

fruit

93FEETOFSMOKE

I'm off a pack
I'm off a pack
Yeah, ay, yeah

Ayy, I'm off a pack
In the back
Tryna calm down
Only flax
Only spin round
The block now
Lag from jet
In my bed
Made a hideout
Ghillie suit
"Imma sue"
Head ass tap out
I'm a psychic
If you shoot
I'm a nuisance
To the loot
Death dot
Under my booth
Won't find me
Burning books in the streets
There's' no pages no ink
I pray to god thru a screen

Wait
Yeah
Because my nerves
Might make me throw up
Wheres the faucet
Need some water
On my temple
3 stripes
You can run it like its simple
Lite-Brite
Minnesota on my dental
Yeah
Because my nerves
Might make me throw up
Wheres the faucet
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Taught the fruit how to eat itself
I'd do the same damn thing
Stuck on the shelf
And this a long damn flight
To be by myself
It's not my damn business
When they drag you to hell
Fuck your clique hold grudges

Like I climbed outta well
And that road not silk
But it still comes thru the mail
No ya words ain't slick
Jib ain't cut for retail
So don't come 'round here
With a story to sell

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With a story to tell
Yeah