

# 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

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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