

Pillow (featuring DeWayne Wiggins and Rame Royal)

Richie Rich

featuring Rame Royal DeWayne Wiggins
Intro: Richie Rich (DeWayne Wiggins)(Take a hit of this joint take a
puff of the bulkest dove)

Puff on it!

9 6 (baby) Richie Rich Rame Royal hmm
Verse 1: Richie Rich When I wake up in the morning first I yoke out
then I ???? pimp so I can smoke out

Good green opening up my third eye for sure

As I contemplate on which spot I'd like to go today

Damn, should I CDB again, I feel like loccin
fallin through every bomb spot in Oakland

I got the good but I just can't trip

Skyball TWAMP TWAMP for a piece of crip

Danl ???? that's the place to go

And my partner on the corner got the sack for sure

'84, I'm quick to look for booty hook

and if I'm fienin I need to see beamin

'cause, aah, them young brothers smoke the same way I smoke

But now all day I'm comin up short

Uh, I hope the town still love me

For some reason and my deceasing and my zoot's ain't fluffy

I need a pillow
Chorus: DeWayne Wiggins Lay a drop on the pillow (Yeah baby)

And just relax, relax, relax (Cos that was made for you)

Lay a drop on the pillow (yeah baby)

I'll fly free sack (fly free sack), fly free sack

(Cos that was dove for you)
Verse 2: Rame Royal By chance it might seem strange, many nights I dream
of trees on the range with branches of light green

Women slumbering get tossed like salad with cucumber

but can't stop me from gettin lost on the lands of broccoli

High! I shut em, close my eyes, cough, too much spirit goes

The cloud nine where I'm a lyrical wiz

Magical like Willow wit automatic flowin pillows

Get rolled in a bliz and consumed, that's how Rame Royal is

In my room at the villo, sun shines through blue blinds

on the window, lettin me know it's time

to go back to reality

Oakland, Cali

And a sack of indo left on the bed

next to my rizzy's head

Fulfillin wishes, I'm fillin phillies, Vegas and swishes
wit twenty reefers, sticky weed - minty and delicious

All I need and can axe for, a twamp to crunch
Probably won't want another blunt til lunchChorusVerse 3: Richie RichFell through Sophia's but didn't see her
Now I'm convinced that it's on when I fall through this red fence
I shoulda flipped the whole thang when I had the chance
but that done broke my back like a bald bozack
On a late night, I lurk for sure and got a lot of dough
for the first cat with the platinum sacks
And, naw, it ain't a jack, you can hold my scraps
but pull a move and catch a lump to the back behind the sack
Richie Rich might walk a country mile, smilin all the way long
Wit dreams of pullin bongs, writin bomb songs
Buzzin with my cousin at the villo
stressin off a pillowChorus: DeWayne WigginsLay a drop on the pillow (yeah baby)
And just relax, (just) relax, relax
(I know, I know, I know the sack was one for you!)
Lay a drop on the pillow (yeah baby)
I'll fly free sack, (fly free sack), fly free sack
(I know this sack was wrong for you)Yeah ba-by!
Oooh yeah
Here we are gettin night endeavour
Don't worry 'cause it's gonna get better
I roll a fat one for you, yeah
Break it down 'cause it ain't no startin
Put a drop on the every bodin
And I'll blow a pillow with you

Songwriters

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