

Deadman's Chest

BLP KOSHER

I don't even talk like, why do they talk 'bout, why do they talk? (No way, Hozay)

Keep out the road, I'ma shoot out the roof
That's a baby on board, blow a kiss at a opp
Pockets, they swollen, I stack how I do
I might need a new shoe, how I walk on the water
You came out the blue and you green and you not for the team
You pick pockets, I pick me a lock
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And I be gripping on that metal like I mall grab
Long yellow brick road, Tinman, all that
I'ma finish what we started, can't fall back
Reaching out and know I'm 'bout to pop but I don't call back
Won't stress shit, now I got single bands
Snap once, now I want my whole wrist drown
He a pirate but he working with them ghosts
[?] Dead Man's Chest, had to search around
I'ma kick back in the lead, fuck what they heard
Glock make 'em flap, clip wings, now the prey bird
Opp thought they wanna set me up, I'm like, "Say word"
Doing switch front heels like I'm B. Herm
DoorDash, how I'm dropping vids, tell 'em watch and learn
Opp pulled up on 'em one day, he did not return
[?] boys cap, we are not concerned
Make peace with 'em in case they blow, they wanna make sure
He talking 'bout stay dangerous, he a bitch
Light show, drive through with a glow stick
Fold up on the bread. you a pita pit
If it's smoke, drop the phone, don't post shit
They were smoking on me but the spliff canoe
I spit like I chew tobacco in the stu'
All the fuck boys sweet, dulce de leche
All the fuck boys sweet, fr-e-sh-a-voca-do

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