

Mod Sun

"Stoner Girl"

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I need a stoner girl
(That's what I need)
I need a stoner girl
(MOD SUN)
And we get high, high, high, (Yo)

I said I'm lookin' for a girl who can smoke like I do,
Does what she wants and not what she has to,
She got a piercing and she even has some tattoos,
And you can bring where ever cause' she mad cool,

No strings attached she keep it casual,
And when you don't text back she don't mad at you,
She keep it chill don't ever cop an attitude,
Even when I disappear out in Malibu,

And she smell like kush and Channel,
Keep the pipe in the purse right next to the lip gloss,
Carry a scale but she don't sale,
Straight chillaxin and gettin' high as a tip-top,

Non-stop I would swap this chick is she wasn't the one I
wanted to kick it with,
big-shot got our own spot never slip got a friend with
benefits,
spark the pot in the parking get lit,
(Always got a roach clip shh...)
Hoo! and when I need a roomie,

Staying up till dawn cause we talk all night,
Blowin' smoke in the wind watchin' the sunrise, (I need
a stoner girl)
Live and run all day in the summer heat,
Gettin' high with you and it feels so sweet, (I need a
stoner girl)

And we get high, high, high,
And we get high, high, high, (stoner girl)
And we get high, high, high,
And we get high,

And we get high, high, high,
And we get high, high, high, (stoner girl)
And we get high, high, high,
And we get high,

She crack the swisher open with the manicured,
Finger nails twisted up perfect every time, (Yeah she
never fails)
Gives a whole new meaning of high-fashion females,
And she takin' big hits then me,

Green eyes surrounded by red,
Got a feather in her hair, silk scarf in her head,
Aviator glasses and turquoise rings,
And she prefers to wear beads over bling-bling,

Ring-ring when she hit me on the cellphone,
She tried to match how the hell can I tell her no,
She picks me up in the old school hoopsy
I hop in the front-seat and shotgun a dooby

So if you wanna come and take a cruise with me,
We could smoke couple L's in the backseat,
Oh, we ain't got no time to waste,
Cause' it's almost 4-20!

Staying up 'til dawn 'cause we talk all night,
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And we get high, high, high,
And we get high, high, high,
And we get high, high, high,
And we get high,

And we get high, high, high,
And we get high, high, high,
And we get high, high, high,
And we get high,

(we get)
High, high, high,
High, high, stoner girl
(we get)
High, high, high,
High, high, stoner girl

High, high, high,

High, high, high,

She likes the way I sag my pants that I used to play in
bands,
And she likes the way I think that I can dance,
She likes that I'm always smilin' and hardly ever silent,
She likes the way I never result to violence,

She likes the way when I'm freestylin' so that she beat
box
(-thum thum tch! thum thum tch!-)
She gots rhythm and got me free willin like Bob Dylan,
But it's still no girlfriend 'til I make a million!

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