

# Class On Sunday

Tiara Thomas

If anybody asks, yeah we got class  
We dressed up to party like trash  
Then we hit the spot with the overnight bag  
We woke up act like nothing ever happened

Because we got smoked up  
Homies on the floor get doped up  
I'm in the back gettin' choked up  
And everybody got thrown up

If anybody asks, yeah we got bags  
Cops came runnin', they drivin' up fast  
Lights go shining, in my back dash  
Never pull over, cause we don't know what happened

Because we got smoked up  
We in the car gettin' doped up  
In the back seat gettin' choked up  
And everybody got thrown up

Yeah, I met this girl the other day  
She said, "Hi my name is Grace  
I love your music, I love your face  
And I normally don't say this  
But if I could take you home  
Bet I'd switch teams up like Peyton  
But please don't take this wrong  
Cause I promise I'm not gay and  
I just been known to play with  
Some girls back from the states and  
Some girls I went to school with  
Some girls back from the way  
Said, "Hey girl, hey, whatchu say?  
I don't give a fuck if you're gay or straight"  
Bi or high, don't blow my  
I wish you would, birthday cake  
And I'm always baked, I don't mind  
I get wasted, y'all waste time  
Put that Mary all in that barrel  
Then smokin' all on that nine  
Smoke all in my eyes, smoke all in my face  
Blowin' all of that white boy, and I ain't talkin' race  
No I ain't talkin' runnin', presidential debate  
Yeah we got class, like on MLK day

Kush clouds, I'm on nine of them  
Just ponderin' like, should I let my conscious in  
Go put your feet up on the ottoman  
Arsonist I burn all of this, I wish I didn't give your heart a kiss  
You call my phone, I call it quits

Man I'm gettin' stoned, Rosetta  
Why don't you leave me alone, need a Michael Jackson leather  
Cut from a different texture  
Fuck with all your questions  
Damn a nigga faded, I just ran the intersection  
I was rushing to that, uh

Rushing to that you know  
Yeah she talkin' freaky when I put it in her culo  
Ooh, don't put no ashes in my shit  
She was on my mind, now she on my dick  
Fuck all night, then she roll that shit  
She ain't even know I was cold like this  
Call a nigga dope when she on that shit  
Got mind-fucked now I own that bitch  
Heard TT now she love that shit  
Might go down cause I do that shit  
I'm on a few drugs but I'm on my shit  
She ain't really have a real love like this  
So we gettin' high 'til it all make sense

Right here where I'm supposed to be  
And it's too far, hope this'll get you close to me  
Let the windows down, let the smoke out  
We hotbox, she got choked out  
She was precipitatin' my kush cloud