

# Medication

## Juicy J, Wiz Khalifa & TM88

Must be nice  
Roll weed, ride fancy cars  
And spend money how you wanna spend it you know Roll me up a 8th I need some inspiration  
Pour me up a 8th I need some motivation  
Only thing I hate bout drugs is the preparation  
I ain't got no patience with my medication  
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I ain't got no patience with my medication  
I smoke everyday that's that dedication  
Never sober always high that's that levitation  
This shit get me where I'm going that's that transportation  
Niggas try to hold me back that's that desperation  
This shit go straight to my head that's that education  
Niggas asking all those questions that's investigation  
Wanna know my next move that's that anticipation  
Had to catch that bitch off that's that cancelation  
I was smoking the day I got off probation  
I stay rolling up extendos bruh that's duplication  
Got so much money in my pocket Imma cash station  
Got so much loud in my blunt that's a gas station  
Roll me up a 8th I need some inspiration  
Pour me up a 8th I need some motivation  
Only thing I hate bout drugs is the preparation  
I ain't got no patience with my medication  
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I ain't got no patience with my medication  
I ain't got no patience with my medication  
I ain't got no patience with my medication Drinking on treys and smoking that weed but don't  
blaze it  
Roll up a joint and just face it  
I just be going trough phases  
Hit your bitch all from the back while I'm pulling her braids  
Nigga we famous when I walk in the club  
Niggas throw the gang up  
Get to this paper get her to the crib  
Have relations never call her again  
I just be balling my friend made my own way  
Through the game cause I'm smarter than them  
And I go harder than them  
I knew I was great when I ain't have a dollar to spend

There go that pothead again  
Can't go to the club with you less my whole squad getting in  
Tattoos all over my body don't fuck with security  
Know all my real niggas got me  
We in the lobby, smoking that weed like I'm Marley  
TM this beat is a problem, crazy to think you could stop us, and homie  
We ain't got no patients cause we ain't no doctors  
Used to have weed in my locker, now every bitch you see on my team is a model  
Drinking it straight out the bottle, going so hard I don't think I'll wake up tomorrow  
Roll me up a 8th I need some inspiration  
Pour me up a 8th I need some motivation  
Only thing I hate bout drugs is the preparation  
I ain't got no patience with my medication  
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I ain't got no patience with my medication  
I'm bout to smoke me some gas, I'm bout to roll me a  
zip  
I'm bout to pour me some drank, nothing less than 2 5th's  
I'm bout to smack some ass, shawty gone get her a tip  
I'm bout to go in my stash, I'm bout to make me some flips  
Yup, roll me up some inspiration, pour me up some motivation  
Roll me up some inspiration, pour me up some motivation  
Cup full of syrup, no pancakes, welcome to my dab game  
First 48, how high can you get, I'm in outer space  
All I smoke is moon rocks, and eat crater cake  
White girl thick like mayonnaise, trippy sticking with her ass out  
Dab until I pass out, gas mask dabs, Fire it up propane  
Top shelf reserve, I don't smoke no name  
Who got the loud pack? Who got the plug on the strong?  
Smoking them cookies, I need amber glass to get on  
Who smoke blunts? who smoking them papers?  
Light them bitches, fuck yo neighbors!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>