

Uh, wa-wa-watch your head in my spaceship
Me plus two cause I'm in third person (Hey, Chip!)
Floating to another destination, resperating
Vapors coming from a volcanic eruption, roll up son
And blaze up the cactus, red carpet actress
Dropping on you dingleberries who can shart with that
shit
Don't you start with that Chip
Literally killing fools by dropping all these syllables
I love watching you niggas lose
And me I just keep growing like a sour diesel plant
I'm Mr. let you hold a stack and by the hour need it
back
And sprinkle in a little interest and since
Had to new play 2k12 with my N's bitch
And Swish! Dropping trays on you hot dog mans in the
stands
All these rappers is is a bunch of fans; fucking Stans
I ain't with no major but got bunch of fam, crazy fans
Any major want my publishing, they must be crazy. Damn!
Guess I gotta pull up to your city with the semi
And a bunch of bum ol' shit to get your girls attention
with
But, really I don't need none of that I'm really in the
streets
Got a couple O's, pullin sweets, gettin fried When I

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(Wa-watch your head in my spaceship)
Yeah, roll up the vegetables, go and pour that lean up
Chilling with your fiance no wonder you ain't seen her
Up all night with two girls like "fuck sleep"
She got BBC (What's that) Booty Butt Cheeks (Damn)
We live life on the edge, ain't no fearing us
I'm always sad but some head sure would cheer me up
I'm in the telly with these chicks hoping I get lucky
Me and four girls thats eight legs getting octo-pussy
Lets wrestle this money, nigga tag team
You gotta get it by any means what does that mean
Many eyes watching even when you don't know
Some genuine ally, most heartless foe
I know, lets live the happy life and get paid people
The lack of money is the root to all evil (Word)
I'm that off white UFO chilling I'm finna knock in this
weed
I gotta make the ceiling drop, so

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