

Uh the club lite turn to sunrise  
You know I still ain't done right  
Skip my place and take you to yo crib  
I'm trynna roll a mega joint, raid yo fridge  
You got the ps3 you love yo kid  
I'm a play his shit since he not here  
And I still got a fetish for other niggas hoes  
Still keep the tooth brush in my car  
With some basketball shorts and tha charger for my phone  
You never know what will happen, spontaneous action  
In the city of the Mardi Gras parade and gun clappin, quarterba  
cking  
Not the center but I'm snapping bones  
Shorty don't be smoking like that she grown  
Leon phelps, hugh hef rider flow  
Boogie nights at the roxbury, Which way should we go huh?

6 in the morn'  
But I don't wanna go home  
So I'm driving from the club alone  
Hoping one of these hoes answer they phones  
(Got these bitches slippin' of they wedding rings)  
(It's the planes and the gang)

Yeah, 6 am chicks we slay them  
Knowing favorite songs picks we play them  
I ain't on some some big ol' star ship, but tell you I sure aff  
ord it  
My lifestyle, all the visuals are gorgeous  
Spend nights out couple bitches at the fortress  
Got all these lil hoes addicted, cause if it ain't broke then i  
t's rich bitch  
I'm ridin' in my ride getting lifted  
Thinkin' which chick I'm a bruce lee kick with  
I roll another joint to start my mission  
And hella watch her watch my prevision  
Need a nigga that don't care what it cost him  
Say you scarred of heights but admit the view is awesome  
And the weathers great, roll another plane, celebrate  
And I'm in the sky so she ask me how I'm fly