

Roll it up, light it up, have a puff, let's take a plane

Nothin but gin in my trippy cup, pouring more, I can't get enough

Young Khalifa on that hippie stuff, I break it down and it lifts me up

So much shining, so much diamonds, all that there comes from so much grindin

So much weed up in my lungs, I'm in the air, I'm somewhere flyin

In your town I cop me a pound, show me one and I'll roll one

All my niggas straight drug addicts cause it takes one for you to know one

Bake somethin and never hold none, young niggas with some old lungs

Catch me out at your college campus, weed rolled with a cold one

Outside with my new car, my Chally parked by my old one

Got a couple of rollies dawg, but I'm usually rocking a gold one

Catching flight on them private planes, Ferrari doors I close 'em

Don't talk a mil, you ain't sold one, don't talk a pound, you ain't smoked one

Smokin and sippin while watching hoes strippin

Poppin and rollin, I'm chieffin this potent

Dope by my side with the pistol and chopper

Got from my bitch and she get from her mama

Talking like this, I be walking like this

Sold a few hoes and I bought a new bitch

Taylor Gang niggas the number one chieffas

Smokin on [?] louder than speakers

Mix with the hash, dip in the lean blue dream, I'm a fucking fiend

Standing on Fairfax getting smoked out with them niggas from Supreme

Trippy sticks bong rips blunt, bitch I'm down to do whatever

She wanna pop a molly man, Juicy J gon' fuckin let her

For a stronger strain I'm spending bands, this ain't no reggie

When it's 'bout this gettin' high, ain't nothin you can tell me

Xanax bars, beans and syrup, that's my trippy kit

I'm like a pimp in the club working your bitch