

# Rapper Weed

Billy Woods

72 degrees and sunny

The strain's name was just a string of numbers, blockchain  
Throw it on the pile with the others, blue flame like the oven  
Weed lube, weed butter  
Don't get 'em confused, whatever you do  
I wasn't rude, but green eggs and ham, I had to refuse  
Scrawled doodles while the beat loop, slurped noodles outta clear soup  
Delivery fee is ooof  
My guy, I won't lie, them shit's through the roof  
Aromatherapy in the stu' with lavender diffused in the booth  
Tupac with a pressed juice and therapy Tuesdays at 2  
It's a lotta shit negroes shoulda did  
Not saying I do  
I don't like shit, stay inside the crib, smoke an oop  
Nike store on Fairfax don't even sell shoes  
Made hash when the Gorilla Glue didn't move  
Celebrity pre-rolls in a monogrammed tube  
Corked, crushed velvet in the box, embossed  
Had to find tweezers and a corkscrew  
After all that, of course the shit garbage  
Of course

Colorful packaging, pack 'em in  
Fly like gold on Africans  
Cover my tracks with backronyms  
If the track slaps, in the back, you can almost hear the black cackling  
When it's my time, no need to pass the hat  
Just throw me in when the fire good and crackling  
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Whole entourage on the couch, buried in they phones  
He said it's six Gs a ounce, I played it off  
Waited the appropriate amount of time to bounce  
The burgers was In-N-Out  
Shepherdherd prophecies spilling out my mouth  
Bagseeds in a pouch  
Rappers bloated with gout  
Sores weeping, doubled over  
Chest heaving from chasing clout  
Still super cheefin', but it's hard to trust  
Like your money in a greenhouse that always barely breaks even

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