

## **Jermain Stewart**

### **"Pillow"**

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Intro: Richie Rich, (DeWayne Wiggins)

(Take a hit of this joint, take a puff of the bulkest dove)

Puff on it!

9-6 (baby) Richie Rich, Rame Royal, hmm

Verse 1: Richie Rich

When I wake up in the morning, first I yoke out  
then I ???? pimp, so I can smoke out  
Good green opening up my third eye for sure  
As I contemplate on which spot I'd like to go today  
Damn, should I CDB again, I feel like loccin  
fallin thru every bomb spot in Oakland  
I got the good but I just can't trip  
Skyball TWAMP TWAMP for a piece of crip  
Danl ???? that's the place to go  
And my partner on the corner got the sack for sure  
'84, I'm quick to look for booty hook  
and if I'm fienin I need to see beamin  
Cos, aah, them young brothers smoke the same way I  
smoke  
But now all day I'm comin up short  
Uh, I hope the town still love me  
For some reason and my deceasing and my zoot's ain't  
fluffy  
I need a pillow

Chorus: DeWayne Wiggins

Lay a drop on the pillow (Yeah baby)  
And just relax, relax, relax (Cos that was made for you)  
Lay a drop on the pillow (yeah baby)  
I'll fly free sack (fly free sack), fly free sack  
(Cos that was dove for you)

Verse 2: Rame Royal

By chance it might seem strange, many nights I dream  
of trees on the range with branches of light green  
Women slumbering get tossed like salad with

cucumber  
but can't stop me from gettin lost on the lands of  
broccoli  
High! I shut em, close my eyes, cough, too much spirit  
goes  
The cloud nine where I'm a lyrical wiz  
Magical like Willow wit automatic flowin pillows  
Get rolled in a bliz and consumed, that's how Rame  
Royal is  
In my room at the villo, sun shines thru blue blinds  
on the window, lettin me know it's time  
to go back to reality  
Oakland, Cali  
And a sack of indo left on the bed  
next to my rizzy's head  
Fulfillin wishes, I'm fillin phillies, Vegas and swishes  
wit twenty reefers, sticky weed - minty and delicious  
All I need and can axe for, a twamp to crunch  
Probably won't want another blunt til lunch

Chorus

Verse 3: Richie Rich

Fell thru Sophia's but didn't see her  
Now I'm convinced that it's on when I fall thru this red  
fence  
I shoulda flipped the whole thang when I had the  
chance  
but that done broke my back like a bald bozack  
On a late night, I lurk for sure and got a lot of dough  
for the first cat with the platinum sacks  
And, naw, it ain't a jack, you can hold my scraps  
but pull a move and catch a lump to the back behind  
the scak  
Richie Rich might walk a country mile, smilin all the way  
long  
Wit dreams of pullin bongs, writin bomb songs  
Buzzin with my cousin at the villo  
stressin off a pillow

Chorus: DeWayne Wiggins

Lay a drop on the pillow (yeah baby)  
And just relax, (just) relax, relax  
(I know, I know, I know the sack was one for you!)  
Lay a drop on the pillow (yeah baby)  
I'll fly free sack, (fly free sack), fly free sack  
(I know this sack was wrong for you)

Yeah ba-by!

Oooh yeah  
Here we are gettin night endeavour  
Don't worry cos it's gonna get better  
I roll a fat one for you, yeah  
Break it down cos it ain't no startin  
Put a drop on the every bodin  
And I'll blow a pillow with you

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