

# Pillow ( Featuring DeWayne Wiggins & Rame Royal )

## Richie Rich

featuring Rame Royal DeWayne WigginsIntro: 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 hmmVerse 1: Richie RichWhen 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 pillowChorus: DeWayne WigginsLay 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 RoyalBy 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 lunch  
Chorus Verse 3: Richie Rich  
Fell 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 scak  
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 pillow  
Chorus: DeWayne Wiggins  
Lay 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

SAADIQ, RAPHAEL / RILEY, CLEMON TIMOTHY JR. / WIGGINS, DWAYNE P. Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>