Different Combinations

Caskey

Damn, please don't pay me mind, I'm zonin'
Different kinds of pines I'm clonin'
Matt, roll up another L, mind if I hold it?
This shit, it slide, don't it?
Out here [?] like what the fuck is going on? I'm zonin'
Grand [?] inside of the cups that I'm pourin'
We just goin' in harder than before
We got different combination-nations, all them for the low

Bang, different combinations
We take 'em all then find a broad and spark up conversation
What we on, Maine? Different combinations (Aw, yeah)
Different combinations (Aw, yeah)

I'm in this bitch, yeah, I'm in this bitch
I got my rifle in the boot, I'm 'bout to kill this shit
And even if you on Novocaine, you gon' feel this shit
And she could pop ten Percs, but she gon' feel this dick
Like on them Emmitt Smiths, riding for the benefits
Boy, I been a G since Stunna had them things for ten a brick
Now I'm on some different shit, different combinations
Just to switch the conversation, for that pussy, I'm impatient
Baby girl, I'm tired of waitin', make accommodations
I got so many styles, I'm a one-man compilation
Masked up like Jason, to Heaven I'm adjacent
But my flow give 'em Hell, my ghostwriter Satan
Yesterday a chick with no arms tried to hug me
I grabbed my insect repellent like, "Bitch, you buggin'!"
I'm always growling, never moanin' when I'm bonin'
And I'm one of a kind, nigga, so ain't no clonin' when I'm zonin'

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Grown is not an adequate description
I am casually sippin', my reality has been driftin'
I am gone, my mind frame is bent sideways
I barely ate in 'bout five days, I got Mary Jane rolling five Js
And I'm trippy, mane, word to Juicy J and it's sickenin'
I got fifty grams, so roll it up [?] and we don't smoke no [?]
So fuck with me, mane, lately my surroundings been evolvin'
I'm with Birdman, I'm with Mack Maine, I'm with Lil Wayne, I'm with all them
I call this, shit, my answer into the callin'
Either you cancellin' or you all in
I'm a young Anakin and been ballin', what's fallin', up?
Except my opposition, they targets

Man, I told them hoes not to start shit
Now we blowing Os on this star ship
Man, I started this from the ground up
This a celebration, elevation
Who the fuck complacent? Not me
Who done made the mix that got me thrown?
I swear that there ain't an adequate description
I got two bottles with pills in 'em
And none of them prescription, bitch

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