

# Crown Royal

## Rittz

See what's goin' on in this mothafucker  
Bitch pass me that mothafuckin blunt mothafuckin' trippin'  
God damn lighter, let me see what's goin' on. What's happenin' Check it out we takin' shots,  
posted up  
Drinkin' that Crown we toastin' cups  
Bitches looking at us like they so in love, they about to go uncut, no one's frustrated we faded  
we celebrating life cause we made it we hella faded and we smokin' bud  
The party doesn't end until we sober up  
Tell ya ladies lay up naked on the sofa drunk  
Better come on in, get inside  
Slicc brought the pills Rowdy Beezal brought the white  
When I mix em' it's a feeling that I can't describe  
But I guess I'll give my best a try  
Barely shit can get to heavy to carry so every now and then my body needs a opposite of  
exercise  
So I pull the plastic wrapper off the cap of my  
Crown Royal bottle somewhere in Gwinnett you'll find, me  
Chillin'  
I'm high  
I'm feelin'  
Sublime  
No killin'  
My vibe  
If you drinkin' raise your glasses high  
Cause we ain't trippin' on the past or the afterlife  
Cause right now we sippin' on that Crown Royal  
Drunk when I threw up, they already know what's in my cup, they know I'm sippin' on that  
Crown Royal  
This ain't no champagne, they already know what's in my drank I pull that crown up outta that  
purple bag  
Crown up outta that purple bag  
Crown up outta that purple bag  
That purple bag  
They know I'm sippin' on that Crown Royal  
We been turned up all day long, long day off  
We going to drink until the alcohol is gone  
Neighbors sayin' that they gonna call the law  
I ain't trippin' on that blahzayy blah  
Playin' music loud as fuck and the house is a cloud of smoke  
These hoes be showing titties like they been in Mardis Gras  
Her song came on I guess that's when her bra came off  
We going to party all night like we got insomnia

Red cups in hand, some got spilled, I'm on tilt my eyes on slant  
Lightweight drinkers they don't stand a chance  
They about to make a crash landing, trying to keep up with me Going shot for shot is not the  
move

My tolerance is through the roof I'm like a champion  
Shot king when I hang out bring a bottle of some Crown Royal  
Bout' to go so ham oh man"!Nothin' better than a bottle you just bought off the shelf  
And you see the logo with the golden crown that sits on the pillow  
You run your finger nail across the sticker right in the middle  
And take the bottle out the bag and save that baby for later  
Maybe to put your weed inside it hide ya drug or your paper  
You may go mix it with some soda or you shootin' it straight up  
With the reserve or the black or maple original flavor  
You know that shit is my favorite, no other whiskey is player  
Like that CrownThey know I'm sippin' on that  
They know I'm sippin' on that  
They know I'm sippin' on that

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