I am one with the moon, the 54th platoon Red beam coming soon, straight outta the blue lagoon Only seat that blows in the winter, the placenta The ganja, the marijuana, gives me lifted like the steam, the s teaming saunas So I ponder, mickie dees or benihanas The other day I've seen my mama, dipping in mi ganja I said what are you doing? She blamed Obama Presidential Rolexes, presidential sweets all night swisher It's kinda like a picture with no paint, blank Like the mind of a dead man And bitches are sweating me like Allen Iverson's headband Drip after drip, I dropped the phantoms hot, not Mariah But I carry fire, my cannon is hot As a California summer on no ac on a Hummer This is game, spitting flames with Andre 3000 numbers

Love birds, love birds me and my rose phantom are
Love birds, love birds, me and my marijuana are
Love birds, love birds, me and the palm trees are love birds
Love birds, love birds, me and the Cadillac are
Love birds, love birds, me and the ATL are
Love birds, love birds, me and my microphone are love birds

I introduce the ATLiens to your smelling it Chronic bushes that are larger than African elephants Relevant is my kush yours is not So stop pretending it's from a Californian spot I am so high, it would take Dwight Howard to snatch me out of the sky

I am flying and your career dying

I should get my best khaki suit out of the closet and put the i ron to it

Reminiscing back when I didn't have no khaki suit to cruise on Levi's and Patrick Ewing's

Kept it moving, now I ball like Patrick Ewing
Junior, ask Dre before he met me I was sicker than a tumor
And I had a Glock that threw Bullets like boomer
Had niggas running faster they're running backs
On an Oklahoma Sooners, no sooner I said it
I was sweated by my baby mama, the first one, drama

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