

Wilt Week

Bas

I'm too kush for you I'm too kush for you
I'm too kush for you I'm...

Smoke dank nigga glowin' in the dark
Miss calls like I don't wanna talk
All these snake ass niggas in the grass man
Thinkin' all these dog ass hoes wanna bark
All that talk'll make a nigga leave

It's gettin' late I'm thinkin' hit the beach, girl
Get naked you can take a leap, here
Let's be clear, real nigga shit

366 in a leap year
Every day a nigga cold now, I froze now
I'm torn down, whoa, no
Not lookin' for a hold down, to slow down, just go down low
Got some money I can thrown down
We can go a couple more rounds
We can do it with the roof up but I'm 'bout to make it pour down
I'm throwed now like third down and 17, Super Mookin Fiends
You know the team carry, I got my city on, Brooklyn to Queens
They was lookin' for more till they looked into me
I just got in and out, niggas done had it for a minute man
Why they still lookin' like, rookies to me
I've been committed and all my nigga tryna make a million
Give you my opinion
Fuck with the team, I found a bean in my pocket, wooh
Might pop it in a bit
[?] and left came back, God damn I'm poppin' in this bitch
Still, all these bitches get is stick from me
RIP that nigga Chivalry
Shout out God to my nigga Shigitty dawg
Will week nigga, every minute we ball