

# Chain Smokin'

CalBoy

Got me chain smokin'

Lord forgive me he play with me I bust his brains open  
Lost some members hope they with me I just stay hoping  
Pray to my God, hope he talk with me when them gates open

Yea, I know most this shit be hype

I'm back in the Raq for the week and got to wild I booked a flight  
Yea shawty you can slide on me right now can't spend the night  
You say that its up, it's stuck with us and pay the price  
This bitch riding my pocket better stay in your lane  
Momma told me take a break like uh-uh no way  
Ay, I'm off percocet lil bitch cause I'm not ok  
Dropped a hundred racks and copped a beamer, still got road rage  
Ay, how you pay that boy and he ain't came with no aim  
Ay that boy ain't got no money he prolly hang with your gang  
I lost my \_\_\_ to these streets so most my days be so strange  
My shorty a beast he so discreet it's like he came with no name  
Yuh, ay, I swear this street life got me numb  
These days I'm annoyed you see me know I got my gun  
I ain't got to pay no shooter my bro do this shit for fun  
Been done earned my stripes jumped off that porch when I was young

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Pray to my God hope he talk with me when them gates open  
Sorry mama I'm still chain smokin'  
Chain smokin'

I ain't change I copped the change and put a lil change on it  
Kept it solid from the jump you still done changed on me  
Come from the bottom, at the top still with the same homies

We chase deads, all I see, trap money all I need

She smoke dope then look chinese

I got juice like this Hi-C

I can't name a bitch I need, but she like percocets like me

He want beef that's all I eat and ain't no bars then I won't sleep

Ay, got to stay to myself, I tweak when they don't understand they say I'm b  
roke

Every other day I made 100 bands bitch whatchu know

Really upped the Glock and put it to his head who want the smoke

My opp died from two shots to the leg bitch that's an underscore

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