

Designer Drugs

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Drugs, drugs...

I put a mil in the attic
I fell in love with the drugs, I think I'm a addict
Percocet, molly, and Xanax
I feel like I land on the planet
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I put a mil in the attic
I fell in love with the drugs, I think I'm a addict
Percocet, molly, and Xanax
I feel like I land on the planet
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs

I put a four in a liter
I used to trap out a Regal
My mom used to trap off a beeper
I look at the molly and eat them
I am all out of narcotics
All of my bitches exotic
You niggas drinking on Watson
I keep the chopper for plotting
I keep the white like cotton
Look at your pot, it's rotten
We're never going in a drought
Junkies coming in and out
I used to run in your house
Wrapping up you and your spouse
I used to be sleep on the couch
And now I cash out, no amount
I pop a Perc and then I'm out
I spent two million on a house
Run the money up like a route
Sober niggas out of style
Cobra niggas get the power
Fifty thousand for the style
I'm in the Coupe with no miles
Balling like Darius Miles
If you own the drug I'm on, you need to pull up right now
I pop it off, feel like a ghost
My niggas doing the most
I'm never gon' set up my folks
I got more sand than the coast

I put a mil in the attic
I fell in love with the drugs, I think I'm a addict
Percocet, molly, and Xanax
I feel like I land on the planet
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I put a mil in the attic
I fell in love with the drugs, I think I'm a addict
Percocet, molly, and Xanax
I feel like I land on the planet
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs

Slipping, crippling, drinking blood
Short bus shawty on the school bus
I think I'm on everything but the dust
Itching like a junkie when I'm on Tuss
I pop a Perc and the Vicodin
Grab me a Fanta, I'm spiking it
Dab in Designer, they biting it
I hit the mall and the pharmacist
These broke niggas drinking on Qualitest
I take off on drinking on Actavis
Hope they free my nigga 'Set in the set
Fly like a plane with a Louis baggage
Curling Backwoods, step into the maximum
Plug on Designer drugs and I'm taxing them
Step on a brick in Givenchy
Moving slow, drinking breast cancer
I pop a test, jump in a tesla
Put down a brick, served a pedestrian
So many bricks, they think I'm a Mexican
Put on my reading glasses with finesse
Hold on the white, she gave me Becky
Pop the pussy like a Smith and Wesson
Fucked that little bitch at the Westin
I'm on a 'shroom, extraterrestrial

I put a mil in the attic
I fell in love with the drugs, I think I'm a addict
Percocet, molly, and Xanax
I feel like I land on the planet
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I put a mil in the attic
I fell in love with the drugs, I think I'm a addict
Percocet, molly, and Xanax
I feel like I land on the planet
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs
I'm on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs, on Designer drugs