don't fuck with suckers back then and I still don't  
Still stoned  
Stoned on ocean

Like Brian De Palme wrote it  
Notable poet who The Source never once quoted

Smoking weed in it, girl don't post me in your pictures  
If you can keep a secret we can always kick it  
I said keep the E in it, Chevies on switches  
And we smoking weed in it, don't post me in your pictures  
If you can keep a secret we can always kick it  
Rule number one, don't talk about me round your nigga  
That shit dead had him suspicious  
We hitting switches on Chevs, highway dealing  
Yeah  
Loose lips sink ships, my shit ain't sinking  
Yeah yeah  
Three cubes of ice

Still stoned