

Irie

Ty Dolla \$ign

I wake up and roll some dank up with my niggas
I got on the phone and caught up with some bitches
I got dressed, I mixed the Tisa with Versace
I smoked a joint and took a b-ar, now I'm irie

I'm irie, I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, yeah, I'm irie
I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie

When I'm in Brooklyn I send runners to bodegas
Don't bring no dutchie back homie, I prefer papers, I prefer papers
And I got love for the Nets but it's still Lakers
I turn my music up, fuck my neighbors
I hit JFK, I'm going back to Cali
I got some OG Kush from San Fernando Valley
My nigga Beezy on the way from Humboldt County
We keep some organic weed, damn it, we from grass valley
I got a bad bitch riding shotgun with the shotgun
Pocket full of money and some condoms
I'mma drop your bitch back off when I'm done
Hope you make your bitch get in the shower
That's your bitch, she my bitch, too
She let the homie hit too
Niggas be cuffin' while their bitches be fuckin'
My nigga, that ain't nothing new
I'm the nigga that your bitch come to
When she wanna cheat on you
I'd probably be tripping, too, but I got more bitches than you

I wake up and roll some dank up with my niggas
I got on the phone and caught up with some bitches
I got dressed, I mixed the Tisa with Versace
I smoked a joint and took a b-ar, now I'm irie

I'm irie, I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, yeah, I'm irie
I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie

It's Taylor Gang, I get so high that it's irrational
When I pull up in first class, it's international
I know some ratchet bitches and they rep the North side
We ain't smoking on that pack unless it's certified
Blowing by the zone, nigga, worth the grown
Smoking on that strong, give me dome while I'm on the phone
Take you to my home where we zip it up and pack it
Roll them joints up big as fuck, they tell me slow my roll
This young boy gonna live it up
Pass the loud, you'd think that I smoke flavors
No bitches in the hood that don't smoke papers
Ain't tryina hear 'bout what you need because I got it
It's on the plane cause I can't leave the crib without it

Claim you smoke more weed than me, I really doubt it
If she wake up and roll a joint that mean she 'bout it

And rest in peace, go to my nigga Ray
Now we call it KK and we smoke it all day
Straight to the face, fuck what the police say

I wake up and roll some dank up with my niggas
I got on the phone and caught up with some bitches
I got dressed, I mixed the Tisa with Versace
I smoked a joint and took a b-ar, now I'm irie

I'm irie, I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, yeah, I'm irie
I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie
I'm irie, I'm irie