

Cup

Juicy J

Shout out to California, that's what I'm smoking on
Pittsburgh in this bitch, Memphis...
We got one rolled up - bout to go to the crib
And change clothes, for like the 3rd time today
Trippy niggas

Throwed everything slow, Taylors and some hoes
VIP smoking dope, blowing on some O's
Straight gin, no chaser, and I popped a roll
Puttin' Happy Birthday up a white chick nose
They like when you brought a zone when you finna go
My paper's so long and bitch I'm finna blow
Big wads in my hands at all times
Bombay Gin dance and hoes is all mine
Please don't lose your mind 'cause I'm Juicy J
Throw, and I get a 9, tint all in my cars
Hoes acting hard
Blowing smoke on a broad call my boys like all aboard
Turn up on a drank, smokin' on some stank
I'm with your bitch now I'm diggin' in the paint
Ice game chilly ain't no nigga fuckin' with me
Get high till it kill me, smoke, sip, pop pill

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Uh, going all out puttin' all my bank in
Get a raw paper put a lil' dank in
Don't got time for no motherfuckin' fake friends
Real Taylors smoke good weed and drink gin
Now it's hard to name a country that I ain't been
Party all night, party till the day end
Do a show, get some racks, spend it all, get it back
I don't really give a fuck nigga
They bringing Dom P soon as I hit the club nigga
If you ain't 'bout them peace signs I don't fuck withcha
Nigga, If I talk it, I live it
What you make a year I go to Chanel and spend it
Hand me that Bombay, I'll show you what to do with some gin
Everytime I blow a mil' I bring two of them in
I already changed the game once, I'm 'bout to do it again
Left in a Rolls, just came through in a Benz

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Couple pulls got me feelin' like a cartoon
I'm spaceship high, pass that Warren Moon
She turned up, saying that she rolling up that green Hulk
That bitch only come around when the weed spark
Home smokin' on some shit you ain't never had

Say it like you from the Bay, baby girl you hella bad
I'm doped up, hardtop off the old school
Gas station 7 digits off the low fuel
Big bank take lil' bank, nigga cash
She wanna beef Ocho you don't get a pass
G shit huh 4800 though
Cali street weed I don't do the medical
Ballin' like a nigga playing 4 quarters
My old head, Blazer, call him Terry Porter
T-G-O-D by a landslide
Blue chucks, black skully on the left side