Black Lips, Drugs

Ran outta 'tude and my nose is a runny
I like you lots, but you think that I'm a dummy.
Can I pick you up with me and my buddies and chill?
We're aimin down in my Plymouth Baracouda
Huffin and a puffin on that BC Buddah
Don't worry bout it, sugar, you got nothin to lose.
Come along and take a ride with me.
I'll make some space in my dirty back seat.
I'll break the credence, push the pedal to the metal round town.
We'll laugh about this tomorrow.
It's times like this I hope we'll follow.
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It's times like this I hope we'll follow me.
i hope they follow me. i hope they follow me. oh oh i hope they follow me.