

# Right Now (Feat. D Boss)

Paul Wall

I need drugs in my life like right now  
Some oil in my cup like right now  
I need kush in my blunt, like right now  
A bad bitch that could f-ck, like right now  
Right now, right now, right now  
I don't want it later, give it to me right now!  
I on it and I know it, I ain't afraid to show it  
Gotta a pocket full of bread, bitch, I came here to blow it  
So bitch, get your mind right, pull out I'm talking some  
Swagged up I be killing, killing  
My car ain't got no ceiling  
I know these boys don't talk down  
But for haters I've got no feeling  
The paper in my pocket, my bitch ain't got no panties  
A tall Puerto Rican that I met that in Miami  
I went to her apartment so she act like she could spare me  
'Till I seen her with her friends all boppin at the grammies  
So I f-ck her at the Grammys, I keep condom handy  
My Chevy sittin' slanted told eddie paint it candy  
I'm blowing on the Cali my hand full of skittles  
Treating broads like stitches I could split them down the middle  
I need drugs in my life like right now  
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I need Kush in my blunt, like right now  
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I on it and I know it, I ain't afraid to show it  
Gotta a pocket full of bread, bitch, I came here to blow it  
You know when a nigga want it, your bitch now that I  
get it  
She graduated from Florida state, but I hear  
Pulling up in a fo' do', with fo' ho's, and fo' fo's  
All I smoke is good dro, mid grade a no-no  
She told me come and get that pussy right know  
I had to tell her "momma, please pipe down! "  
I'll be on my to put that pipe down  
Well I gotta go and hit a nigga right now!  
Yeah D-Boss in the building when you hit yes  
Cali, kush up in my blunt relieve the stress, yes!  
Their prices going up, mine going down  
If you want it, come and get it right now!  
I need drugs in my life like right now

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Gotta a pocket full of bread, bitch, I came here to blow it I on it, I'm zoning, I grind hard, I'm flowing  
So I'm not only the boss, but homie I'm also the one that own it  
I own it, in A-T-L with that bonus, I gotta a super broad that will blow me  
And I'm not about to wait for not a dollar if you owe me  
The double cup is lonely, so pour some of that juice  
I'm leanin' tough, that ain't enough, I need at least a deuce  
These tricks about to get loose, get loose  
A bad bitch to the roots, I'm papered up she tatted down, my waistline to her boots  
I'm on one or two, but I'm a need me a few  
I'm gone off in bananas like gorillas in the zoo  
Don't worry if I run out, I keep something in my shoe  
And the broad riding with me, ready to blow some I need drugs in my life like right now  
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I need kush in my blunt, like right now  
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Songwriters

MASON, VAUGHAN / JONES, KIM / VEGA, SUZANNE / RAPHAEL, K  
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