

Didn't They Give You Percocet?

\$uicideboy\$

Players never die (get the money, get the money, get the money, gettin' high)
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You did good \$lick (get the money, get the money, get the money, gettin' high)
It's a SMASH! (get the money, get the money, get the money, gettin' high)
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Sleepwalking through the game
Crushing 30s, early birdies, I don't fuck with pain
Forever pimpin' mane, make a bimbo pussy rain
Ten benzos, twenty-inch spokes swang
Blue DeVille match the pills that I'm popping on today
What a way, I make dying look great
Fashion statement, for my latest flooded out the drake
Suckers hate, change up like a pitch
\$uicide was the goal, but I'll end up dying rich
Smoking up on that indo, dope in the tinfoil help to ease my brain
Fucking up on like ten hoes, all my chicken heads free range
Cup to the blunt, Wet do what he want, it ain't a motherfucking thang
Blowing hay for the Grey, only way I know is mane

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Hit the streets in my 'Lac, just a young New Orleans mac
Smoking Vega's back to back, now I don't know how to act
Mask on, now I'm comfortable, Blanco so ungovernable
Doin' what the fuck I want, I don't want to do what you say I should
Court ordered shrink, court ordered treatment
All because I slipped up and drove my car up in the deep end
Relapse in Seattle, but I reupped in H-Town
The shorty I used to fuck would slide me Percs whenever I came down
I gave her dope dick until my dick gave up and laid down
I dipped when she was sleepin', I stole her purse, that's how that shit played out
Yeah, light up a blunt, I'm 'bout to smoke one
And I ain't passin' it to no one

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