

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 O, 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