

# One Breath One Take

ChillinIT

Fuck me  
You know, so we ain't really never had no old money  
I gotta go in  
We got a whole lotta new money though  
Don't judge, fuck it  
Beast mode  
Ayy, uh

Raindrop, drop top  
I got Migos to pass the weed  
I'm not offset, but I set off with the takeoff  
Probably why the hottie gotta body like Cardi B  
Bob Marley, I pass the weed  
Pass the tree, 'cause my lyrics are a masterpiece  
You can find me in the house like I'm Ali G  
And I got a motherfuckin' ounce like I'm Charlie Sheen (Perfect)  
Fuck my ex, I can't stand her, argh  
Fuck my friends, I ain't Chandler, argh  
First names Blake, not Adam  
See me travellin' the longest yards, I'm A. Sandler, argh  
I was in a hotel loungin'  
Me and Baggsy were smokin' cones  
And now I'm tryna get a bag on my broken phone  
I'm livin' like a rockstar like I'm Post Malone  
Slow down one time, baby, let's go  
Heck no, I'm tryna put a house up in escrow  
I just wanna get a Ying Yang Twin  
Then show 'em my Lil Jon till the girls wanna get low (Yeah!)  
I'm the one to put a bar in the underground  
You motherfuckers better make your thanks  
When it comes to the dollar, dollar bills  
Yeah, Chillin' get all the money, I'm a Saint George bank  
(Perfect) Woo, woo, find me at a rave  
Gettin' blazed with the kush and I'm lookin' for a pill hit  
Got the gloves at the back  
With the ball, my brother, I ain't never Adam Gilchrist  
Only my Don Bradman would get that  
The bender it goes five days: test match  
This ain't the Basement Jaxx  
But "Where's your head at?"  
Ha, stay in the cut with the sesh lad  
Call up my crew, "Where the sesh at?"  
If it's your wife we don't text back  
Arnie Schwarzenegger, I flex rap  
Hit the forty, Rick and Morty  
Fly through space, stay high with a jetpack  
Swear that your bitch is boring, switch the story  
You might end in the place where my ex at (Perfect)  
I'm a man, bruv, I do what a man does  
So I do it for my man then my man up  
I grew up not fuckin' with the mainstream  
'Cause I had Big L rockin' on my Samsung  
You can't be damn stupid  
Brother, I'm Chill, don't ask your man, "Who's this?"  
I jump on the Gram, I pass the damn doobie  
I smoke me a spliff like Armin Van Buren  
No money, so I skip my rent

See Jackson high all the time like 50 Cent  
I ain't ever done Muay Thai  
But I still get high with my homies that hit the legs  
All of you faggots are soundin' American  
Bruv, I'm the pimp at your party  
Check out this Aussie that's swaggin'  
With Nautica jackets and shrimps on the barbie (Perfect)  
These days I'm sippin' the cheap whiskey  
Till the day that I die I'll be high  
No surprise, I ain't givin' a fuck, it seems risky  
I'll overdose on Nurofen Plus like 360  
I was under satan's spell  
But Blake rebelled, the drugs I would take as well  
I blazed the L, then stare up at the face of hell  
That make a motherfucker laugh like I'm Dave Chapelle  
Look back at it, oh my God  
Wu-Tang Clan's playin' on my iPod  
Got a white girl in some lingerie  
She pass J's with her arse in my face and the lights on

Argh, I can't even breath, bro. Fuck it, that's it. One take. 420 fam. Bodybag Media. Deadthread (Perfect) (Smoke weed every day) Ah, pack me up. Call me a stripper, shit, I'm fucked. That was harder than I thought