

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 oof
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
Sheepherder 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 growhouse that always barely breaks even

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