

# Smoke & Drive

Mike Posner

Roll the windows up when you get in the car  
And I'ma light one up  
Hit the gas station go and buy a cigar  
And a Philly blunt  
Every time I breathe it's like I'm taking a puff  
Turn my music high  
Roll the windows up  
When I smoke and drive  
All black car three percent tint  
I can clearly see out but you can barely see in  
The end and only end, we blowing Indonesia  
And I'ma let it hit 'til I get amnesia  
I'm crazy the haze got me hazy I'm lazy  
Tell Ben that it something about Mary and clearly, what?  
I'm so outta here you can say a nigga spacey, damn  
Pocket full of papers so I'm finnin' to get some papers, yeah  
'Bout to inhale like I'm finnin' to see Satan, what?  
'Bout to exhale like I'm finnin' to see my savior  
So get the leaves and trees like it's autumn  
Have them windows all rolled up rolled 'em and told 'em, man  
Roll the windows up when you get in the car  
And I'ma light one up  
Hit the gas station go and buy a cigar  
And a Philly blunt  
Every time I breathe it's like I'm taking a puff  
Turn my music high  
Roll the windows up  
When I smoke and drive  
First of all 'til you ball like this  
You don't put this type of pimp in your swish  
Get it we smoking on that poison call it Michael Bivins  
So if you selling to me then you gotta lucrative business  
A friend is what you blow while I'm smoking on that CEO  
Top notch I got foot by the foot in my fruit roll up  
  
No cuts, no stems, no seeds straight THC indeed  
I'm tryna get stoned like I'm staring into Medusa eyes  
You ain't got green what somebody tell me who supply  
So I can buy wholesale for the low like Cosco or Sams

You got some well damn  
Roll the windows up when you get in the car  
And I'ma light one up  
Hit the gas station go and buy a cigar  
And a Philly blunt  
Every time I breathe it's like I'm taking a puff  
Turn my music high  
Roll the windows up  
When I smoke and drive  
I don't smoke, Phillies pass me and swisher  
Bumping PMC pouring out a little liquor  
Trunk full of kicker blunt full of OG  
Right behind tint 'cause these jack boys know me  
Smokin' sour diesel out of N.Y.C.  
Keisha calling ATL, oh well, I'm kushin' D.C.  
Which ones better roll up I need a time  
Take a ride downtown, man, I'm higher than these skyscrapers  
Roll the windows up tryna get my smoke on  
2 in the morning still riding with my Locs on  
Fuck the police what these pigs gon' tell me  
Smoking bud at nights like X off a Bentley  
Roll the windows up when you get in the car  
And I'ma light one up  
Hit the gas station go and buy a cigar  
And a Philly blunt  
Every time I breathe it's like I'm taking a puff  
Turn my music high  
Roll the windows up  
When I smoke and drive

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