

Indica Badu (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Logic

Yeah, yeah
Yeah
J Dilla right here
My dude this Indica Badu
Yeah that's right
Riding 'round the city with my homies blowing trees
Wavy like the seven seas
Living life, let me get it right
Let me give it a minute to get up in it like a beautiful independent woman finna' make you wait
to smash
Come now let me count this cash
Come now let me set this flash
Pockets fat like shorty ass
Jump in the whip gotta get this gas
Put that shit in drive, up live like no ignition
No permission needed
I proceeded to accelerate
Had days with hella' hate
But gotta let that anger migrate
All this shit that's on my plate
That food for thought that can't be bought
But only taught and on the real know
I can't get much higher
I'm smoking that fire
Running 'round the city with my homies that know me
Know that I can't get much higher
Word to my supplier
While you break it, roll it, light it
Use the fire, ignite it
I can't get much higher
I'm smoking that fire
Running 'round the city with my homies that know me
Know that I can't get much higher
Word to my supplier
While you break it, roll it, ignite it
Use the fire, ignite it I can't get much higher
Nigga like we smoking all weekend
And I roll and smoke when I'm drinkin'
Tell them open that dope but don't peek in
We be havin' a OG Kush meetin'
If we smokin' that dope it's a reason
I sell love from the chiefin'

I be getting high when I wake up
And roll me one more 'fore I'm sleeping
Man I be smoking so good that I be forgetting the past
It don't even come to my house if it ain't wrapped up in a turkey bag
We roll up the herb and laugh
Kick back, blowing zip
Take it on a plane, know I smoke the same when I'm on a trip
Niggas like me always got weed on 'em
Try to tell me that she don't smoke later on she joinin'
In the point, keep going in
You been rolling with cats, you boring
I be bringing them stacks enormous
Section always in the back important
Bad bitch gorgeous, pack imported
I can't get much higher
I'm smoking that fire
Running 'round the city with my homies that know me
Know that I can't get much higher
Word to my supplier
While you break it, roll it, light it
Use the fire, ignite it
I can't get much higher
I'm smoking that fire
Running round the city with my homies that know me
Know that I can't get much higher
Word to my supplier
While you break it, roll it, ignite it
Use the fire, ignite it I can't get much higher
Uh
Yeah I'm finna get up in the feeling
Independent feeling like a boss
Roll a little something, smoke a little smoothing
Kick back and then floss
Chiefin' that Indica in the cut
Tell my anxiety to get lost
Fuck a pill, only numb the pain
You know how much that shit cost?
I ain't talking 'bout your pocket,
No I am only talking about the mind
When the cannabis combine with the brain
It be like everything you seen you seen the shine
Smoking that golden state, everything going great
Got a lot on my plate
Lotta city of complaints
Stacking money in the bank
This that RATTPACK and that Taylor Gang
They know the face and they know the name
I'm a married man with a bad wife
Never fuck around unless it's Mary Jane

Come play the game
Honestly never the same
Just like my flow, got one for every occasion
Living the life so my life is amazing I can't get much higher
I'm smoking that fire
Running 'round the city with my homies that know me
Know that I can't get much higher
Word to my supplier
While you break it, roll it, ignite it
Use the fire, ignite it
I can't get much higher
I'm smoking that fire
Running 'round the city with my homies that know me
Know that I can't get much higher
Word to my supplier
While you break it, roll it, ignite it
Use the fire, ignite it I can't get much higher Yeah
And if you don't know by now, I smoke weed
Hahahahahaha
How Wiz gonna give me the verse
He ain't gonna give me the laugh though
Hahaha
That shit iconic
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Indica Badu

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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