

## Steve Miller Band

### "Drugs"

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[BIG] Never a flaw  
[Kim] A different kind of high  
[Kim] Yaknow, feel me on this, huh, uhh

Ladies and gents  
Your dopest host presents extravagence  
in the ladies' frame, leavin cum stains  
Niggaz remain in awe, when I brought a Dillinger  
Throw it to ya jaw, uhh  
Never a flaw  
Never before, have you seen such magnificense  
in the black princess, yesss  
Flow's phenom, I'm the bomb-diggy  
Ask Biggie, keep a dedicated squad wit me  
Call us the Gabbana girls  
We dangerous, bitches pay a fee just to hang with us  
Trust, niggaz lust  
Without a bank account, I doubt we could swing that  
route  
Feel me out uhh, I'm used ta  
hangin wit boosters, in the best name brand  
with the in-sane clan, man listen  
My position is lieutenant  
Like a block of hash, got the burners up in it  
Percent it, I send it back to ya greasy  
Freak it arabic style, sha-muck-daha-steesy  
To please me you got to be well off  
Bust a shell off, wit a tattoo that starts off

Chorus: Notorious B.I.G.

Damn Ma, I love you like the lah, the ganja  
Sensimilla, can I feel ya  
All I wanna do is touch ya  
The ultimate rush, you're drugs baby  
(repeat)

Uhh, to my niggaz that trick a little  
To my bitches that suck dick a little  
While they niggaz lick the middle, I'm the Don y'all  
High driven Jean Paul Cartier wear

Yeah, enough glorifyin  
Lyrically electrifyin, bitches by lyin  
bout the clothes they be buyin  
Some stores won't even let you whores in  
Til I begin to embarass that ass and get crass  
Kim surpass, all crews  
Bitches still drinkin booze  
I sip Cristal and Landcruise  
Recieve all the oohhs and the ahhs, the jewels and the  
cars  
Slick nigga, I'm stickin you Baby Pah, uhh  
Yes indeed, flows first class and yours is coach  
like the bag, the Prada mama  
Jog five miles a day then I hit the sauna  
My girls rock Chanel and smoke mad marijuana

Chorus

Inhale this, clench your fist  
Then ya, feel the mist through the uterus  
Can ya, picture this  
Life without me, wake up you're having bad dreams  
cause ya fiend for a toke  
My crew tote Tocques and mink coats  
On the cell with the boat  
What you thought, we get caught and get bailed out  
Fuck the jailhouse, Hennessey on the rocks  
is all we got as we sail out, entrepreneurs  
Cristal pourers, be glad we ain't takin yours  
Boring huh, I'm warnin ya  
Style waits for no bitch, a dream bitch  
when I fuck with scratch and sniff  
Now I stacks the shit, practice it  
So no bitch can tax the shit, miraculous  
So I can relax a bit, and get my toes licked  
The drugs nigga, a-hah hah hah!

Chorus

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