

Drunk Off Ciroc

Bow Wow

Back on my shit, you should be nervous boy
Maybach ride, I'm ducked low behind them curtains bow
And I got my feet. young nigga sitting comfy though
Backwood, ten grams, we blowing heavy smoke
Left Cash Money then I went back to the home team
Had to find me wave, I had to tap into the old me
Never read my comments on the 'gram, yeah y'all don't know me
Say you putting numbers up huh, you gotta show me
Snoop said "Get these niggas" so I'ma get 'em dog
One house, ten bitches, that how I'm living dog
Strip club, ten bands, then watch 'em take it off
If she don't fuck, I don't tip, that's I how I do it y'all
Let's get back to this real shit a nigga been through
All that shit they write about me, y'all think that it's true
See I'm too rich to be depressed and I don't fuck with the press
Smoke cause I'm stressed, OG nothing less
We at [?] when them planes touchdown
Balenciaga runners on my feet when I touch ground
Gotta watch your circle, it's a circus, niggas turn clowns
Go head with all that fake love shit, I know what's up now
Gotta watch these hoes nowadays they all want to be famous
And if she make it past the lobby, she signing a statement
Because these hoes nowadays attacking niggas who famous
You see Russell and the Weinsteins I ain't catching them cases, roll up

Yeah, boy I got options like a quarterback
I lost my little nigga to lean, he had a heart attack
And all these rappers getting taxed out here
Heard you got pressed in LA, you can't relax out there
Take 'em to Compton wouldn't last out there
They in your pockets huh, you paying for that pass out there
That's extortion at its finest my nigga
We in these streets every night, it ain't hard to find us my nigga
Bentley, Lamb, Rover, that's how we ride my nigga
You and 30 niggas, 30 clips, so don't try my nigga
Drop my own shit, I couldn't wait on Jermaine
And I'm just speaking facts boy, I'll never hate on Jermaine
And see I see shit different, now our view ain't the same
You still stuck on that old shit, boy the business done changed
I skipped a show just so I could see you Chris
Day ones, me and you been through a lot of shit
No matter what you gon' always be my little brother
And it kill me when we in public and we ain't speaking to each other
This shit crazy
Oh my fault Brown, this shit brazy
We grown men, let's turn this shit around
Ciroc got me feeling all emotional
Speaking from my heart, that's what I'm supposed to do
Students of the game and boy I'm coaching you
No subtweeting, you talk shit, boy I'm approaching you
That's real

Fucked up right now
Gone off this Ciroc nigga
Niggas got me in my feelings
Fuck around, wake up and regret everything I say
But I thought that's what hip-hop was about though

So fuck it