

Getaway

Lil Debbie

Alright

Now let's get away
Get away, get away, get away
Don't you wanna get away
Gotta be a better way
Tryna see a better day
So I be smokin' every day
I wish it would rain today
Someone take this pain away
I'ma probably smoke this tree
So I don't blow a brain away
Damn this OG got my mind gone
Where the fuck has the time gone?
Money close and taking over all I get my grind on
So I'm deaf, dumb and I'm blind
Haters tryna dim my shine
I sit back, yeah, I recline, release this bullshit in my mind
Okay it's Friday, what the fuck is you gonna do but get high, Craig?
This hybrid got me so gone, my brains spinnin', my eyes red
I'm faded, faded, so as I drift away
Me taking off, it's my motherfucking getaway

Debbie got that wizzurp
De-Debbie got that work, OG and that pizzurp
P-p-pizzurp
Debbie got that wizzurp
De-Debbie got that work, OG and that pizzurp
That pizzurp
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I'm rolling up OG kush only
No mid grade homie smoke that by your lonely
Boy swear they got that fire but that shit baloney
Damn that satellite the truth, I wonder how many elbows they loan me
Send it straight up to Seattle where they blowin' major
From smoking chrome to smoking on bubblegum kush
High as an antenna, give a fuck how the picture looks
Dab me up then dab me up with OG wax
Shout out to the max, trippy sticks, G-P in packs
Back with back like school lunch, my kush taste like Cap'n Crunch
Have you ever smoked a satellite slugger, let me roll one up at once
That's a mega cone with 14 grams of satellite
Better use that Santa Cruz shredder, crust that kush up right
Hard days behind better days ahead, I know that's right
I'm bout to get away and smoke at least a pound of loud tonight

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I think I'ma lose control, so I got me some tree to roll
When this fire got a telephram, soon as you inhale it in
I got this shit from Northern California, smothy aroma
Nah she ain't dead she just in a kush coma
So put it in the fucking air, I'm hopin' that it gets me there
Cause this that kill kill, kickback keep your fucking lip seal
Dreams turn to vision that's the moment you know shit's real
That gray day like may day, Bombay no play play
This bitch pay to no mid grade
Been chieffin' since like 6th grade
Let's blow, first hit takes to another motherfucking planet so let's go
And my problems come around, but they never stay
I roll another one and that's my fucking getaway

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