

I been in a daze, gettin' blazed everyday
Gettin' paid with my man, smokin Js to the face
In the land of the snow, land of the vacant
Scandinavian piano rolls on my playlist
Damn, like I open up the ears of the ancients
And play that Sylvester during improvisation
The fam is the standin', ventilating Nu Age
The clan gives no answers, what can I say vanish like
Dracula and the mirror and the candlelight
Henny boys so the antics kinda shoddy vibin'
Now I'm in the lair with the manic fan Bobby Bobby Raps...
... and produces - where you at?

I get no coverage like a bum in the winter
Ain't ate shit all day I guess this blunt is for dinner
I run with them sinners, the hunger in my stomach it lingers
Just hit a couple of stingers blunt look like gorilla fingers
I tell my baby bro let's go - tear the block up
I'll stop rappin' when they lock them fuckin' cops up
On a quest for fulfilment, my expectations are low
Another year in the life, I guess it's taking it's toll huh
And Chester like my long lost brother
300 like Keith Cozart mixed with Gerard Butler
Scars on my face remindin' me of all my mistakes
That's why I bought me these chains
So I never forgot where I came
You uh wah who do fuck
Bitch I am a troubadour
Hit your ass like booyaka
These boys slow, time to go, vamanos
Your bars like Rey Mysterio, they on the ropes
I don't give a fuck what your man said
I got more bars than a light skinned Xan head
Your world domination plan dead
And these other boys spoon fed
St Paul with his tomb...