Ay yo nephew I think it's time to put some of that real sticky-ickyicky in the motherfuckin' air But in a Backwood, ya dig? I wanna get high, yeah 'Bouta go call my go-to guy, yeah Got no Backwoods, fly yeah I could break one down with my supplies, yeah Roll up some gas, I'm not talkin' a car Shawty she bad, fuck 'round take her to the stars Brand new dash, I got new cash Brand new chick, got her brand new ass Give the password, psych 'Bout to drink a whole lot of syrup, aight But the Bentley coupe missing, the stash on the curb Watch the city go missing, the young nigga ran off with lil biddy birds Fuck you talkin', bitch you ran off on 'em How these lil handcuffs and you cops can't In the back of the cab, this ho s ucking dick from the front seat This her aftermath, like I got 50 Cent on me (straight stacks) Trap spot's like a store Nigga got a couple choppers on the floor Watch that door (watch that door) Watch that door (you gotta watch that door) Watch that door I roll up two point fives Happy four twenty, roll up two point fives Way too stoned, don't remember these guys Hold up, so high I'ma risk my life, ain't even tryna go to these skies Hold up strollers I want the whole cut I make a slut slut I eat it cold cut Hair getting longer Weed getting stronger 'Bout to strong arm her 'Bout to go and bone girl She got a cameltoe, I call her Marlboro I take you from the stars, take you to my world But she didn't get a chance to get my number She missed out on llama, she missed out on me and my mama I wanna get high, yeah 'Bouta go call my go-to guy, yeah Got no Backwoods, fly yeah I could break one down with my supplies, yeah Roll up some gas, I'm not talkin' a car Shawty she bad, fuck 'round take her to the stars Brand new dash, I got new cash Brand new chick, got her brand new ass With a lot of old money

Everybody want somethin' from me

Got to keep my hands on the steering wheel 'Cause I foot the bill and I shoot to kill

And I slide around in that Snoop DeVille And my gas tank is on full Stack goods, them Backwoods We cock back and we pull Bubblegum, cookies, OG, and KK We like Craig and Dae Dae, who gives a fuck what they say? I be out here gettin' it, gotta get it 'cause I got it on I'm the same nigga that you bitch niggas plotted on It ain't as easy as I make it look See what I'm sayin', I ain't playin', nigga take a look We on that G shit, nigga we lit, and I'm seasick for real Fuck a thug, what it does, let's get this motherfuckin' money cause I mean that new money, that blue money with new faces Them new cases and new bases and new aces Florida-anapolis, ain't no stoppin' us Power preaches patience Balling in two places Exchanges, smoke faces

Count this money on a PJ in my PJs
Goin' fast, get in tussles on the E-way
Smoking on that OG
I fell on my AP, got me a Rollie
I got a bad bitch and I call her dopey
And her head dope
And she suck me off the perky, keep her hands off
I don't fuck with vapors but I'm high-igh-igh
I got a bad bitch, I know she bitchi-I-I-I

I wanna get high, yeah
'Bouta go call my go-to guy, yeah
Got no Backwoods, fly yeah
I could break one down with my supplies, yeah
Roll up some gas, I'm not talkin' a car
Shawty she bad, fuck 'round take her to the stars
Brand new dash, I got new cash
Brand new chick, got her brand new ass

See man, a lot of you niggas think you can smoke with us But umm
This shit is a marathon man
This ain't no motherfuckin' umm, hundred yard dash
Man step back
You ain't in our league
Thugger Thug, Doggy Dog
Nephew we on
We out