

230 Pounds

ChillinIT

Rargh

The Octagon

Remember that André 3000 track? (Chill, Chill)

"Hey Ya" or some shit, that was the shit back in the day

We should use it for the chorus, maybe (420 Fam)

Try this right here, check

(Hey ya) "230 pounds of marijuana..."

(Hey ya) "Along with more than 150, 000 dollars in cash..."

(Hey ya) "But guess what, that's not all. Also, take a look..."

(Hey ya) "A 55, 000 dollar watch"

Rargh, hey ya, I'm an outcast and I spray bar

I was six feet deep with the roses and flows

I was gettin' head stoned like graveyards

I'm offside with the ball in a box and all my brahs I'll like Neymar

Not Yoda, but the girl bent back like yoga, the drug's like poker

Funky Friday and pills on a rainbow

Psychodrama, but I'm not Dave, though

Quavo gettin' 'em high like all night

With a freak little thing on the right from Barbados

Chill the fuck out, peso, Snoop Dogg lifestyle then I lay low

Rap shit is a war of the words

And my words are gods of the war like Kratos

I'm in a blacked out Mazda, bad bitch that I met on Insta

In the club with a bottle of bub'

So yeah, I might go 50 Cent, I might pimp her

Might chop ya trees and yell timber

I might just swipe your shit, but not Tinder

I might say babysit, I might kid ya

I might Will Smith your bitch and then switch up

Facts, still got bud, no love for the Jack's

Still blow sesh from the front to the back

With the fam till the death and the bud that I pack

Money in a wraps both backflip, got 55 grand in the mattress

Can't catch this, I just got three birds in a row

And I called it a hat-trick

(Hey ya) "230 pounds of marijuana..."

(Hey ya) "Along with more than 150, 000 dollars in cash..."

(Hey ya) "But guess what, that's not all. Also, take a look..."

(Hey ya) "A 55, 000 dollar watch"

I said, "Quick figures pay less

Quick pay for the six-figure pay cheque"

Zip Pay, then I strip on my babe

Dress fine 'cause I got a little drugs and I take less

We just do a little more then we say less

Money doubles on the budget 'till the day stress

Wanna fuck, she don't know my name yet

That's just how the fame gets, word

Dot ball, got 'em in a mixed batch

Have a long one shot, might six that

Run out on a war like Steve and I hit that

Hit 'em with a Cro Cop kick back

Coke for coke till I comatose

Then go flow for flow while I go for throats

And I might go for broke till I overdose
And brudda catch my drift like Tokyo
I'm in a blacked out van with a bad little queen
In the back that I dust off
Jake Tyler, the boy back down in the background
Like I'm at a packed out bus stop
One-two, I kick it like kung fu
Come through with a one-point-two in the glovebox
Back down, put the track down, let it slap now, wanna chat?
Your whole crew can fuck off
Rargh, fuck off, fucked your girl twice, get bread then duck off
Why you on my dick then suck off?
Said it once more, brah, fuck off
Rargh, fuck off, fucked your girl twice, get bread then duck off
Why you on my dick then suck off?
I said it once more, brah, fuck off

(Hey ya) I told you cunts, bro
(Hey ya) I said it before, man
I don't know how many times I gotta say it, fuck off, man
(Hey ya) I'm livin' my best life, I'm good, bro
Money good, get yours
(Hey ya) You know what? Fuck it
Hey ya
Hey ya, hey