

(YGOnDaBeat)

I'ma smoke ya, smoke ya, smoke ya, ayy
Kush I'm smokin', smokin', smokin', ayy
Big ass four-oh I am totin', ayy
Don't make me put this bitch in motion
I'm off a flat, I don't know where my car went
I named my nina Gina just like Martin
My blunts look like Peter, swear it got rolls in it
She ask me why my pants saggin', 'cause bankrolls in it

Wait, hold on, ayy
I'm smokin' on a big blunt of Carlton
Tryna figure out where my car went
I think I parked it up that mountain
I don't know, I was off Xanax, ayy
I don't know, bitch, I was off ten flats, ayy
I don't know, I was off them ten blunts, ayy
I don't know, I was high as a fuck, ayy
They know I don't give no fuck, ayy
Come through, catch your bitch ass, light you up, candle up, ayy
Tell your mans to get up, hey
50 knock him down, he can't get up, hey
Smokin' Tooka, Tooka, Tooka
I'm smokin' TuTu like a hookah
I'm smokin' TuTu like a blue one
A Blu cigarette, alright now
You gon' meet my two drums

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Flexin' on 'em
Baby girl, I'm countin' checks up on 'em
I got these bitches wet up on 'em
Niggas can't even get seconds from 'em
And I don't even pay them, though
But my shit playin' on the radio
That's if I want it to
You know I don't give a fuck or two, though
I ain't got no Hublot
Got a Breitling with 'bout eighty-two stones
I got a chain with 'bout eighty-four stones
And I'm only eighteen, what you on?
I'm off this Xanax right now
Need a fuckin' flat right now
I'm smoking on this blunt right now
Still screaming fuck rehab right now

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