

SMOG CHECK

Ameer Vann

CONNIE, are you fucking kidding me?

HOTBOY

Can't remember the last night I splashed Sprite
False niggas, cross niggas, it's all business
They still whisper, feel nigga with real silver
Still shining, my teeth grinding, my blood diamonds
They keep crying, the coupe flooded, my shoes muddy
I been praying for every one of my enemies
Make sure they go to Heaven the next time that they run into me
Catch me in the street, I'll be crawling just like a centipede
Left them on the pavement and make sure that they remember me
I annihilate anybody that violate
I been tweakin', been thinkin' 'bout getting high today
Was sick of running from something that's deep inside of me
Getting money and spending it all on therapy
I'm sending bread to my mama, she won the lottery
I sip sizzurp, smoke weed for dessert
My head getting bigger 'cause the checks get delivered, wassup?

Mm-mm

Ooh, na-na, find me in the hills, famous like Osama
Or in the Mercedes 88 in Ghana
Niggas criticize, I'm like "Fine, stay jealous"
Merlyn old school like OS Linux

I got old paper like xerox printers
Cooking up a song fast as TV dinners
Merlyn got with your girl, pussy got splinters
Slurrin' when I speak, like Slavoj Žižek
It's a cold world, but the winters make winners
Only thing that's black and white, yeah, is the business
Only thing I see in black and white is the finish
Aye, bidi-bom-bom, got fans with us in London
Got girlfriends out in Japan, they yellin', screamin' my name
Been a long time, aye, since I lived out sunset
My sunset isn't finished, this really the beginning

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