

Highway 5 Chronicles

Larry June

Tryna get this motherfuckin' bag, man
You niggas don't even know the half of this shit, for real
(Ayy, ayy, ayy)

I done took a lot of L's, I don't lost good hoes
I done fucked up off the trap on four's
But I've never been a ho, never been a ho
Never been a ho, never been a ho, never been a ho
Went broke, bounced back, bought matchin' Beemers
Sellin' Cristina, I feel like I'm dreamin'
But I've never been a ho, never been a ho
Never been a ho, never been a ho, never been a ho

On my way to Santa Rosa, I'm stressin' off bad (Stressin' off bad)
White bitch in my passenger, forkin' the cash
Only thing on my mind was I gotta make it out
Shit wasn't really for me, I started writin' raps
'Bout the shit that I'm dealin' with on daily basis
Hotel to hotel, rentals to Vegas
How I fucked up the trap, then Pleasant Hills saved me
Eight hundid a day for two weeks, went crazy
This around the time when I copped the 650 (Copped the 650)
Trunk full of Red Bottoms, pocket full of twenty's
I had a square bitch that I loved for real (Loved for real)
But the game, I couldn't give it up for real (I couldn't give it up)
Got addicted to the bitches, money, and calls (Money and calls)
I never did a scam, paid cash for all (Paid cash for all)
I'm him, and everythin' I say is legit (Check)
Movin', groovin', keepin' it lit
What's hannin'?

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Woke up in the mornin', and made me some tea (Made me some tea)
Bought the bitch a Roley for no damn reason (No damn reason)
Mackin' (Mackin'), it's levels to this shit (Shit)
You can't just take, gotta elevate the bitch (Numbers)
My bitch rock Chanel and the latest Dior (Dior)
[?] fieldtrips, we could hit for sure (Hit for sure)
We used to hit Benihana's for times in a week (Week)
Five-thousand dollars in my True Religion jeans (Jeans)
Beastin' (Mobbin'), I had a spot at the Meridian (Meridian)
Punk bitch keyed my car, I was trippin'
Well, fuck it (Fuck it), I went and made that claim (Made that claim)
I came up and repainted the whole thang
Then, I bought some shoes (Bought some shoes), then hit the blade (Hit the blade)
I parked my shit outside of Mason café (Mason café)
I'm havin' some thoughts (Havin' some thoughts)
I'm thinkin' 'bout the game (Thinkin' 'bout the game)

And how shit prolly ain't gon' ever be the same

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Man, and bitch, I can't make this shit up, fuck you mean?
You know I'm sayin'? Every real nigga gon' feel this, off top
And shout out to them real bitches too, straight up, numbers
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, good job
Cardo, what's hannin'?
Cruise USA
Straight to that bag