

Fiend

"Just Groovin"

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Smoking some weed, riding, enjoying the breeze
Chillin, feeling like it's the florida keys
But it's not, I'm flippin on the 6 10th loop
But I got, some shit that smells like tropical fruit
And the msic way hot, so am I
Jamming like the traffic advise
And I am blowing, going nowhere in particular
Leaning so hard, they be like look at that nigga there
Eyes almost closed, but I nodes the 2 by 4 in the road
over
That fuck up my balls, I got the old school cassette, and
the deck
On some old higher player type shit
As the sweet stays lit
I take a hit, and another
You know how high a brother get
As I'm crushing down the kush
As I cruise, acting like I ain't got nothing to loose

Just groovin, just keep it movin
I'm just groovin, just keep it groovin

I'm just groovin that og turning up the volume
I'll smoke who you better tell
Shit, 6 am this tree will give you lullaby
Before brushing teeth and getting crossed outside
I'm ashtray reaching in my designated smoke spot
Pandora bosanova playing plotting while I smoke pot
Don't bring more tree than you can eat
Might aswell gonna pick 3 up of me
Maybe I lifth them g, baby powder spray
If you dudes for this moves I'm making
Jones, devin the dude, while youtube is bakin
Let them sway, you ninjas pay
You cruising to another place, just got your main
Smoke so soothe and your girl so cute
But a rhythm urban, why stop what she's doing
We just groovin, baseline kicking snap
Few flicks, watch that in the air
Your eyes landed like sleep with the bear
You're so blowed, texas check, tire and in just bare

Know how I go, chord but the piano
Chorus we just groovin
Purp got me saying... IÂ'm just groovin

Just groovin, just keep it movin
IÂ'm just groovin, just keep it groovin.

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