

Walk The Line

ChillinIT

We blowin ganja, smoke nirvana like it's punk rock
And never beg your pardon, James Harden with these jump shots
Jump off the tour, invest the money in drug spots
The hands clean, scheming, I'm dreaming 'bout what my son's got
Give a mother-fuck if a motherfucker will fuck off
Buds rocked, ashes to ashes, we tryna dust off
I love my girl but I'm feeling there might be love lost
'Cause I get a plane every day and I make the young dash
Sticks and stones, drop at ST for B
She got them bricks and bones, Jacks got me tapped, you'll see me swi
tching phones
We only fuck the mean girls that on that Lindsey Lo'
Better know, give up the druggin' or else your bitch could go
Flying so much, my body clock has lost the plot
4am I board the plane, 3am I'm hopping off
Wifey sick and tired, "Blakey, when's it gonna stop?"
'Cause I must provide, little Lion knows we gotta pop
Three in the morning with reefer and demons calling
We import it, keep it smart while I'm rolling like Stephen Hawking
Sick of touring, fuck fame, tell 'em that this fame is heavy
Blade Runners, blowing eighteen hunnids like I'm Dave and Headie
Making \$40K, turned it to 148
Throw it on the mortgage, grab Tequila and we pour it straight
Used to be a junkie doing nothing while I snort the plate
Rather keep it hunnid for my son and wife and all my mates
Mate, I'm smoking fine on some Kobe Bry'
Homie's only thirty but I'm working 'til I'm forty-five (Forty-five)
First thing, I'll do my verse and then we talk the price
Fuck it, it's Johnny Cash, my bro we walk the line
(Walk the line)

Me and Woody say what's goodie, turn the volume up
Dick her so deep that I'm holding her where her molar touch
My son give me energy like the solar plug
I'm up and down, fighting through chemistries of bipolar love
My baby keep the paper in the stroller tucked
Rappers ain't a joint but we smoke 'em if they can roll with us
It's to the point that I flip it like Motorola's does
Devil's on my body, I'm worried he's got a hold of us
Fuck, I still weight it on my mini scales
Rolling up a doobie while Lupi was counting ticket sales
Wanna ride with us? Sorry bro, ship has sailed
Better learn to live and learn, than you say you lived and failed (Re
al Talk)
Fam over gram in the city suite
Rap life's made it to the symphony but we bittersweet
So when I kill the beat, is the beat killing me?
Will I find my inner grind, while I lose my inner peace?
Peace