

Bitch I'm beaming beaming smoking stinky
Earring looking like they supposed to be on my fucking pinky
Tearing up the mall, I be speedin'
What you wearing ain't even up to fucking season
Take the fucking ball, and I knee it
Cause I'm fucking balling for no reason
I spent a car on a M.O.N.C. Moncler
I smoke kush like I grow it on a farm yeah

Bitch I smoke trees like I grow dem
Who is these niggas I don't know dem
They don't be smoking dope like me and bro'nem
Folks'nem, Glo'nem
Got a weed license like I grew him I smoke him
I'm in the Beamer catch his Benz, blow them
I caught him shooting dice and I rolled him
My pistol's fabulous I call him Los'nem
Smoking on this Tooka cause I know him
You can't stop a Amtrak railroad him
Bitch I'm Sosa Joc, it can go down
2-4 Black Disciples, ten toes down

I be smoking tons yeah
Too much kush for my lungs yeah
Walk in the mall spending money having fun yeah
I'm Gloing LED 4K TV and Suns yeah
1080p I was born in '83 I'm lying yeah
I been doing this shit since I was a youngin' ask my mom yeah
Smoke so much crop like I grew up on a farm yeah
Bitch steady talking I'm like "Is you done?" she like "Yeah"
I'm gliding in that bitch skert skert bitch I be stunting
Your boyfriend talking shit huh huh huh I get money
Pull on his block and shit duh duh duh I be gunnin'
Here come the cops and shit skuh skuh skuh I be runnin'