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I'm tired of talkin' 'bout it, let's do it
Girl I'm missin' you like bitches miss my music
And I swear I can't wait to drop yah, hit your body with that yoppa
Hit your body with that yoppa then get high
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
My niggas, my niggas, hit my man, he got that purp
My niggas, this dry ass blunt, we gon' make that work
My niggas, who got that fire, who got that fire?
My niggas, stop playin' nigga, pass that lighter
My niggas, he got hundreds, we got hundreds
My niggas, half a B, we got money
My niggas, 2 Live Crew, shawty get it, get it
Too high crew, shawty hit it, hit it
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, and I get high with my niggas
Burnt up, burn up, burn up
Turnt up, turn up, turn up
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl and I get high with my niggas
My niggas, they on that lean, they on that lean
My niggas, bitch better not put that in my green
My niggas, let it blow
Stop cuffin', let it go
My niggas, he got hundreds, we got hundreds
My niggas, Masta P, we got money
My niggas, Two Live Crew, shawty get it, get it
Too high crew, hit it, hit it
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl, and I get high with my niggas
Burnt up, burn up, burn up
Turnt up, turn up, turn up
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas
I make love to my girl and I get high with my niggas
Sky high with Ty Ty, G feezys with Jay Breezy
Castro to Cabo with OG, then I'm back home to my Bey-Bey
Police escorts at the All Star, and the Super Bowl, I don't need a horn
Horn - beep beep, I'm too on
My niggas don't do traffic
How ironic, all we used to do is traffic
Then it was drop me off at my girl's house
At one o'clock, pick me back up
You know she gon' try to train a nigga, before I step up in the club
Would've drove my own V
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She be tryna take a nigga's keys

She know them hoes be on a nigga
She ain't even tryin' let nigga leave
You just wanna be around them nasty bitches, she said
Fuck them hoes, I'm just stuntin' with my niggas, he said

I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas I make love to my girl, and I get high with my niggas Burnt up, burn up, burn up
Turnt up, turn up, turn up
I make love to my girl, then I get high with my niggas I make love to my girl and I get high with my niggas

I make love to my girl Then I get high with my niggas I make love to my girl Then I get high with my niggas I love her, that's no doubt Hit that, then smoke out High with my niggas I'm on her and she on me Then we OD like OGs I get high with my niggas And she hold me, cause she down for it And this shit got me paranoid High with my niggas My girl and that white girl And she really on that white girl She really on that white girl High with my niggas