

Tulum

B.o.B

My bitch independent, I don't get offended
I put tint on a Benz you can see who wining
Know who really getting it, nigga mind your bidness
Put me in a 'Ghini, all this record breaking
I don't worship Satan, but my trap on fire
This bitch Sarah Palin (Palin), need a pacifier
And I drive that 448 like Lucifer
She threw a beam bag [?] with the Jupiter
Girl like should we fuck it ain't come [?]
She want me to beat that like producers up
You be on that, I be on that, yeah
I ain't on that but I still condone it, yeah
PB & J, ain't no cutting corners
California, Rari doing donuts

In the night moving on the low
And I got the daze we can roll
Ready, set, where you wanna go
And she said that hookah need come cold
Take a shot on some side of Julio
Zaza in a blunt I'm smoking O
You like to drink, you like to smoke
But so do I, but so do I
You like to smoke, you like to drink
But so do I, but so do I

Super litty, yeah, two bumps of her titty, yeah
Pop a willie, roll it like the sixties
Pop a eight of shrooms I feel like a hippy
Pop another one, and it's super trippy
Keep the fade, I feel like I'm Biggie
Sipping [?], my cup look like Ms. Piggie
And she want to catch the vibe
It look like she feel alive, yeah

You like to drink, you like to smoke
But so do I, but so do I