November 18th

Lil Wayne, Drake, Gucci Mane

It's the ones that smoke blunts with ya, seen ya picture
Now they wanna grab a gun and come and getcha
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Now they wanna grab a gun and come and getcha
One time for the homie DJ Screw
Already I'm feelin' throwed in this bitch
I'm so high even when I'm comin' down
Just met a girl, said she from the H-Town
I said my name is Drizzy and ain't nobody realer
A cup inside a cup smokin' ghost face killah
Got these boppers goin' crazy
Nigga, I'm the man, I sent your girl message
Said I see you when I can
She send me one back but I ain't never read it
'Cause pussies only pussy and I get it when I need it and
I'm tellin' you when homies runnin' down in the winter
And I be riding rims with tires in it thinner
Air force stun fly charters over seas full of Don Perian
And the water for the D's
Don't know why it happens every time we alone
But here we are again and I swear I'm in my zone
So I'ma sip this drink till that motherfucker gone
Than you go get undressed and we gon' get it on
I don't give you the time you deserve from me
This is something I know, I know, I know
So tonight I'll just fuck you like we're in Houston
Taking everything slow so slow, so slow but I do it to her
Draped up and dripped out know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Three in the morning get it poppin' in the parking lot
It's on once again and I never pretend
A nigga stay G till the end, yeah
I swear like every time we find ourself in this situation
I just get that feeling like I mean Houston candy paint
Switching colors in the light, it's about like 11 p.m.
And you just roaming through the city bumpin' that screw
Big Mo, UGK, Lil Keke
It feel like everything just moving slow
Let's take my time, I pace it, baby
Yeah, I'm gone

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