

Where all the good songs have gone
WCBS FM

Rocking all green outfits, the budder look like Sun Chips
Suck my son's dick, we in the street like a bum's shit
Bury me on Kissena
I'm riding low like a centipede in the Beamer
Million-dollar belt, precious facial features
Acid in the fucking headband, get the bedpan
I'm shitting on myself, and you're the one who gotta clean it
While I lay there, just to get some Ray-Bans? Shit
800 dollars just for play pants
Don't try to touch me with those AIDS hands
Raise my performance fee to 80 grand
Hipster bitches, they pussy smell like seitan
I'm glad I ate lamb

Smoke something
Got me fucking... Got me hot in here, man
Fuck, bitch, ah
Shit, yo

The kid caught herpes from the Rabbi
Yacob from 165, with the bad eye
Drug deal transportation was a cab ride
Displayed on the mantle was a brass lion
Mass from Ireland, give you a casket to lie up in
While an Asian man play the violin
He was taught from age 2, never miss a note
Brought his sister in the bathroom to shit the coke out
I cop the Audi with the poke out
700 thousand dollars at the smokehouse
Drugs in my lungs, fuck

Fast money 'til we die, peep the resume
Hang-glide into the boat, get my cheddar notes
Keep the shotty in the leather coat
Motherfucker, better know

Many nights I shot dice in the drug den
My raps permeate from a thug's pen, and love when
I think about my purpose in life, keep soft mouths slurping precise
These bitches love us
We named Pit Bulls after hard liquor (Hennessy!)
Turn the knife in the wound, make it scar thicker
Shit, we still wear jean shorts
Veteran, playing these mean sports
What up Dab?
This ain't boom bap, homie it's doom rap
And your career shit couldn't compare with
Bronsoline and Laurenivici, write fly rhymes and sky dive from Mount Fiji
That's word to my parachute
Old money still flows, last chapter loot
Firearms and novelty beverages
Keep drama riddled with hemorrhages
We good though