

Till I Die (feat. Big Sean & Wiz Khalifa)

Chris Brown

Yo, this Virginia
Straight from the country, right there wit my kinfolk
Golds in my mouth and they put 26's on Benzo's
Dirt roads, back wood
They got weed but I've been dope
Ratchet, nigga we act hood
But I'm getting money with these white folk
Sippin and I'm faded, super medicated
Said she wanna check the pole
I said Okay Sarah Palin, so I lay down and lay in
A nigga gon' be faded, all the way to the AMMore drink, pour it up
More weed, roll it up
Whoa there ho, you know whats up
Quit hoggin' the blunt bitchch, slow down
Pimps up, hoes down
Ass up, nose down
Damn bitch I do itAnd this the life we chose
Workin' all night
Swear I'm never going broke
And I'mma do this till I die
And I ain't talking shit just cause I'm, just cause I'm (I'm high)Oh God, oh GodOK, wow, bow
Look at me now, chief like a Indian
Talkin' in clouds, I'm high as a bitch
I'm talking to clouds
Off tree every night like I roam with the owls
I super soak that ho, show 'em no love just throw em a towel
Still rocking Louis Vuitton condom, cause I'm so fucking in style, wow
New crib, crash that. Drove here, cab back
Now knock that pussy out, yeah that's just a little cat nap
Hold up, hold up woah
Don't be smoking my shit, I be smoking that fire
And she be smoking my dickMore drink, pour it up
More weed, roll it up
Whoa there ho, you know wassup
Quit hoggin' the blunt bitch, slow down
Pimps up, hoes down
Ass up, nose down
Damn bitch I do itAnd this the live we chose
Workin' all night

Swear I'm never going broke
And I'mma do this till I die
And I ain't talking shit just cause I'm, just cause I'm (I'm high)Smoking, choking, always rollin' something
I don't need a key to start my car
Bitch I just push a button and theater showing
Got a half a mill and spent it like it's nothing
Money flowing, never sober
Smoking till I got concussions, no discussions
Man I got a condo and got a big crib
Pounds all over my kitchen is
If I ain't on the road gettin' it
Then I'm in the hood where my niggas live
Did a tour, sold it out, just bought a pound 'bout to finish it
Now all my pasta got shrimp in it
You talk about it I'm living it
Fucking little bitchMore drink, pour it up
More weed, roll it up
Whoa there ho, you know wassup
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down
Pimps up, hoes down
Ass up, nose down
Damn bitch I do itAnd this the live we chose
Workin' all night
Swear I'm never going broke
And I'mma do this till I die
And I ain't talking shit just cause I'm, just cause I'm (I'm high)Real nigga never frontin'
Cause when you got it all
Everybody want somethin'
Middle finger in the air no fist pump
And me, Sean and Wiz got this bitch jumping
Ah! Finally got this bitch jumping
Got this bitch jumpin'
Fly, that's me

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