

Tree House Boolin

Comethazine

Yeah, yeah
Tree house boolin'
Tree house boolin' with some bitches in my entourage, yeah

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.30 with a drum on my lap for a homicide
'64 Impala, homeboy, yeah, watch me ride
Tree house jumpin', if you lame, you can't come inside
T-I-D-E, yeah, that's my name, they callin' me Tide
'Cause I'm so clean, watch me [?] hoes on my knob
Smell like gas in the fuckin' 'Wood, yeah, that shit real life
40 grams by myself, I smoke that shit in a hour
Call me Mini-me like that nigga off of Austin Powers
L.A. where I be, smokin' trees, gettin' hella high
She said she want some eat, bon appétit, I'ma leat her eat
Tree house boolin', blowin' in the tree, yeah, we smokin' deep
Bad lil' bitch rollin' up the weed, her friend toppin' me
I feel like the king of the jungle, ain't no stoppin' me
If a nigga jump, I [?] body, grab the semi
Point it at him, then I let it [?] 'til it's empty
We don't play around, lil' bitch, do you hear me?
We don't play around, lil' bitch, do you hear me?
Tree house boolin' with some bitches from my entourage
Tree house boolin' with some bitches from my entourage
Tree house boolin' with some bitches from my entourage

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, tree house boolin'
'64 Impala, tree house boolin'
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah