

Stop

ARTAN

Stop, don't stress
Ain't nobody that you gotta impress
I got bank rolls from the right to the left
She give me back chat [?]
So don't talk, I'm blessed
They send shots at my bullet proof vest
I done grew up in the north by west
I give thanks to the lord upstairs
She wanna fuck with a gentlemen but I'm not SL and I don't spend well
Got bit of a temperament and it didn't end well, but I meant well
And that's all I can ask, roll me a zoot, feel up my glass
And that's all I can ask, still on the block, still with my dawgs

Just smoked 3 [?] in a row and I'm wondering where's my blower

Fuck 5 times and I still don't know her
I can't catch no feelings, got 41 in my spliff I'm leaning

Came to the club sober, left steaming
I need a hot thot, at the studio it's a hot box
I got big drip, and a drop top
She got big lips, that's a slop top
Wow, got a spliff in my mouth
2 minutes later I'm dicking her down
Moaning in my ear, I'm getting sick of her sounds
So don't shout and just...

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So step back, if I pull up with my brothers in jet black
Then trust me, that's a set back
Best dash, get a jetpack
Might pull up in a tinted whip, all smokey
I wanna ball, be a legend like Kobe
I roll on my one's and I'm feeling all cozy
I roll with the 35 [?]
I need some [?]
Bro gets rid of the pack and repeats
Nothings better than sleeping in clean sheets
Done some things that you won't find on my CV
Know smokings fucked up my dreams
I'm rolling my loud and munching on cremes
I can't stop it, bro calls me a fiend, what's he mean?
I should...

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