

Back to purpin for the bong rips
Still floating, never landed from my last trip
Yes, I bought, taking brain stimulation: inhale
And exhalation on a fuzzy herb tree
THC levels got me lifted like a levee
Walking in a cloud defying laws of gravity
On the left side, moms hit me with the 3rd eye
Psychadelic shit, have you seeing colors in tie-dye
No Woodstock, no one was acid trippin
Straight head highs, what white widow be hitting
On some Goku shit, cruising on a flying nimbus
My mind is sight-seeing, wish I could see my vision
Under the influence, it's the shit I be creating
Scheming sour, do or die, it got a nigga faded
When it comes to quality, of course I'm feeling glorious
Only smoke high grade, call us valedictorians

Gonna set the night on fire

Hooty-hoo little mommy
Tryna roll this sticky up with you little mama
Got a zippy in my Bape bag
You brought your own shit, you say "match"
I love that kind of shit, you get a day pass
I got a show so we could smoke and I'mma skate fast
100 miles per hour lifestyle: no brake pads
Can you say "swag"? Camouflage everything
I swear I had to live my former life in the 70s
This is audio smoke, you are inhaling it
So fucking cool, I'm just living my legacy
As night falls with my Ray Bans on
You too high-headed homes, and you can't go on
Never teppin only stop to rest my head on the wall
We out in New York, but it's still Cali I'm on
I'mma talk pot every fucking verse I get on
I'm a pothead, fuck you, this is my song..