

All in favor of giving ripped and gone  
And you're gonna have to call someone to drive you home  
Say I I I I I I I  
All in favor of getting super high  
You might start to feel like a bird that can fly  
Say I I I I I I I

Brought me in and watch me go, bad on a hoe ass nigga  
Don't give me no more I'm on my second fifth of liquor  
Once I'm power up it's hard for me to power down  
I fuck a nigga up, and put tears on em like a clown  
I went from rags to riches, riches to rags,  
Top convertibles, Benzs and Jags  
Smoking me herbal, sipping me wine,  
Or should I say turbo 'cause it's green and it's lime  
Ever since he was infant he was raised around pimps  
When he took his first step, he walked with a limp  
Man this nigga hard headed damn fool  
His teacher sucked his dick in high school  
Supercalifragilistic ex be ala hooligan  
Breakin down the diesel mixing cookies with the headband  
Went to jail on a Friday, didn't get out till Tuesday  
Got a DUI for drinking too much lou, bitch

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I. Got a DUI, why? I didn't even have to drive  
Now, I'm in jail for a crime, made bail and I paid the fine  
My lawyer charged me high ass prices,  
DNV, bout to take my license  
Insurance, is going up, and when I go to court I know I'm fucked  
All this shit, just for drinking  
Need a designated driver, I'm to drunk for thinking  
Two hands on the steering wheel  
Don't let a friend drink and drive if you being real  
Might crash the whip, might lose your life  
If I get too high tonight just make sure  
I making home safe and you do the same  
Now let's get fucked up and lose it man, bitch

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Roll the paper so loud I wake up the neighbors  
The boss I don't need no favor  
You pussy so fuck a hater bitch  
Now that my cake up, my crib got an elevator,  
My new shoes is alligator

And ever meal got a waiter with it  
And I'm all about pour drank up  
While I'm rolling the stank up  
Sweat my wife out her make up,  
Blow a pound when I wake up,  
See the cars they don't wanna race us  
I do it big niggas do it A Cup  
Walk up in the club then gonna bring some champagne  
I'm a blow a lot of drugs, I put money on it,  
Spendin all this bank let a fuck nigga hate  
Real nigga show love sound funny don't it  
All this money think I lucked up,  
All this Gin got me fucked up  
Man I live life the taylor way  
Drinking Bombay and lemonade, rolling up some paper planes.

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