

## Cookies & OG

Mann

The west side rap back in effect  
Probably catch me at your local bank cashing a check  
And my girl probably the baddest thing that you never met  
And you know exactly what we do right after the sex  
Catch our breath, hold up, roll over, roll up  
Then we do it over and over and over  
See my little ride to my little soldier  
See fuck with the youngest whackers, I'm from California  
So she know what's up, steady floating up  
They gonna notice us 'cause we dope as fuck  
Waiting till headliners open up, till then I'm roasted up  
Smoking the most potent blunt with the homies  
And my main thing, under my arm, she ain't the only one

Just a young nigga having fun  
Never leave the house without grabbing one  
Condom and a loud pack, got that bomb  
Girl, we got them cookies, come and get you some

Wake up and I'm running, wait up  
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Cookies and OG  
I caught that bitch and she smoke weed  
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I hit the weed, yo my beef, forever high

Smoking that good, smoking that loud, smoking that bomb shit  
Man, I'm rolling rasta Bob Marley, bad man splif  
Getting to the dollar sign like who I'm on this song with  
Get money like my palms 'cause my girl just took a bong with  
When she get high that means she really ready  
I get to playing with that ass like it was silly putty  
Always keeping it 100, never change for anybody  
I'mma be the man, whether poor paid or get plenty money  
Be the same nigga, not the swished up, but the program  
She worked the dispensary, I told her to slide me more grams  
And she did it, now we lifted, after she twisted  
And I'mma repeat this part in case that the first time you missed it

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I hit the weed so that I'm forever high  
She give me brain while we riding in the car  
She said a plane couldn't take her out to Mars  
I put a molly on her tongue and now she's ours  
She on the west side, west side  
West side  
A nigga like me, west side, west side  
West side

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