

OUT THE ROOF

Chase Atlantic

(Yeah)

Yeah, ayy (Ayy)

I just popped three in a row (Popped three in a row)
Gasoline-y what I smoke (What I smoke)
Gas on 'E', we slide the door (Slide the door)
Slide the door (Slide the door)
Please don't try this shit at home (Shit at home, shit at home)
We send souls up to the sky (To the sky, to the sky)
When we don't wanna talk it through (Talk it through, talk it through)
See us then we take your life (Take your life, take your life)
What the fuck you gonna do? (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I got fifty rackies on me hangin' out my pants
And I'm hangin' out the roof, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
I'ma put the burner on his ass, make him dance
Michael Jack, bust a move, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
I'ma scorch every motherfucker in the game
'Cause there's nothing left to do, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Plus I got this vest on my body
So you know I'm feelin' bulletproof

Yeah, we stay lit (We stay lit)
We fuck bitches, pop on pillies, that is it, yeah (We stay lit)
Holy moly, holy shit, yeah (Holy shit)
Me and all my people heaven sent, yeah, yup
She just got her titties tucked, mhm, yup, yup
Fillin' up a double cup with mud, mm, mhm
Yeah, mix it up (Mix it up), save that money
If you don't got none, you're stuck
What the fuck? Yeah
I'm at the top of my game, yeah
Percies been killin' my pain, yeah
I like to hide in my braids, shit
Chopper beam blow off your brain, yeah
I go insane, I go insane, I go insane, yeah
Look at my flamethrower, I'm throwin' flames, yeah (Bitch)

Yeah, fifty rackies on me hangin' out the back of my pants
While I'm hangin' out the roof
I'ma put the burner on his ass, make him dance
Michael Jack, bust a move, yeah
I'ma scorch every motherfucker in the game
'Cause there's nothing left to do, yeah
Plus I got this vest on my body
So you know I'm feelin' bulletproof, yeah

Why waste time when you get high on the weekend? (Yeah, yeah)
Why waste time when you get high when you can? (Yeah, yeah)
I'ma hit you again (Yeah, yeah), wait

I got fifty rackies hangin' out of the back of my pants
While I'm hangin' out the roof
I'ma put the burner on his ass
Get to choppin' if he don't know what to do, yeah
I'ma scorch every opposition in the game
'Cause there's nothing left to do, yeah

(Do-do-do-do-do-do)
Plus I got this vest on me, motherfucker
Bitch, I'm feelin' bulletproof

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Bitch, I'm bulletproof
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah