500 Hours

Comethazine

(D-D-D-Div, don't do it to 'em)
Yeah (Bitch, yeah)
Yeah (Comethazine in this bitch, we gon' pipe the fuck up, nigga)
Bitch, yeah
Five-hundred hours (Pipe the fuck up, nigga, fuck goin' on)
(Five-hundred hours, I've been up in this bitch, nigga, you know what
 the fuck' goin on, nigga, no sleep, nigga)
Yeah, bitch (Bitch), ayy (Yeah)
Five-hundred hours, mmm

Still ain't been sleep, PTSD (Bitch)
Bitch, don't stress me
Ho, you gotta leave before shit get messy (Go)

She say, "Why I gotta leave after you undress me?"
Made up a lie so the ho don't press me
Told the bitch I gotta go pick up my jetski
Bitch up her ass 'cause she come with me (No)
She sound silly, so I burst out laughing
I'm about to make this ho regret what she asked me
Really wanna know if you can go, bitch, hell no
Wouldn't save a ho if she broke her elbow

Nigga hit my phone talkin' tough, oh hell no
First of all, nigga, what the fuck you yell for?
Secondly, question be, "Do you know who you yellin' at?"
Tell him that Comethazine blew his melon back
I smoke 'thrax, you inhale on a Reggie pack
Bet you probably wonder, "How does he know that?"
'Cause every time you smoke around me, I be smellin' that
Nigga hit my phone talkin' tough, oh hell no
First of all, nigga, what the fuck you yell for?
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Tell him that Comethazine blew his melon back
I smoke Thrax, you inhale on a Reggie pack
Bet you probably wonder, "How does he know that?"
'Cause every time you smoke around me, I be smellin' that

'Cause every time—'Cause every time
You smoke around me-You smoke around me
Five-hundred—Fi—Fi—Fi—Fi—
Five—Five-hundred hours

Still ain't been sleep, PTSD (Bitch)
Bitch, don't stress me
Ho, you gotta leave before shit get messy (Go)

Five-hundred hours