

Teeth deep in disbelief
A bunch of people peep the pose
We got prose
We got cons on the road
On patrol, We leave heater bombs on they toes
Welcome to the village where my river runs Nia Long
High ceilings, bong ripping, white feeling
Technicians, hype dealings
I cracked my window seal in
She cracked that wishing pill in
I swear this shit feel like Jesse Jackson with a pipe
Or Lisa on a hike mixed with Rosa on a bike
Until they pull me over, flying saucers of blue lights
We got offers, we got offers, man
Please step off the ice
I swear a giant cup of Shut The Fuck Up do you right
You might even go live it, you know nigga your life
That's what I told the critic when he asked me bout specifics
Zulu lifted, you ain't gifted
My KeKe Palmer hold the karma in her hands sifted
Well what do you know? A couple of more incredible hoes
Address them as such cause they don't know much
I tried to put them on but they don't know hush
These queens, they just know blush
Supreme 'til I stick my solar system in the middle of they little I-don't-
think-you-hear-me really soggy dreams
Now we up all night like some coffee fiends
I swear the time's always right unless I'm counting things
But see I'm from a place where they got poplar trees, gumming in those talle
r things so you have to follow me

And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles
And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles
And everywhere we go, I bet we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles
And everywhere we go, we still finding new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles

Pleasure myself to images of wealth
Ain't it funny how a 100 look like sex?
My dick in two vaginas, 100 dollars worth of mess
Slick and slimy, get behind me while I get beside myself
I promise the pressure is enormous
So much so that niggas forget what the point is until the barrels pointed li
ke it was at me and moms on that Thomasville morning
Rest in peace Richard Lee, I cried when they played that organ
But, anyway-this for my pops in that Vote Lee Wise T-
shirt, chillin' on the couch
Shake his head at the news and tell me what life's about
Now it's liquor in his juice, the knowledge keep coming out
Probably cause he done seen the shit that I'm worried bout
Probably cause he done dreamed the shit that I'm dreaming now
So you fuck niggas, keep my name out your mouth
And make room for my dick when the beat drop

And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles
And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles
And everywhere we go, I bet we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles
And everywhere we go, we still finding new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles

Now bring it back baby, throw it back, throw it back, bring it back while I
eat it from the back baby