420 & 201

ChillinIT

(Check)
(Fuck it)
It's 420 I'm back again
420, 420 I'm back again
Strawberry and alize
420 I'm back again
420 I'm back again

Check - It's 420 I'm back again
Cali kush tasting like strawberry and alize
It's all good when I board checking your baggage mate
Signal when I talk in a court, stashed in a carrot cake
George Bush and a boar packed in a satty mate
The shit I spend on weed is more cash than your daddy make
Marijuana and buss is for nearly four days
Thousand and a [?] from the Meriton here with Fortay
Smokin ashes to ashes up in the hallway
Please baby maybe it's me, you make the call babe
I put a bar on your neck, that's a squat rack
Sent your girl footage of fuckin her on his whatsapp
Mate, [?]
We ain't no good for them, my baby [?]
But we rock and smoke heavy, and mob em like Joe Pesci
And brother my bro's ready, we got zeros to make
I need the Aston that's vroomin in the back ting
One day Imma play the super bowl like Janet Jackson while I'm on my Eric Cla
pton
Play my tears in heaven for my son I never backed him and I wish I fucking h
ad him, what a dumb cunt (ugh)
These politicians tax what I earn
That's why I'm learning how these early birds can catch all these worms
And I just made one hundred racks and smoked a pack of this herb
Got on a plane evaded jacks and bought it back for my girl, word

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No defeat like it's Meg and Tory, I shoot for the stars
Risk it all we doin missions with this spoon full of jars
Leave the henny to Chill, I'm still gettin loose off of bars
Sold my soul in the segro cells these are lucifer bars
I ain't made for this rappin shit you all knew from the start
Lucky that my brother threw me a start
Loaded up I breach parole over COVID to go move bupe in the yard
I put 330 on a keg, it comes with cuban cigars
(Shut the fuck up)
We be cuttin pears on a plate
I don't want the tracking number I'll be there in a day
You got the addy already, remember I sent that cali?
We had a GPS tracker, you put that pack in your safe
(Lol)
I'm still goin AWOL off of 8ball
Cold heart women still wanna know when the plate warm
I got 'H' I got 'I', but go to jail if I J-walk

'Kay that's a L but making Ms in a cake walk
(Ha)
It's 420 and 201
Chill put my boy in a grow house from all them tour funds
It's in the family ties, it could never sever us
Swear all these other rappers just wishin that they the two of us
(Nah)
This Thai smack it ain't from Tuivasa
But it'll knock you out the same so what you doin after?
Nah I'm just playin
They know I'm the sewer master
Splinter in this bitch I taught these turtles how to move it faster

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