

Up getting high round 7 am  
And my girl start bitching about my friends  
Because last night niggas was going to fuck in  
I stumbled through the door cloud 9, cloud 10  
Yeah that was round 4, say 3 hours ago  
Now I'm smoking out the crib, picking out clothes  
What I'm most comfortable in, like khaki cargos  
Monte Carlo, When I think of somewhere to go  
I scan barcodes trying to see what it's hittin for  
Slamming my car door too hard, you can't ride with me no more  
I don't need a chain or a whip to get with these hoes  
Word to the homie wacko, they fucking with me natural  
Factual, though your bitches go, hannibal  
Tryna eat a nigga alive, that's what this rap shit do  
Then police is after you, niggas getting mad at you  
Jetlife, from this high I can't see shit that matter to you  
Ah, you trying to be the boy they wonder what had happened to  
I try to be the man I did more and I plan to do  
I did my thing I snatched it before they could handed to  
Earthquake motor the road I'm doing damage too  
The paint of murder, the doors are suicide fool  
You may die, no lie, and this is very true  
I'm online like the dot com  
Constructing these bars like I'm building a prison  
Locked in, though I gotta be out of my mind  
I'm parked, I'm sparked, I'm chillin, you can burn with me  
But them niggas gotta stay outside

Diamond in the back, sunroof  
Counting up a stack in the drive-thru  
Bass slapping, what the G's ride to  
Wonder what this is, high tunes  
Diamond in the back, sunroof  
Counting up a stack, when I ride through  
I gotta fifty sack in my shoe  
You know what this is  
Diamond in the back, sunroof  
Counting up a stack in the drive-thru  
Bass slapping, what the G's ride to  
Wonder what this is,  
Wonder what this is, High Tunes fool