

# Spliffs

Chester Watson

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...