

Fire In The Booth, Pt. 1

ChillinIT

Still got henny on the rocks
Chill got Jenny on a block
Still got a Cute Tee up at QT with a QP
Bitch going heavy on the pop
I was ready for the drop
2.7 on a crop
Ed, Edd, Eddy with my squad
Like machete ima chop a chop chop
Then seshin on the block
I should be sellin it to God I was ready for argh

2.7 at a
Wrapped it up twice with domestic flights
Then checked inside to make sure I kept it tight
Cause if the feds intercept then I'm petrified
Don't give a fuck whatcha say about
Shit I got the whole thing laid out
The accountant just called me I'm too rich
I used to get paid out now I'm paid out

Wait

I'm on a free way in a V8 with my B-tape
Tony hawk just went broke you're a cheapskate
You can't see straight
I sell tickets like meat trays
Your egos better deflate
Crew come when I roll out menu
My shout my brudda there's no doubts
I just copped the sounds of a sold out venue
Now my penthouse got a fold out guest room

Your blouse got the sold out guest shoes
No price tag, I buy that
And these days I ain't even doing dates
I'm calling up ya babes gotta fly it then fly it back
Wanna try that
Please come try lad
Please try and do it like chill you can die lad
Go ahead you can drop your EP it'll flop in 3 weeks no cunts gonna buy that

I'm hard with bars like Osama
Dynamite armour to blow like I-Raq
My mastercraft for five margins light up the ganja with coke on my shh
Try diss me
Say my name doe
Nah you didn't cause you looking for the fame tho
And this is history
If I was the game girl young brudda gonna put his mumma in a range rove

From Sydney, Rockdale to Lanecove
Bad bitch do as I say so
Looking like J-Low, like Kim
V8 Chrysler with chromed out rims
Might go vroom when I ride on by
Might go vroom when I let that spin
Bass go doof when I drop that rhyme

Doof doof doof you could hear dat thing

Freak lil bitch tryna hit my line
Kill that buzz if I hear that ring
I wanna stay private
One way flights to the island
I'm letting bud blaze with the pilot
Now I'm not violent
I'm gonna shh stay silent
I'm gonna shh then hide it
Shh you're lying
It weighed 6.5 on the blacked out web might fly it, buy it

On the Gold Coast, where the Queens Land
Cause I get dough thicker than a deep pan
All these bruddas got their dots in a box
And my teams on green energy like a V can
Sheesh man
Spit lethal
No chaser brudda I sip regal
I'm triple X rated
Brudda I'm Vin Diesel
I'm fucking in a four door car, six people

It goes Vroom
Shit yeah
She goes Woo
Ric flair

You ain't with us, you can't sit there
Bruddas looking overcooked, you can't spit rare
Big back tho, long slick hair
She makes it cut back like a kick snare
You want six pairs
Here's my business card and my accountant can make that flip there yeah

All my bruddas stay alive, yeah
All my bruddas never die, yeah
My little brothers call me big bro
I never leave my bro behind
So for him I gots to grind, yeah
Just to get this money right
And all this pressure on my mind
I'm never stressin I'll be fine, yeah yeah yeah
I'm never stressin I'll be fine, yeah

I'm never caught when I'm passin those coppers
I'm tricky with the ball I'm the Harlem Globetrotters
They be signed like the cards in your wallet
But the moneys all mine there's no halving my profits uhh
Went crazy and flirted with death once
Now I'm trying to be the boss
And I worked til the bread jumped
Fresh cunt no major or turning for head fucks
And no money that I make has a thirty percent cut (get fucked)

And now I gots to focus
I made her bend her back like scoliosis
Listen to me I don't got emotions
Locked them in the basement getting wasted with the lost and hopeless
Everybody rides my wave when it's suiten em
And now they're smoking on the base and the Sudafed
And now I'm using fake names for a pseudonym

When I be on a flight I'm Blake James cause the buddhas lit

I stay focussed, brudda I stay focussed
420 when I drop on the beat
Stay smoking
Used to rock a fella for weed
Jay Hov him
Now I'm trying to get a classic and free like Beethoven

I'm all black with the Chucks
I'm in the back of the truck
Balaclava and a packet of bud
No lights on, no license
I'm trying to dodge the jacks on the run
Here they come I'm just a passionate cunt

From the way that I spit wicked, I'm sicker with sick lyrics
Got this monster next to under my bed like I'm Chris Griffin
All you bruddas bad liars, chase pussy like Quagmire
But the pussy comes to me cause I'm sitting on six figures (ugh)

420 I spit a verse and I chew the beat
I fucked your bitch and get chicken burgers on Uber Eats
On your account
I'm hitting herb moving weed
Free my brother from the can like tuna meat

The daredevil I dared devils to come once
French bitch begged for the French kiss and I bust nuts
Free my bruddas in jail I'm feeling love bruh
I'm walking in this club screamin' out 201 cunt!

I've done Pharlaps like equestrian
Tried to draw a line but I'm crossing it like pedestrians
Fine little Mexican sliding inside my messages
Saying she ain't a lesbian but she's feeling DeGenerous
(Ah)

Blaze ganja
Tell em I stay harder
I'm known to ball out when I rock it
James Harden
All you
Fake bastards
Just jittered with same jargon
But I'm paying 300 an ounce and my blaze started

And I'm the one
Tell em I'm the one
I do this for my fam and I do this for my mum

Tell em I'm the one
Tell em I'm the one
I do this for my fam and I do this for my mum
And I don't even give a fuck!

It's my bruddas
It's my bruddas
I do anything for my bruddas
My bruddas
My bruddas
Said I'd do anything for my bruddas
And my sisters, yeah

I do anything for my bruddas
My bruddas
My bruddas

Said I'd do anything for my
Whatdya want
The benzer the beam
The ranger the rove
The better the dream
The greater the road
And I don't know which way I should go
But all I know is that I left heaven and went rebel
And now the angel is rogue

I'm in a fight club
I ain't breakin' no code
I don't speak bout
I'm Beats 1 gets the beats down
Seen God but set ya below
I'm changing my flow
I'm bout to do a stadium show

But what'd it cost me
There's no fucks for the ops G
Naught chance did it cross me
Brudda what'd it cost me
25 bands on this watch G
Clocked on, everybodies watching
Everybody watch me

The hood master push past it
The kush blast with spliffs and jays
And you stopped like cooked pasta
I'm Good Charlotte
It's Lifestyles of the rich and famous

I'm a George Bush target
Threat to the market
Your shit plays and they switch the station
You sound like that guy that sounds like that guy that sounds like that guy
sort of situations
Its gettin boring

Said I don't wanna die lad
It's the same if I dyed mine like that
Cause these days my anxieties are high
At times I can't lie they rot and I can't write back
I feel tired and wired I been wire tapped
Putting black tape on the I's of my iPad
My blows Iraq
So I rack atleast like 5 lines with jack to get hijacked

Or get hijacked
Or get spun like a CD J
Go hard like a CD J
Go hard like it's PGA
Cash cheque's that are CBA
Will I ever quit TBA
On a grind like DGK
Wanna know when I arrive with an ETA
Bitch we love the deck brudda please replay
This fresh chick wanna civil play
I said uh

It's a vibe girl, yeah
It's a vibe girl, yeah
I'm gettin high girl, yeah
Yeah

I'm never gonna fall for that
Cause I'm way too raw for that
The missed calls, I didn't call them back
I want a
Crooked eye so I snorted that
She want a
Crooked eye so I bought the pack
She want the
Louie V so I ordered that
She want the
Gucci so I bought the pack
I regret that I flex cause I'm more than that
And my mums still gotta pay this mortgage back
Fuck

This girl wanna smoke my kush
She heard that I stay with 6-5 ounces
And one show gets 6-5 thousand
Just off merch it's 65 thousand

Put all my crops inside stocks
So whenever I stop get 6-5 houses
It's prolly why I'm racking my brain
I'm trying to double up the money off of capitals gains
I swear
Hands down but their bars are boring
All my bruddas ride around in a van tryna slang a TV like Harvey Norman
Smashed their phones so they can't record it

Stuck in a timeframe
Nothing that I say
Ever gets heard
So I fucked on a Friday
Nothing that I say
Ever gets heard
I smoke blunts and herb and puff until my minds straight

4 strains throughout the one here
Only one here with the seasonal herbs
Look officer, you ain't search my car unless you givin me a good reason for search
One time this chick broke my heart
Way too smart so I'm leaving this girl
My new girls constantly fucking with all my new girls
Two girls like a demon on earth nah fuck that

Just tell him the straight boss shit
This bird got the long neck
Somethin like an ostrich
Ain't pop shit
Chris gon rock shit
Bout to get my ball over post, drop kicks
Get it
Please me, please don't
When I ball off the line like free throws
Straight weed smoke
I ain't getting sleep tho

I been up and down with my ex like cheat codes

My grandad taught me the art of shut the fuck so I grind like men does
You don't wanna head down roads where your life gets black brother keep your
heads up
Stay away from this ice and needles
Cause the drugs are evil, only gives you headfucks
I stay 4-2-0 tho, my bro so I'm still gonna sesh with

My bruddas
My bruddas
I said I'd do anything for my bruddas
My bruddas
My bruddas
And my sisters, yeah
Said I'd do anything for my brothers