

## 420 Queen St

ChillinIT

Lil Sknow done this  
Yo  
You got a lighter bro?  
This one doesn't work  
Fuck  
420 420 420 420

Burn out while I clutch to the wheel  
Then I shift, like gears, take draws from a blunt  
No breaks, when I overlap the whole pack  
Catch drifts, Formula One  
I'm still rappin' automatic 'til I get exhausted  
I rev horses 'til the wheels get spun (Vroom)  
That's gonna gas you up, like Mazda trucks, but fuck it, I've already won  
Rep it harder like I'm Benihana  
With the closed eyes and the marijuana  
I'm Barack Obama I'm the leader leader  
Yes I see the reaper bring me heavy karma  
On this hard road, and it's gettin' harder  
On a hilltop, make ya nosebleed  
When the pills popped, sippin Henny lager  
I'ma run it up just like I'm Wes Naqaima (No)  
(420, 420) Test me nada  
Keep it hunnid while she stunnin' in Balenciaga  
Spit a riddim in a minute, I love it, this ain't a gimmick  
I hit and then I quit it so don't text me after  
Riba Riba with a señorita  
Smokin' cheebah cheebah with a sexy mama  
Got that VB longneck and litre  
I just sip Tequila I don't get the drama no  
Police don't shoot me I don't got no guns  
Don't fuck with jacks I don't wanna get done  
Swear that my daddy taught me the art of get the money  
While mommy take care of her son

Family first don't give a fuck  
Word is my bond I'ma die for my blood  
Family first don't give a fuck  
Smokin' the chronic get high in the cut (Ugh)

I still hit the roach  
You'll get jumped like jacks if you skip the rope  
You'll get hung laid back when I switch the flow  
It's Christmas flow  
The red and green bitches know  
I stay raw in Dior she ain't Christian though  
And my 420 fams on shit to blow  
I switch the flow then pop pop pistol go  
'Cause my mind stays cracked like Da Vinci's code  
Herbs in a bag like Lipton  
The zip code, Trip Two 0, I cop parcels  
Bastards, stay with the stan lee, marvel  
Prolly why my nights look new, castle  
I could damage an amateur 'cause I'm harder  
The rapper get the package and package it for the market  
The road looks silk, with spliffs that I blow  
I hit That high road for the online darkness

(Ugh, ugh) write with pens  
I keep tools for the wood, like Mitre Ten  
But real talk though, I don't even like my friends  
I light the sesh and smoke 'til my life could end  
Got a few kids, that I once grew with  
Back in the day, they might pretend  
But that's true shit, everyone's mad 'cause the shoes fit mate  
Get your sizes then  
I pack mountains, climb it then  
Get violent then, the hot cold climate then  
'Cause I'm a one eyed cyclops pirate then  
I got bars me hearty, I'm high on sesh  
I still ride for the team on G shit  
Play with the ball like Steve Smith  
Don't test me fast pace Gillespie  
The 420 fam stay raw with the weed lit  
Brudda, I'm a stoner on my Chief Keef shit  
I still love Sosa, smoke Seth like Rogen  
I'm cold like the eski, got the Fear Factored  
Like I'm Joe Rogan 'cause I go beast shit  
Bruv, I'm all over the shop, over the drop  
Heavy and come and getter with the flow that I rock  
The stoner with pop, was over the top, up in a Nike tee  
Walk into the club with my brudda, ain't got an ID  
I'm in the club with my brudda, we keep it hunna  
With the keys and the buttons like bruddas that work in IT  
I walk into the club and my brudda could slip a couple a hunnas  
Onto his bruvva like nothin this shit is Visine  
All clear, aw, yeah

420 gonna have a long year  
I got a middle finger up saying all love  
420 fam staying right here  
All clear, aw, yeah  
420 gonna have a long year  
I got a middle finger up saying all love  
420 fam staying right here

Man, I'm gonna get me that stripper

I just copped some gobs in the valley  
Getting top off a bitch in a bally  
She just wanna get bricked, no Xannies  
I take pics for the grams not grammys (Nah)  
I take pics for the grams not grammys  
And I'm still sad  
I'm still sad even if I'm happy