Glad I found a lighter for a cigarette
Lights down low, I see her silhouette
Popped one, told me she don't feel it yet
How damn high are you tryna get?
Popped one, told me she don't feel it yet
Slow down, yeah, yeah

Yves Saint Laurent and Chanel
Feeling on my fabric it was silk
Champagne on your shirt, you had a spill
Second time trying shrooms
What you really trying to do?
Got about enough for two
And a suite at the W

All I really think of is you All my night dreams are blue Don't know how I got with you

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She said, "You don't really know my pain, for real"
Had to trade designer for the bills
When being pretty is your only skill
You don't give a fuck how other niggas feel
Dancing on my body, copping feels
Magic trick, my cup is always filled
Model face on her blue steele
Always on the run chasing males

Glad I found a lighter for a cigarette
Lights down low, I see her silhouette
Popped one, told me she don't feel it yet
How damn high are you tryna get?
Popped one, told me she don't feel it yet
Slow down, yeah, yeah