

Fire

Black Hippy

Yeah, oh, yo

Oh, oh, luxury
Chidi-ching-ching, could buy anything, cop that
Oh, oh, collard greens
Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh, oh, oh, down with that shit
Drink this, smoke this, down with the shit
Hey, oh, oh, oh, down with the shit
Drink this, smoke this, down with the shit

Smoke this, drink this, straight to my liver
Watch this, no tick, yeah I'm the nigga
Gang rap, X-mas, smoke, shots I deliver
Faded, Vegas, might sponsor the killer
Shake it, break it, hot-hot for the winter
Drop it, cop it, eyes locked on your inner object
Rock it, blast-blast, new beginnings
Lovely, pinky how not I remember, fiendin'
Give me, give me, give me some
Freak the freckles off your face
Frenchy, freakin', swappin' tongue
Click my link and spread your buns
Lose your denim, make it numb
Blow it, baby, no Saddam (icky-icky, icky-icky)
Fuckin' in the car service, thank me for the car pool
Chromosome, part full, prolly off a Narco
And gas, not the Arco, poppin' since the intro
You shoppin' from the window, play my favorite tempo

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Oh, oh, oh, down with that shit
Drink this, smoke this, down down with the shit
Hey, oh, oh, oh, down with the shit
Cop this, pop this, down down with the shit

Hold up, biatch! This yo' favorite song
Translation: ven aqui, mami, ese culo
Tu quieres coger mis huevos, y papi me molestes
Pero chuparse puto pendejo, el pinche cabron
Let's get it - nights like this, I'm a knight like this
Sword in my hand, I fight like this
And I'm more than a man, I'm a god
Bitch, touché, en garde
Toupée drop and her two tits pop
Out of that tank top and bra
And when I say "Doo-doo, doo-doo," bitch, that be K. Dot
She want some more of this
I give her more of this, I owe her this
In fact, I know she miss the way I floored this, on forgis
I know my Houston partners, drop a four on this
And focus, and slow it down
Alright, let me blow this bitch
I'm famous, I blame this on you, cash in the mirror

Hang in my penthouse roof, skyline the clearest
Watch it, your optics poppin' out, you look the weirdest
Pop my top on the 105, head with no power steerin', ah!

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Bummy nigga famous, straight from the bottom
Broke niggas hate it, still never robbed him
Guns in the basement, out they have a problem
Kush be my fragrance, we love marijuana
Function on fire, burn the roof off this mothafucka
Psych ward is ballin', go craze like no other
Weed steady blowin', pass the blunt to my momma
Runs in the family, puff-puff keep a nigga fiendin'
Faded, faded, faded, right?
Shot glass super size, she gon' get some dick tonight
Meet me at the W, and no, it's not the Westside
Stick it up your SouthSide (icky-icky, icky-icky)
Baller futuristic, groovy gangsta with an attitude
What these niggas make a year
I spend that on my daughter shoes
Smokin' weed and drinkin', all the college students lovin' Q
We gon' turn it out until the neighbors wanna party too

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Oh, oh, collard greens
Three degrees low, make it hot for me, drop that
Oh, oh, oh, down with that shit
Drink this, smoke this, get down with the shit
Hey, oh, oh, down with the shit
Drink this, smoke this, down with the shit