

Smoke

BlocBoy JB

I'm back in my bag, they stealin my swag
But this the original flow
If I see a opp, then I'm peelin his bow
Fuck a 4th of that lean, pour a pint on his toe
Now who want the smoke?
I want the smoke
Fuck all that talkin, lets meet at ya door
I'm pita roll mafia big baby loc
And I got tiny locs
And I fuck with the folks and I fuck with the joes
And I fuck with the bloods
My bitch keep a strap, I ain't fuckin with studs
Just fucked a bitch but I told her its love
I was so down, I looked up seent the sidewalk
Me and my brothers we played in the mud
I'm feeling offset, I might just bust down a carti'
So bitch if it's up then it's stuck
Watchu u gon do when you up in the combat
Bullets start hitting the back of yo truck
My throwaway was a XD compact
9 lemon squeeze was the one that I bust
He want the beef, put him up in a lunch pack
I ain't smokin opps, they was killed out of love
I'm gettin high lil baby that's a fun fact
But marijuana is my only drug

I'm off a ex lap, tryna give a dirt nap
Came from a perc, yeah, must been a dud
I'm tryna bump on this beef, I like contact
Niggas was scared to come out where we was
Hollow tips hit him, explode on contact
Rip him up, quickest way get him a buzz
He don't drop videos cuz he too broke to go buy him some clothes
That nigga a bum
AR flip a car, rip through the motor
It sound like explosives, a bunch of alarms
I got a switch on a 9 wit a drum
It's so fast, you bragging 'no way he can run'
I don't feel sympathy, turn to a memory
Cuttin my dog up for me and the bruhs
I got some good smack, tie in my backpack
Hit it with superman, turn it to fudge

I'm feeling sheisty, I just put his mans in the dirt
So tell him to get it in blood
I'm Uncle Elroy, these rappers Day-Day
I swear these niggas my little bitty boys
When I got locked up, it was for robbery
I went to back school and they gave me a board
You got me fucked up, thinking bout robbin me
Up with the drac', make him mission abort
I got into it when we played the basketball
I was the first to take shit off the court
I'm on the block, man, I feel like I'm Marc Gasol
I was just plotting on robbing the source
I lay him down, make him count to a thousand
He move, he gon' die before he make a choice

Look in his eyes, I can tell he a bitch, man
I know he didn't hop off the porch, he was forced