

Blueberry Muffin

ChillinIT

Woo, haha
This for my fam
Every king has a queen, know what I'm sayin'
Haha, check, check

Like baby, why we gotta trip?
Why you bustin' out my grip?
Why you cussin' while I drive, just to fuck you in my whip?
Smokin' something like my bitch
Instead we getting high, then we fight and then we slip
Yeah the the fuck's you got's the dip?
I ain't got CC's
Baby don't be PG, baby keep this R
Make a movie, make it 3D
I ain't bout the skeet skeet
But all them other men are make you cum are getting deep deep
I'm pressing 'til your knee's weak, and then you start to see me
We got emotional sides, the only difference we close em' inside
I mean how the fuck you think I deal with pressures
I'm 'sposed to provide of a father if he opens his eyes?
There ain't no closure in life
All we do is pray, and hope we don't die
So bredrin, please just check my vocals are right, and this music blow on the mic
Pray the lord send me pussy, money, dope in my life
I know it's wrong, but baby hope that I'm right, for real
Uhh, that's why I take her to the hood
Maybe show her to my fam, show her Blake is doing good
I would chase her and pursue her, ain't no woman like my woman
Trust me bro, you know this woman, you would chase her if you knew her
Take her on the tour, mix the Bailey's and Kahlua
Then fuck her up on the top floor of sold out shows
Just to roll another swisher up then roll out smoke
I ain't busy fuckin' 'round with these old town hoes no more
Country music rap shit
Same shit that probably made the 80's do a backflip
Same bitch, probably get her' wetter than a baptist
Baptise pussy's just to bless it on a mattress like one time
Used to ball in the club, now I can't believe we fallin' in love
Now I used to hit the plug at late nights, and make the call for the drugs
Now I'm home at late night 'case she calls me to fuck
And I'll be right there, yeah the pussy tied there
Baby, like my hater you know I fuck you right, yeah
Now you sayin' I don't give a fuck, well baby I care
Always breakin' phones when we argue, get me iCare, like yeah
We argue when we meet, then we argue when we leave
Now days I get to argue when I'm 30,000 feet, fuckin' WiFi
Ment to feel connected, disconnected, this is bye-bye
We should take a break from all the bullshit, take a ride by
The pot we smoked upon the cliff when it was night time
(Fuck that bullshit baby girl, just bring your white wine)