

Flight To Mexico

Dizzy Wright

(When I get high) Every day I get high
Sorry I can't hear you baby 'cause I'm up in Cloud 9
(Takin' a flight) Take a flight to Mexico
I ain't worried 'bout you hoe, I'ma go relax and smoke
(Feelin' alright) Get my mind right
Sippin' on a dirty sprite
Chillin' in the sunlight
(Takin' our time) Takin' our time
The Stoner Circle, Renizance and Dizzy Wright

Yeah
Time to kick back, let it go
Might take a flight to Mexico
We don't know when we'll next go
Gotta live our lives as a blessing though
Blowin' big with my stoner brothers
Different strains, we got the cupboard
Thirteen, I began to love her
'99: what a crazy Summer
She wasn't [?] as she is nowadays
I remember them sticks and C's, I'm glad that shit faded away
So 'cheers' to that
Pass me a blunt of that gas
We got enough, it'll last
Time to blow big and relax
Bring all the weed and the stash
We gon' push this to the max

I just love it when I'm chillin', high
Not a single worry or a problem in my mind
Me and the Stoners just tryna (blaze)
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And I'm awfully faded
Better than the homies that's incarcerated
Niggas go broke with these cost occasions
Flight to Mexico when they toss the cases
Way too hot to get off vacation
I'm off the swine, I'm on the wine
You fuck the faking, fuck the bacon, fuck the fine
Half the time I'm on the lake and writing rhymes
I know I gotta do what I gotta do man
One time for the real weed heads
Can't fall off, that's a [?]
Every time she comes around I get my meat wet
I loved you but I love you even more now
Smokin' on a loud, tryin' get my feet wet

Life's good man, I can't complain
I whip the drip and break the chains, that's a reflex
Crack the shells, get off the bed
Now off the meds, I'm off the edge
I'm puffin' big, like Puffy said:
I'm out my mind, I like the wood
My life is good, I hold it in
My problems there, yeah
It's all good to the name
I just let it bang bang bang
Thank god the weed still stank
I'm still the same, never change

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See I've been in my zone
I've been smoking all alone
Tryin' to get my mind off everything that I got going on
Helps me not give a fuck 'bout anything that's been going wrong
Roll it up and light it up and get blown
Ay, spoken merple
Shit, my bad I mean "smoking purple"
I don't fuck with men, you got a lonely circle
Shit, it's all forgiven, throw the muse up, shout out to Stoners Circle
Get higher than a jungee bumper
Shit, my bad I meant "bungee jumper"
I wake up and get my mind together
Then I focus on getting a bunny mundle
Damn, my bad I meant "money bundle"
I'm fucking up, steady stumbling up my words
I prolly need to put the blunt away
I done fucked up my verse
I wanna fuck it up worse
Shit, fuck you man
Smoke it up and the pound we blow
Shout out Freddy with the Texas blunt
Homie passed it around, and around we go

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Yeah, uh, yeah, ay
I'm rollin' up, I can't roll enough
On my dick, she can't get enough
I'm a stoner, she can fall in love
Yeah, this little bitch think I'm enough
It's been on my grind, now I'm [?]
Payed my dues, now I'm smoking up

Designers most hatin' my looks
'Cause it's straight Medusas inside my blunt
It's highly medicated, man you know what's up
Anybody talking? Better zip it up
And I ain't just a stoner, bitch I run it up
And I promise ya'll, I ain't acting tough
Yeah, fuckin' with me is a fuckin' mistake
Can't [?], got my eyes on your plate
Bitch, I'm a stoner, got munchies for days
I'ma get mines then I'm out of the way
Ay, then I'm out of the way
And all of these motherfuckers that be talking
Just know I can't hear none of the words that you say