

Pop A Pill

Clever

Bitch, I might pop a pill

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If my PO ask, I'm like, "Oh no, not for real"

I was just talkin' shit to the microphone the whole time

Both my pockets filled with two different things

That you might mix together, some' like chocolate milk

Fuck what you talkin' 'bout, bitch, I might pop a pill

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Ain't it funny how you finally come around and I start coming down

You ask me if I might have any more and I got plenty, sure

I check the bottle and I just ain't got none left, damn

Bitch, y'all have got to chill, someone been off in my cookie jar

I didn't have to look too far, I'm blaming you for it

Yeah, bitch, you know it, you act like I got so high I forgot

Bitch, I'm not, the whole time got that look in your eye like

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Bitch, I might pop a pill

Where my damn cellophane?

Ayy bro, where my damn cellophane at?

I mean you took, man, I mean you take it

Man you lie and you look fucked up right now

Matter of fact

Matter of fact I might just bust one down

And roll me up a dollar bill

Fuck is you talkin' 'bout, bitch? I might pop a pill