

# Deadman's Chest

BLP KOSHER

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

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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