

Devin The Dude

"I Can't Make It Home"

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One blunt, one more shot of patron
I'm lit, I can't make it home
Cops right behind me, I might be gone
I can't make it home

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I know I just left your crib but I'm 'bout to make the
block and come back
It's too hot over here, matter of fact police behind me
right now and shit
I'm kinda' bent, I'm glad I got tint
Damn, I hope they don't try to tow my shit

I should've chilled, though, no, them patron shots
See, I drink Crown Royal, that's my drink, know what I'm
talkin' about?
But nevertheless, I gotta stay between the lines
'Cause if I trip, then I dip, then if I swerve one more
time they gonna be

On my ass like white on rice like shit on grass
So I grab what I have and stash it
I got the time for no harassment

Aww, shit, aww, damn baby, I'll have to call you back
Yeah, they're pullin' me over
Excuse me sir, you sober?

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Yeah, they got me, he tried to pull me out the car
I had to resist, he almost shot me but I'm cool
He found a blunt, it wasn't burnin' but he smelled it and
he checked it
I had a warrant in East Texas

So I was cuffed and stuffed in the back of the car
He didn't report the cigar I guess he thought I was a
star
But we drove real far fo' about 6 hours
I really had to piss, my wrist no longer had power

Couldn't even take a shower surrounded by niggas
I'll only be there a couple of hours, I figured
As far as the weed, I think he kept it and he smoked it
But he got me on a DUI and I'm on some broke shit

So I'mma need you to go down to the bail bondsman
y'know
Try to come up with a few funds
And hurry up and run down here and get me outta this
one
Hello?

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