

Houdini

Billy Woods

We're gonna need more weed, I can tell you that

Day off, big vibes

Big ideas, still have to kick the tires

The kick was wide, time expired

I fell out, wasn't even tired

That's why I don't even really mess with OG, but this one taste like fresh papaya

If the spot got a grill, you know I'm working the fire

If it's cool in the shade, I'ma chill

If it's cool with you, I'ma hit my supplier

If it's any beef, today a good day for a ceasefire

Or, if not, creep, shoot to kill, hit or miss, get a good night's sleep 'cause now it's gon' be on for real

I'm at a Costco in the midwest with a pocket full of small bills

Folded like tacos, barato

El Chapo when it's time to head for the hills

Gazpacho on the veranda, trust me I know it's hot in the fields

Jimmy Wopo draped over his steering wheel

I was high all day, I escaped

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The nose is Pine-Sol and turpentine

But the taste remind me of Jamaican oranges that look like limes

Pit stop turned into the whole night

Honestly, we wasn't looking at the time

Where I'm from, you don't see fireflies

Smell burning in the air, wildfires backlighting the sky

Used to be you could have your opinion and I could have mine

I'm arguing for a new paradigm

Just say he's the best, here's where you sign

A lot of people gon' be upset, but in the end it'll be fine

The earth is a sphere (You don't have to believe it)

I do work

These cats working with mirrors, I disappear

I was never there (Officer)

Walked into the forest filled with fear

Couldn't see it coming, but I could hear

Something lumbering near

Woke up sudden in armchair

Cousin like, "Yo, you good to drive?"

Nigga, I'm the tip of the spear

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