

Ambitions

ChillinIT

La-la-la-la, la-la, la-la
La-la-la-la, la-la, la-la
Come with me
Hail Mary, run with me
What do we have here now?
Let's get high tonight
La-la-la-la, la-la, la-la

Ever since 'Pac had ambitions of a rider
I was gettin' billies like Maguire
Rippin' thru the villi in a Chrysler
All I know is rack, rack city, I rack in rack city
Rack city girl, living like Tyga
Women in designer, blow a couple hundred on my rider
Spend the other hundred on the tyre
Lookin' like a Jenner girl, I can get you wetter than Mariah (Shh)
Stick it like MacGyver, swisher in the fryer like (Woo)
You wanna talk the money then you push it to the choir
Lookin' like a liar, when it comes to bars
I'm the star of the cast like Idris on The Wire
R-r-r-rock a microphone with the boom funk
Mmm, yeah, I'm a freestyler
Ever since a teen, pussy, money, weed
That been in my genes, I been on fire
Switch up the flow

Bitches get low
Call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce
Dickin' her raw, booty retarded
I'm callin' her Cardi, I'm hittin' that raw
Spliff in the draw, all things Versace
With bitches that party in Christian Dior, like
(Chill, answer your phone)
My manager called, but I'm missing his call
I'm missing his- argh (Fuck's sake)

I'm travelling Hell's Atlas
Got a J in the valley, I'm all packed in
Snakes in my fly, but they lie to my face
Now the snakes on a plane, they Samuel L. Jackson
Practice is all that it takes, you can't backflip
All the money I make, you can't tax it
We were friends, then I fucked all the friends in the end
There's DiCaprio, you can't catch him (Woo)
I'm lighting up a spliff
Always been from Western when I fire off the clit
Girl, why you on my dick?
You emcees talk about weed like you Paddle Pop, lyin' on a stick
You lying to your bitch, you ain't got getting money, motherfucker
You ain't hustling, you buying shit on [?]
You been hiring your whip
Yeah, I catch mics, do dealies
All I know is catch a flight, not feelings
Wait, got a sesh and the ganja
Border securities, gettin it past 'em
Bless me a fiddy, no stress for the biddy
Having sex in the city like Jessica Parker

So, heavenly father, forgive me
Cannabis in my throat, got Valium in the coke
Yeah, I'm throwin' with the bars, my fifties are gettin large
And you call me Noah's Ark, there's animals on the boat
When I'm lit up on the back seas
Boats and hoes, can he pack it with the pack, G?
Ocean to the back streets, yeah, I stick them my soul
I been kickin' the goal, I'm El Masri
Argh, lightin' up a spliff
'Cause I've always been from Western when I fire off the clit
Girl, why you on my dick?
Emcees talk about weed
But you Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop

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Hahahahaha
Call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce
Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop, Paddle Pop
Hahaha
Call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce
Call me Sriracha, yeah, call me Sriracha 'cause Chilli the sauce
Let it fade out for a bit
Let these motherfuckers have the beat
They can loop that shit
Spit like that