

I'm in TCLA for a
Different crime.
But when I get out
I'ma shine—

Runnin' with J's and dickies
And having my neck full of hickies.
Riding with my bad-ass car
And on my right ear, a cigar

Full of marijuana with some lean.
Man, it is so tight and clean!
I'm wearing a white Tee
With some Roca Wear Jeans.

Next thing I know I was at my mom's house
But I was so high that I thought it was a
barn.

But I ain't trippin', I'm OK.
My whole brain
Is full of MaryJane.

I wish I can stop rimming
But I can't stop grinning...