

# Chitty Bang

Prof

A chitty chitty bang bang  
Got my high coming in with the tide  
Feeling like a brute, true one of a kind  
Oh my, I'm high  
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Backwoods got me feeling top billing  
In the back of a barbecue arguing with children  
Drop top grand-am  
Walk off grand slam  
Jean Claude Van Damme

Chew bubble gum, talk and dance  
Calm down. Man, don't make me call 'bam bam'  
Man you a tall ass man  
Where'd you get the pants  
Do a dance, let me see your hands

Do a dance, 'Shad McCants, Ima do my dougy  
Smoke a plant, Peter pan, when I'm feeling muddy  
In a jam, well that can be typical  
I ain't going to lie ya, lately court has been difficult

Simmer down cowboy, just enjoy the ride  
Relax and wait for the tide  
So hit me if you need a chauffeur to rent  
I'll give 'em eye contact  
Show 'em how sober I am

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Me oh my, the old guy, he's so high  
I think he eating on a frito pie  
How many sweets? About 3 4 5. Can't count  
Dracula teeth in his mouth but no doubt

The dudes got klout, runs a different route  
Always in and out, nah... he ain't sniffing powder  
He just naturally crazy, pass the sweets daily  
Back and forth, rebound, crash the boards

Run the wood, put it in the hole  
Assist to another nigga, as he give it a go  
Pick up your ho, she's on the corner of Broadway  
Refused to lick my nuts, say they was salty

But I just got through hooping man

She went down on me, shit, who's to blame  
Chitty chitty bang bang  
I had to pass, she had no ass, titties plain Jane

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Yeah, different strain of cannabis I burn on leisure  
Stuff a cone and get higher than a perm on Jesus  
She smoking her favorite strain  
This shit turn on skeezers  
I get topped off and dipped  
I'm like bitch I don't need ya, pysch

You know I love you when I'm ripped of reefer  
My niggas be hitting trees like a pissed off Keebler, get it?  
My grandmomma flushed a zip down the toilet  
You don't smoke inside of her house  
We on different accordance

It's 420 these bitches out here feeling euphoric  
Give me the roses while I'm breathing take a trip to the florist  
Legalize it in the A. You know that shit is historic  
I'm at a loss for words like a hidden thesaurus

We all be going through it, pray that niggas will flourish  
You can catch me in the cut just like a bitches clitoris  
Roll it up, light it. Then we lift off in orbit  
With Prof and my nigga Devin someone kicking the chorus

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