

Might Not

Belly

Everybody 'round me sayin' I should relax cause
I've been goin' hard 'til my eyes roll back but
All I wanna do is forget about my past and
Smoke a little weed, really nothin' too drastic
Any time you see me in a picture and I'm smilin'
Probably cause I'm faded or I'm chillin' with the fans and
Not really the type to let a nigga talk back but
Imma let it slide cause my niggas too violent
Shoutout to the ones who spend money like a habit
Even if they had a million dollars, they'd be trappin'
Got a couple girls shootin' movies on the mattress
Then I hit the booth, make the motherfuckin' soundtrack
Then I play it back on the eighty-inch plasma
Then I get 'em faded off that super fantastic
Roll that grandmaster, smell it through the plastic
Nobody can handle me, I'm gone when the shit's too strong

The night's too long
I took too much and I've gone too far
And I might not make it
I might not make it
This time I might not make it
I might not make it
I might not make it
This time I might not make it
I might not make it
I might not make it
This time I might not make it
I might not

Bitches know, told a ho, "It's different strokes for different folks"
Came up out the north, we was playin' with a different snow
Took my niggas from the four-one to pacific coast
We no longer put no fish scale on the fishin' boat
Listen ho, I know all you bitches want is liquor, smoke
(Liquor, smoke)
I know all you bitches want is dick and dough (Dick and dough)
Told her, "You don't gotta make it difficult"
Baby, sit calm, we don't need another episode
Hippy bitches sendin' me titty pictures
She told me no religion was the new religion
She said she don't believe in God but her shoes Christian
I heard she servin' everybody like the soup kitchen
Gettin' hoes higher, gettin' hoes higher
She got work in the mornin', I'm gettin' hoes fired
Why the fuck you call it purp when you mix it pink?
You know I fuckin' mix the drinks when the shit's too strong