

Chasing a Cloud

Pardyalone

Sometimes my mind run, but I can't control that
When I was alone, they fuck with no one
Now these hoes mad
Try talk on my phone, I need to read up
Now these hoes mad
Try fuck how I know, I don't say that
Sometimes my mind run
I just might pop out these burgers and get away from my problem
s
But I really wanna get it comin', so I gotta start 'em
But I'm back to life, cookin' like a nigga science
I just bought two pills for the plug, so I gotta try 'em
All my dick get off the dial tone
It's too much mud, I need one more Styrofoam
I've been searching for a fuck got me buzzed
And I've been searching for the high keep me stoned

Watch how I drop all the pills in a bottle
She told me once I never could fuck her
So I escape her, her bag isn't a Birkin one
Oh, you just mad or fucking a moaner?
I don't want no love from a thottie
I just want more guap and more money
So I hit the drop, a duce up in the champagne
I just want more weed up in the grain train

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