

Webb Wilder

"Laid Way Back"

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[verse 1:]

Man I live up in B.R

Ima 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 Im gettin high til tomorrow

Nigga play with me right now im bussin nine til tomorrow

My shit got a bad motor i aint promised til tomorrow

So as long as I got gas ima drive it til tomorrow

Lookin for a bitch that's 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

Don't give a fuck about who smellin when it's comin out ya car

Im inhalin and exhalin gettin blunted til tomorrow

Lets go posted up at the spot and make some change til tomorrow

If im 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 trynna 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

'cause how she fuck my dick got hard

She tellin me how she so wide

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 told her to drop it

[chorus: (x4)]

[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
Im blown
Them ghetto mommas don't trip they 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
'cause Im puttin it in the air
Hoes ask can they hit niggas askin is it for sale
Security don't be trippin they be puttin in tne air
When you in here that's all you smell high dro is what
we smokin
When we be

[chorus: (x4)]

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