

Door get to sinking like quicksand
Trying to fit like 300 bitches in
Man I get my weed from my white friends
And I get my chopper from my black friends
Pistol make a bitch nigga breakdance
We can't communicate don't shake hands
Ima do a chopper and I bless them
Bow bow bow

Travelling without moving
Staying groovy
Rolled a few before the homie came to scoop me
Youngster you not alone the struggle is all of ours truly
They seem not to recognize until we behave unruly
Let loose their hostility oh now you feeling me?
100 lowriders in a line that's a lowrider centipede
Supercede and preconceived expectations of me
Super stoned but you know I get straight to the cheese
Smoking the most potent my mind sharp and focused well spoken
Shorty bought me everything I wanted plus woke up and made me a gold star breakfast this morning
She trying to earn the position while my concern is for tenuous failures

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Pulled up in the drop top she dropped in
Trying to come home but I don't want no zombies in my bed
Ganja to my head accurate like Infrared
In the Acura NS-X you know who getting bread
Baking loaves taking hoes
She was intoxicated touching the stars in my Rolls
Now she fucking a star in a Rolls
The driver is also my homey he's standing outside strapped till I'm done with her body
We backsliding trapped in the game I swear that this bitch got me sinking man
Trapped in the game I swear this bitch got me sinking man

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