

Route 21

Stalley

Step into my Chevy, my head all heavy
Trying to make it home in one piece
Searching for my car keys, spilling liquor on my Barkleys
I'm mad cause I just got 'em all whites with the swish bottoms
You know those, the ones from the Instagram photos
I ain't trippin' though, since I started rapping
I ain't miss 'em though, I just buy a new pair
It's funny what we think about, we're drunk and try and see clear
Vision all blurry, they just wishing I'd worry
About all the wrong things, it was simple back
When all I cared 'bout was keeping my car clean, and my tank filled up
So I can ride, no destination in mind
Just a clear highway, and I cleared my way
Lane to lane switching, keep these lames and dames at distance
8 cylinder pistons, it's money talking, listen
And it's telling me go get it, and I've been on my way
I've just been bent all day, not a sober thought I'm baked
And tipsy off this grey
This game got me feeling crazy
As I blast this imaginary player by Jay... Z