

# Bonfire

Audio Push

Ok you bring the weed, you bring the food  
You call the girls up, you bring the booze  
We'll meet up at my spot and ride out and cruise  
To the hide out and think 'bout what we'll get high 'bout  
I got my girl I blow her back out until the lights out  
I marry that, gimmie that (inhales smoke)  
I like my weed like my music, loud  
Ladies always scream when they choosing, ow  
So if we gonna do this than let's do this right now  
Cause the way the world moving we could all be going down  
Just know that we're behind the steering wheel just moving right  
Peace and love smoke to that, who's gotta light?  
Puff it now pass it down laps around the room  
They want me to rap about shooting like dying is cool  
No colors one race that we're losing  
We'll win tomorrow, move that table and bring those brews in  
Tell your followers you bring 5 girls get 2 dudes in  
Gotta keep the ratio, don't play this on the radio  
These models check in for me now  
It's sweats and flip flops, oh this one for the pretty girls  
That fuck with hip hop or real rap music or whatever you wanna call it  
You never get the bigger picture from inside the wallets  
So stop chasing the bread, start chasing your dreams  
Internet is the feds, molly got us like fiends  
Only drugs that hurt us seem to be the only ones doctors prescribe  
And everything that kills us makes us all feel alive

So you bring the weed, you bring the food  
You call the girls up, you bring the booze  
We'll meet up at my spot and ride out and cruise  
Cause you bring the weed, you bring the food  
You call the girls up, you bring the booze  
We'll meet up at my spot and ride out and cruise  
To the bonfire

I'm at the bonfire combing out my naps with a black pic  
With a black fist vibing to some boom-bap shit  
Pocket full of cash and carmax for these chapped lips  
Telling stories about a black kid who loved to backflip  
And rap with us cause we making booths out the mattress  
Granny mad cause we recorded over all her classics  
Stop the story reach into my jacket to grab some pre-rolls  
Cause there's some cool people around me that I can match with  
See some white skins, dark skins, mexicans  
All unified by the vibes I came to represent  
Fuck where you reside or your residence  
You hesitant, rappers couldn't walk a mile in these shoes I'm steppin' in  
Taking all challengers  
Coming harder than Murphy Lee's Welcome to Atlanta verse  
Ashes all on my flannel shirt  
There's only one creator and love is the religion  
To your heart you must listen life is too short for divisions

So you bring the weed, you bring the food  
You call your girls, you bring the booze  
We'll meet up at my spot and ride out and cruise  
One more time

I say you bring the weed, you bring the food  
You call your girls, you bring the booze  
We'll meet up at my spot and ride out and cruise  
To the bonfire

Thump thump, okay, let him rap  
Time to come together and connect the gap  
Known as the bitch snatching bandit that always dressed in black  
I think The Pack hit me like a brick I just woke up from an epic nap  
Missed text about a party yea I'll probably go  
Hit the lobby flow before I go, cup of coffee though  
On good days the honda feel like a bugatti though  
But the volumes low, hold on let me push this audio  
Splendid, so now I'm headed to this shin-dig  
Figure I'm a listen to this new shit that my friends did  
Still the same homies ever since we all ascended  
Siri interrupts the silence to say the trip has ended  
Park and hop out as I wonder what could transpire  
In the event of someone talking shit I'll pull my pants higher  
But it's good vibes only homies 'round the campfire  
Then my tribe marauders at midnight just like some vampires  
You bring the weed, you bring the food  
You call the girls up don't bring no dudes  
We'll meet up at my spot and ride out and cruise  
To the bonfire

Get your vibe on, go on and on  
Get your rhyme on, go on and on  
Get your vibe on, go on and on  
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Get your rhyme on, go on and on  
Get your vibe on, go on and on  
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My pack louder than a cop siren  
That's why these police ass niggas wanna silence my squad  
We came to save the game from drowning like a licenced life guard  
Defying all odds took trips off of water and had hawaiian broads  
Suckers pray that I stop and get off the ladder  
Cause they know I got the tropicana  
The juice no less than a jug full  
I step in one leg at a time like a fucking jump suit  
You sit back and watch the show from home like Hulu  
I stay on my toes like a ballet, no tutu  
Haters tryna dim Gang Starr rip Guru  
But I've been doing this shit since FUBU  
Girls sit in traffic during rush hour just to bring me mushu  
I'm like a chemist in the stu just to make sure the feel ain't dead  
Big homie said you can't loaf around all day and still make bread  
Shit is changing  
I had to reprogram my mind and make new living arrangements  
Getting rid of self imposed immitations  
Still practicing patience working on my cadence  
Flow high Oktane like a service station  
That boy nice feigning for that feeling of significance  
But you can't enjoy the benefit if you can't accept the Price  
I continue to push this audio  
Is he better with the producing or lyrics?  
They bumping heads with they questions like Super Mario  
I'm repping throwing big dubs as I coast through Cali

Repping like Chilly Chill squabbling at the bowling alley  
Repping like Kent M\$ney passing me gucci After I seen her at the Vibe in Riv  
erside  
I'm reppin the ill and I kept it alive  
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