

Who laid that gold
Yellow brick road
The wizards of oz
They know

Who built the bridge
Over the trolls
3 billy goats
KO

Knockin' 'em out
No fucking around
We slapping the hate
Out your cake hole

Built a whole kingdom from nothing
Then carried that bitch
To the top of the summit like

Boom
We making moves
Sweeping the game
All these rappers we give 'em the broom

Ewww
We dropping jewels
Built 'em a school
Like the architects painting the view

Zoom
Into the Louvre
Our songs are Da Vinci codes
That we wrote up on the moon
Boom

Who the OG's
We the fucking OG's

In the eyes of the storm fly higher
Destiny's Lane blazed off a smoke tree

I'm a gold member to Mike Myers
Blocking out shade Ray-Bans to Oakleys

Gonna send ya the sea is rising
Bullet and a target for pagans and phonies

A midnight coke fiend, kill a whole genre
Happy in my hoodie on stage with a dope beat...
Catch that

I'm up on a vibe
I'm up on a vibe
Islands in the sky
Islands in the sky
Ho please, we make that goats cheese
One love for the young bucks

But we the fucking OG's

We blaze it up
Yeah, that's OG
We run amuck just like Kobe with 81
Bitch you know
Who the OG's?
We the fucking OG's

I slang pot till I'm high high
Freak bitch Bangkok on a Thai flight
Mile high club when I ride by
Offspring pretty fly for the white guy
Now it's little white lines and a drive by
Now I'm having little white lines and a mai tai
Now I'm having Star Wars Star Trek sci-fi
No prince brother I'm your prince like Cyhi

I grow seeds into oak trees
I go beast on a crack beat
That MC that's so ill I've got Covid scared to catch me
This is ChillinIt and BnE you gone feel this shit like some DMT
And you know the drill when we team up
Got the whole crowd yelling out 'these cunts'!

Shit did y'all just notice ChillinIt
Put a whole bunch of BnE songs in his rhyme when he spitted it
Like paying homage to the OG's
That he grew up with that's love that's the realist shit
It's so dope how we pass the baton
To the next gen and our brethren keep killing it
Kind of like what Kobe did for Zion Williams
Shit we can all make millions

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My my
Just a little FYI
Y'all seen my rookie card up in the Beckett
Man, that shit gone sky high
I told y'all back on the track with Nas
It's a game and on this island this kingdom
Who the fuck you thinks been ballin' like Jordan and Pippen

Listen who are y'all kidding see the gold rings on the wall
What a glorious vision
I'm in the business of winning them chips
Then I flip 'em to cribs that are gorgeous to live in
Oh oh Lord what a feeling 500 horses roaring and kickin'
When I'm in the Porsche and I'm flooring it
Whizzing by all these haters flicking them off while I'm giggling

Yo Chill, where you at

Ruined the chance that a boy won't last long
Rolled up with the import kush
Put two in the gram then whoosh through the glass bong
Eso, this good shit till the old boy pass on
We a long road 'til I cycle the flow
That's Tour De France when I go Lance Armstrong

Yeah this tracks a riot
And when big Macka's rhyming
I tear shit down like Shaq and Zion
And eat that beat like a pack of Lions

Raa!

That's right I'm spark a spliff and get high
Cause I'm iller then Magilla Gorilla with a banana clip in this mic
Like
Fully automatic with the raps god damn
I'ma let 'em all have it when I hit that kush
I'm on a whole other level
I feast on sheep I'm a big bad wolf
Boo!
My flows are so cold that's why the ducks go south
I spit flames I'm Rick James
All up in your house yelling fuck your couch

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