

Damn, I'm like  
It's not that I don't want to talk to you, I'm just too high  
Too high to talk to you, for real  
(Sound different)

Looking in my pockets, wondering why it got some knots in it  
I ain't capping, ain't you say you a shooter? Ain't shot nobody  
yet (Cap)  
Big cap, know the life you live a lot of façade in it (Cap)  
Niggas know I stay with juice like my name was Project Pat (Swe  
ar)  
Heard you made it out and lost it like you brought the projects  
back  
Sent my bro some dogfood, turned him to a copycat (Dig?)  
Sent lil' baby a football, stay in the pocket like quarterback  
Sippin' on some Morton Grove, too high to talk, I'll call you b  
ack

The more I be sippin', the more I get fat (What?)  
The more I be whippin', the more I get racks  
The more that she spitting, the harder I get  
She melted my heart with a bottle of Tech  
She rubbed me like I'm a genie in bottle, she pushed it and sho  
wed it a little affection  
Nigga be owing me money and fiending, bitch, you know when I pu  
ll up, it's time to collect (What?)  
Go double codeine, it's time to get lit  
Go dump in the dump, I got Glock on the hip  
I'm not a slave, but got chains in the whip  
Spin the whole block, you gon' pay for this shit  
The chopper get sent to the grave off rip  
Yeah, we takin' his chains off rip  
Chase him down the block, seventeen in clip  
You better watch how you be moving your lip

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