

Jon Connor**"Tour Life"**

Visit "[Tour Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Roll up, pour up, till it ain't no more
Girl let's get toe up, from flow up to chauffeur, let's
go
Go and toll up, pour up, till it ain't no more
Girl let's get toe up, from flow up to chauffeur, let's
go
Girl is you high, you high as hell
But you high as fuck
Is you high, if I ain't hit it yeah
You ain't high enough
Girl is you high, you high as hell
But you high as fuck
Is you high, if I ain't hit it yeah
You ain't high enough

Smoke fill atmosphere, girl why you actin weird
You don't really smoke like that
Oh you got a act you see
Not for real, you keep acting high
Maybe you should pursue that career
But your girl lookin so thirsty
Wanna fuck so bad I wish I had a mattress yeah
I let the white to make em get high
Nigga that goose it make em get loose
All that ass to make me salute
When I'm in h town I'm knockin them boots
I ain't lying, had a little chick in texas,
Woke up, she had dick for breakfast
And her x man tryina play detective
Next time I called her, she was disconnected
I guess, I guess, that's how a lame nigga roll up
Nigga I'm blessed, motherfucker I'm blessed
Hey girl you enjoy the show
Then you already know, then put it on the floor
Put it, put it on the floor

[Hook]

Roll up, pour up, till it ain't no more
Girl let's get toe up, from flow up to chauffeur, let's
go

Go and toll up, pour up, till it ain't no more
Girl let's get toe up, from flow up to chauffeur, let's
go
Girl is you high, you high as hell
But you high as fuck
Is you high, if I ain't hit it yeah
You ain't high enough
Girl is you high, you high as hell
But you high as fuck
Is you high, if I ain't hit it yeah
You ain't high enough

Hold up, wait a minute, niggas puttin hate in it
So lame, dough game, niggas couldn't pay to hit it
All night, throwing 1's at my fuckin favorite stripper
She get off her round 4, and she tryina take me her
Cool, I say, I say cool, I say, I say cool
I want too, that means me and you, plus one she say
cool
Fuckin right, we gonna fuck all night
I got something to prove nigga
Stop watching cock blockin, let these hoes choose
Girls just wanna have fun, you tryina get these hoes
rules
Say you pimpin, you caught feelings
You got these hoes all confused
Barely like em, I don't love em, I just fuck em
I don't cuddle, lookin for me after shows
Buy me out lookin for trouble, bitch
Tattoo with my name on it, yeah I run that game on her
She like you bout to blow up
I hope that you don't change em
Yeah I spend that change on her
I guess that's just my life nigga
I know she your wife nigga
But she my bitch tonight nigga

Visit [Jon Connor](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.