

Drugs for you ears
You've been alive, just wasn't aware
But now you have to get down
And we're so happy to have you, have to get down

I wrote a million dollar verse on a napkin
While awaiting my baked Alaska
Couple shots before and after the meal
But not too much liquor to handle
Swear I got this audio dope mastered by engineers
Professors who receive masters, it's degrees
Certain things you must achieve 'fore you ask it be allowed
All inside store the pow-wow
So include it in the private cloud cause this game sorta got my
spirits down
I need my baddest bitch and my realest niggas and a couple pounds
Years later, Pilot Talk III finally being wrote now
So tell them culture vultures where to stick it
Tell them stuffed suits to up them digits
We drug dealing, musical terrorism
Underground faction existing
So you don't have to accept that bullshit they giving you to listen

A G is what I am, a jet is who I be
You know what I smoke anywhere I go
All access, never it locked though
Spitta got the key to the globe, well travelled
I done lost more passports than you done took trips lil daddy
Let's congratulate less on the purchase of his Caddy
Strolling in the booth with a freshly lit fatty
Now raw packages so I had to zig-zag it
Like I did back when, ain't nothin' changed but the addresses
New crib but I kept my old door mat
Remind yourself where you came from, you could go back
You've been told that, buss em, know that
Cause they've been show that
Learn the hallway, dead in the hallway
Or cuffed and stuck sitting in the back of them cars mayne
When you could have been a star mayne, shit raw mayne
I want you to have it all, big crib, big car
Have your cake and eat it, every motherfuckin' piece
With the icing that you like
La-la-da-da-la-la-la-la, like