

Rubik's Cube

ChillinIT

We line that box like Rubik's Cube
I ain't talking Scooby Doo, but this no mystery for Chill
Keep my burners in the room and all my bitches kill the bills
Uma Thurman, Lucy Lius, I'm Tarantino with the film
She look like the movie, dude, so how the fuck we turn it down?
All we know is turnin' up, all my homies been around
Yeah, I know you heard of us, all my homies keep it loud
Yeah, you know we burn the blunts
Neighbours ask me, "Turn it down"
So my homie turn it up and line the box like Rubik's Cube
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So you know we turn it up and broski, call that what you want

The biggest house up on your block
Titties bouncing on your what?
I still remember, before all the cheddar
When bitches were dissing, now they want a spot
When they look at the watch
I did a festival run and got fifty thousand for the slot
Gucci down into my socks, Ubers out to get the what?
Ubers out to get the rock, rargh
Ask the accountant, yeah, I blew the quickest thousands of the lot
I still got homies that foil up sticks
And they only use wicket when out on the block
Spliff in a box, fuck all the cops
But I ain't trying them all and my shit be sounding like a bop
Shit be sounding like a bop, you can hear it when it drop, rargh
All the stress has got me weak, all my blessings never cheap
But fame is a bitch, all of my friends could become all my enemies
Within a week and the pressure has peaked
Keep the Henny with the weed, keep the weapon under seats
But fame is a bitch, all of my friends became all my enemies
Within a week, I'll make this last
If tomorrow never comes, we stay up and pop a bottle
We stay up to watch the sun from the backyard at our crib
Then fuck the models in these clubs, all we know is taking drugs
All we know is being us, like yeah, like yeah, yeah, yeah
This that Makaveli, back to school, yeah
This that Kendrick, this that Halle Berry, hallelujah
These money trees shade the sun from me
Currency's all on my mind, currently all on my grind
Brother, don't call on my line, like, whoa
I don't play for Utah but hand me the jazz (Hand me the jazz)
'Cause I got the Charlie and I got the angels, I'm Cameron Diaz
It's a party in this bitch, all my bitches, they stay classy
Put Versace on her wrist and

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