

Let The Blunt Go

Chris Brown

Funk Flex, Chris Brown
Who you mad at? Me or yourself

Gold chain, gold chain
Gettin' money gon' watch this hoes chance
I'm in the party got these bitches off molly and they rollin'
Bitches poppin pills like it's for pain in their eyes I'm the shit
Molly probably fantasizing all about my dick
Only one real nigga take a pic and all you haters
I'm gonna take your bitch

Every nigga in the club see the same hoe
With the same friends all they do is change clothes
Try to bowl and they pussies say their lane closed
If you fuckin' for your rent you a lame hoe
Oops, yeah I said that
Half ya'll niggas in here frontin where your bread at?
ahhhhhh, gon' stutter rap
Thought so can't do it like this broke nigga

(2x) If you say you got to work
why you in the club hoe?
Hell no you can't smoke my drugs hoe
Now you in the club tryin' to fuck no love hoe
How you do that there?
bitch let the blunt go

Too many cars a parade when I pull up
Glass jaw, catch a fade that's a chin up
If you ain't lookin I'm gonna eat your hoe for dinner
She said she's a virgin but I fucked her in Virginia
I ate her at the Supper club
Bad bitches at Greystone
but the just some runner ups
Now every nigga in here
seeing if you tryin' to fuck
And every nigga in here schemin' gon' try your luck
I'm A-1, no steak sauce nigga
they spray dumb it's like ratatatat cross your baseball cap
A couple hoes in your face like jason

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