

Lights Off

ChillinIT

All the pressure and the stress has got my mind gone
But pretty women wanna fuck me with the lights on
Yeah, so I told her bring the drugs until the high's gone
And cut the lights off, baby, cut the lights off, yeah
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I don't give a fuck about the G shit, argh
Only give a fuck about a remix
Light a fire to your crib and burn your house down
I'm savin' the ashes like I was Steve Smith
I got the weed lit, you know how the cash feel
We puffin' on medicinal vac seals
And Young T just came here to puff weed
We bust beats, my brother let the lyrical axe wield
Look, bitch, I'm movin' the chron grams at
All the women with me got Louis Vuitton handbags
Rap samples, pray like a mac handle
This prodigy been poppin' the bottle, you better stand back
So where the grams at?
I get a second to none, my head's buzzed from adrenaline rush
'Cause I been whisperin' the ghost like I'm Jennifer Love
The 420 fam's gettin' it done, we straight kill shit
Headshot, brother, I'm lookin' red hot
Currency was lookin' the same colour as Mentos
Scorin', stayin' a free man like Morgan
Ballin', dollars and pounds on a Rolex watch
Guess what? You couldn't tell that
MDMA, I been poppin' it in a gel cap
Brudda, I'm the boy bringin' hell back (Argh)
On point with the pen, so you felt that

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Hustle on the grind
I was at the Rydges at Cronulla with his wife
So much cocaine here, flowin' through her vein
'Cause I'm lookin' at her pupils and they've doubled in the size
Brother, I was flyin', now I got a duffel on the side
Brother, now I suffer in the mind
Way that I be livin' got me sinnin' a million miles a minute
I can't even look my mother in the eyes
Nah, that ain't a lie, tell 'em all, "I don't wanna die"
Brother, got the money on the mind
Brudda, got the hunnids while the hunnids
I swear that we keep it a hunnid in the club
Yellin', "Cuzzy, it's a vibe"
Buzzin' off a line, battle with the fears

I was up and down, had to battle with the tears
Never did I quit, a lot can happen in a year
Fuck, now I happen to be here
Homie, I put on, homie, I be LeBron
Winnin' all the games for the Cleveland Cavaliers
Homie got a bong, quey and the chron
Did a hundred K with the patty in the rear
Because homie, I'm a stoner (Argh)
Pullin' over, nah, smack it into gear
Crack another beer, have another Vallie over here
Crackin' open Xannies over here with your bitch like

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The reason that the girls liked me was
And I played and I sing and they said, "Hey, man
You, you got, you got soul in that music"
I said, "Yeah, I, I play a little bit, you know, I like mu—"
Then he said, "Man, you're really somebody"
I said, "Oh, I am?"
Oh, I just got out of jail, I don't know what somebody is"