

Retrosuperfuture

Rick Ross

The minute I wake up I gotta get high
The homies we found us a way to get by
Lets call us some bitches and have a good time
A lot of bottles of Vodka as we forget time
Lets clean up the Chevy so we can ride by
Quick piece of pussy call it a drive by
I'ma slide by sippin on that high life
and my slippers jack triple where my five light
as a all-star I made so many highlights
touchdown field goal this my night
she the wild type ready for the wild night
are you the buy type, hangin at the bar type
I hope you are 'cause that mean a player all right
smokin like a Taylor so the paper is all white
tryna to land a plane baby are you really gain
back to the future me and Wiz got this thing sayin'

I stay high while ya'll stay low
tryna tell me 'bout the smell I know
but I stay red form all that smoke
the weeds with me everywhere I go
and ya'll can roll, woah woah woah woah woah woah oh oh oh
and ya'll can roll, woah woah woah woah woah woah oh oh oh
and ya'll can roll,

I got yo girl diggin all in my ash tray
dickin her down for the few past days
she asked the name of my sneakers, are they designer?
shawty green as the reefer even the grinder
fuckin like its a porn in my recliner
lookin straight in the eyes, they show vagina
shes a lair but damn she does it well
we on fire imagine what it'll sell
all my homies are people that I admire
small click of real niggas smokin that fire
holdin' my dick until the day that I expire
we and Wiz in the benz gettin' higher

I'm in the right pair of Nike Airs
from gravel to marble I travel light years
I'm like chyea I'ma chill right chea
like the Mack 11 on me nigga no fear
skateboard aboard to PanAmerica
I make more abroad than in America
waitin' for the day Bob rose from the dead
in HD as I take an ounce to the head