Laid Way Back (Amended Version)

Webbie

Laid way back behind black gettin' blowed
Full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothes
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Full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothesMan I live up in B.R, I'ma die up in B.R
I got shit to do today so I can't die until tomorrow
I done stole a bag of dro I'm gettin' high 'til tomorrow
Nigga play with me right now I'm bussin' nine 'til tomorrowMy shit got a bad motor I ain't promised 'til tomorrow
So as long as I got gas I'ma drive it 'til tomorrow
Lookin' for a bitch that's bad so we can act until tomorrow
Put that hoe up on this dro and beat that ass until tomorrowBaby momma ass just gonna be mad until tomorrow
Me and boosie rollin' guards and acting bad 'til tomorrow
How 'bout we get pessy drunk and then stagger until tomorrow
Yo bitch tight, I want me borrow her, let me have her 'til tomorrowDon't give a fuck about who smellin' when its comin' out ya car
I'm inhalin' and exhalin' gettin' blunted 'til tomorrow
Let's go posted up at the spot and make some change 'til tomorrow
If I'm laid shit I might do the same thang tomorrowLaid way back behind black gettin' blowed
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Full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothesI was s'pose to go drop my red bone off or not
For some fit she trynna cop said she need right now
What had happen was I had stopped by my nigga be spot
And he had a big blunt of that dro and I forgotI was s'pose to go to the studio I got some hits to drop
But a bitch had hit me on the phone and told me to come pick her up
Cause how she fuck my dick got hard
She tellin' me how she so wideShe took those draws off and I forgot
Went to check the mailbox
Some sepeana from the mothafucka
Tellin' me my court date in two weeks for beatin' on my older womanShowed up at that hoe apartment
Smokin' somethin' ran into her
Put it in her mouth and charges dropped
Man you know a niggaLaid way back behind black gettin' blowed

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Full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothesWhen I walk up in the mall with that big ass stack
Fresh kicks fresh boes with the jersey to match
You know I got to do it big nigga give me the hat
Manager comin' out the back 'cause all he smell is that droWhen I go and see my hoes my eyes be all low
My clothes be full of smoke they mommas be knowin' I'm blowed
Them ghetto mommas don't trip they be askin' you got some mo'
Let her momma hit the dro and all she smell is that droWhen I hit the club they can tell 'cause I'm puttin' it in the air
Hoes ask can they hit niggas askin' is it for sale
Security don't be trippin' they puttin' in the air
When you in here that's all you smell high dro is what we smokin'
When we beLaid way back behind black gettin' blowed
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Songwriters
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