

Cashed Out Stoner

ChillinIT

Broke down whip back in 2-19, this year got a blacked out Rover
Tickets sold out, ten thousand in fact, do maths I'm a cashed out stoner
But don't fuss, girl got the body-ody like Russ
Family First to the grave with a big fat J all day
You can smell my aroma like
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One time, Imma' crank that
One time my boy, be a soldier
That's water, I'm off tap
But blue with the flow when that boy going's colder
That's eagle eye when I'm raving
A blacked out Falcon, avoid these vultures
Why these MC's going Cardi B?
Yeah she got an abortion and killed my culture
Bar for bar, you don't get that
Bruddah yeah I run the bar, the flow? flipped that
Bruddah yeah I run the bar, it's Moe Szyslak
So please get that, so please test that
Still sun-kissed with the coke on a jet-ski
Money comes in through the mountain dew
I make it seven up to the max like Pepsi
Please test me, I still got brothers that break in like Brocken
I make me a hundred, instead we all hunters
On one little face but the lyrics are popped
You're still what you're not
Yeah brother, I'm rich as a bitch, I got ladies that strip on the spot
Enter your city and pick up your biddy and drive your Mercedes and whip on y
our block
Yeah look what I got, look what you're not, what?
Ball out cause the week day pay slow
21 babes inside a black range
Sometimes I go Drake on a Jhené Aiko
Fuck the woman that she say they know
A-O-C-E-O; Jeff Bezo
Run the amazon, the buds from Babylon
When the eyes real low, yeah the weed get fuego'd (Shee)
Please sever the letter and then test on a mic
Come get it my brother, I been fresh for the vibe
In groups I move weight, that's F45
Please slide, please try
Bend your back and then bend off a line
If your face is 2 but your waist is a 5
I'll make you suck dick till I make you a 9
Why? [?]
You're the girl like rough when I fuck
I beat the back up, put the ass in a stretcher
Make her left right, put mics on a bender
Peng girl, where your friends are? Come 'round for the bender
Give a fuck 'bout your man
I'll Snapchat the dog and make your bae watch, go Carmen Electra
I'll test ya, yeah me and my dogs, ladies and tramps
I got some bitches I take on a flight and you all know that we fuck 'fore th

e plane even land
Blakey the man, don't understand
Damn, ruined your chance, boy won't last long
Roll up with the import kush
That's two in the gram then whoosh through the glass bong
This good shit till the old boy pass on
Wheel on road, when I cycle I flow
That's Tour De France and I go Lance Armstrong
Oargh, that's dope
Scrub emcees, I don't need soap
Fresh so clean, OutKast steez
Three days deep, I don't use coke - jokes
Bruddah on the tune go looney
Tha-th-tha-th-tha-that's all folks!
Yeah jokes get [?] please, call the crew come do me
Daht-d-daht-d-daht, you all get smoked like
Oargh
One V ten of 'em
Late night show, not Letterman
All you cunts use too many drugs
Looking slim, not shady, bruv you not Eminem
Many men, ma-ma-ma-ma-many men
Wish death on me, wanna test on me
Tell 'em I got the sesh on me
Ma-ma-many men, ma-ma-many men
Ma-ma-many men, ma-ma-many men
Wish death on me, wanna test on me
Tell 'em I got the sesh on me like
Oargh

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That's not greatness, that's clout
For the fakers and doubt
I just cashed out
All them times I was sad, wow look at man now
Look, there's a man
No no-no, look over there, man down
I need bands, get ran down
Rounded, it's all hand outs
I'm the black Elon in the foreign with a Eon
My life too live, eon
Grind, I slide, for brioche
In my sights on the tower in the sky, no monk put me on
Power in my mind and my bag with a G on
I shine, neon
She shying me off, I'm not tired
That's bad man, savage
You love talking big, brother it's gassing
I was just a kid, my niggas said "That's a [?]"
How many is you been slanging? Now, oh nah you got a rack in
I've seen your mum, you should know where her bag is
I was up for a set, got my mum out of debt
You're up and ain't done nothing but bragging
Wake up, hella racks in my mouth
Can't buy what you're trying to sell
These rappers in line for girls, you see me inspire the world
Won't hear a cry in the field
She always comes before me, I'm kinda jel

Then I fly right to her cell
You know me, I fly right off the scales
I got no chill in it, chilling with ChillinIt
Mind your business, bitch I'm billing it
Winning, I'm winning it
On my life, winning shit, getting it
They see me and get adrenaline
Said he's a G but I see the felon in
I'm ahead, somewhere you're never in
She suck my dick 'til it's got no melanin

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