

Webbie, Laid Way Back

(chorus: (x4))

Laid way back behind black gettin blowed
full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothes

(Verse 1)

Man I live up in B.R.

I'ma die up in B.R.

I got shit to do today so I can't die until tomorrow
I done stole a bag of dro I'm gettin high til tomorrow
Nigga play with me right now I'm bussin nine til tomorrow
My shit got a bad motor I ain't promised til tomorrow
so as long as I got gas ima drive it til tomorrow
lookin for a bitch thats bad so we can act until tomorrow
put that hoe up on this dro and beat that ass until tomorrow
Baby momma ass just gonna be mad until tomorrow
me and boosie rollin guards and acting bad til tomorrow
how bout we get pesty drunk and then stagger until tomorrow
yo bitch tight, I wantta me borrow her, let me have her til tomorrow
dont give a fuck about who smellin when its comin out ya car
I'm inhalin and exhalin gettin blunted til tomorrow
lets go posted up at the spot and make some change til tomorrow
if I'm laid shit I might do the same thang tomorrow

(chorus: (x4))

Laid way back behind black gettin blowed
full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothes

(Verse 2)

I was spose to go drop my red bone off or not
for some fit she tryna cop said she need right now
what had happen was I had stopped by my nigga B spot
and he had a big blunt of that dro and I forgot
I was spose to go to the studio I got some hits to drop
but a bitch had hit me on the phone and told me to come pick her up
I'm high as fuck my dick got hard
she tellin me how she so hot
she took those draws off and I forgot
went to check the mailbox
some sepeana from the mothafucka
tellin me my court date in 2 weeks for beatin on my older woman
showed up at that hoe apartment
smokin somethin ran into her
put it in her mouth and charges dropped

(chorus: (x4))

Laid way back behind black gettin blowed
full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothes

(Verse 3)

When I walk up in the mall with that big ass stack
fresh kicks fresh boes with the jersey to match
you know I got to do it big nigga give me the hat
manager comin out the back cause all he smell is that dro
when I go and see my hoes my eyes be all low
my clothes be full of smoke they mommas be knowin I'm blown
them ghetto mommas dont trip they be askin you got some mo
let her momma hit the dro and she smell is that dro
when I hit the club they can tell
cuz I'm puttin it in the air
hoes ask can they hit niggaz askin is it for sale
security dont be trippin they be puttin in the air
when you in here thats all you smell high dro is what we smokin
when we be

(chorus: (x4))

Laid way back behind black gettin blowed
full of high dro and you can smell it on my clothes