

Till I Die (feat. Big Sean & Wiz Khalifa)

Chris Brown

Yo, this Virginia
Straight from the country, right there wit my kinfolk
Golds and my mouth and they put 26's on Benzo's
Dirt roads, back wood
They got weed but I've been dope
Ratchet, n-gga we act hood
But I'm getting money with these white folk
Sippin and I'm faded, super medicated
Said she wanna check the pole
I said Okay Sarah Palin, so I lay down and lay in
A n-gga gon' be faded, sll the way to the AM
More drink, pour it up
More weed, roll it up
Whoa there ho, you know wassup
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down
Pimps up, hoes down
Ass up, nose down
Damn b-tch I do itAnd this the live we chose
Workin' all night
Swear I'm never going broke
And I'mma do this till I die
And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm...
(I'm high)Oh God, oh God
Ok, wow, bow
Look at me now, chief like a indian
Talkin in clouds, I'm high as a b-tch
I'm talking to clouds
Off tree every night like I roam with the owls
I super soak that ho, show 'em no love just throw em a towel
Still rocking Louis Vuitton condom, cause I'm so f-ck-ng in style, wow
New crib, crash that
Drove here, cab back
Now knock that pussy out, yeah that's just a little cat nap
Hold up, hold up woah
Don't be smoking my sh-t, I be smoking that fire
And she be smoking my d-ckMore drink, pour it up
More weed, roll it up
Whoa there ho, you know wassup
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down
Pimps up, hoes down
Ass up, nose down
Damn b-tch I do itAnd this the live we chose

Workin' all night
Swear I'm never going broke
And I'mma do this till I die
And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm...
(I'm high)Smoking, choking, always rollin' something
I don't need a key to start my car
Bitch I just push a button and did a show and
Got a half a mill and spent it like it's nothing
Money flowing, never sober
Smoking till I got concussion, no discussion
Man I got a condo and got a big crib
Pounds all over my kitchen is
If I ain't on the road gettin' it
Then I'm in the hood where my niggas live
Did a tour, sold it out, just bought a pound 'bout to finish it
Now all my pasta got shrimp in it
You talk about and I'm living it
Fucking little b-tchMore drink, pour it up
More weed, roll it up
Whoa there ho, you know wassup
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down
Pimps up, hoes down
Ass up, nose down
Damn b-tch I do itAnd this the live we chose
Workin' all night
Swear I'm never going broke
And I'mma do this till I die
And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm...
(I'm high)
Real n-gga never frontin'
Cause when you got it all
Everybody want somethin'
Middle finger in the air no fist pump
And me, Sean and Wiz got this bitch jumping
Ah! Finally got this b-tch jumping
Got this b-tch jumpin'
Fly... that's me...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>