

03' Til Infinity

Consequence

Yo, this Consequence
From the mighty Kon Man Clique
And I'm runnin' with my man Kanye West
And when I ain't got a pretty ho transporting a boy and a girl to the states
I'm either on the 1-9-2 or out in the Chi
So we gonna up y'all on how we chill, uh
Let's go

It cost Kobe seven digits to pay off Bridget
And get acquitted and break that bitch off, 'cause he ain't did it
Here go the Henny, swig it, you know it's frigid
I got 'em chillin' in the cooler, break out the ruler, damn
Them the biggest tits I ever seen
We smokin' killer Cali' gettin' weeded, make it feel like Maui
Now we feel the good vibrations
So many B.I.s, so much inspiration

I get inspired by the stunts too
I've run through (Uh), so many bitches in one crew
That now they riff over bones to pick
'Til I find one and slide one
Take her home and quickly do this
I need not explain this
Cause Quence is famous for totin' stainless

Hey miss, who's there? No time to do hair
I'm through here, the show tonight, so get right
You look aight, let's club now
A rub down starts flavor while we grind in the theater
I'm tryin' to cut in the movies
I'm tryin' to give her something else to drink 'sides a smoothie

Kids go broke when I take bank and win
With them gold chains, I throw game at your bitch like handball
'Cause your boy's all that
So fall back, I be that real for '03 till

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My mack game does me well
And makes them hoes want to go and kiss and tell
All of Quence's business, I cause dizziness
Any time I got to go and slap a silly trick

Yo, niggas is jealous cause we in drops
The cops wanna stop us about every four blocks
'Cause what we smokin', them sacks got no seeds
And what they got in they pockets is no cheese

When I'm postin' you better tell them hot heads, "Stay cool"

Or exit because I'm the exception to the rule
I'm reppin' through the dudes blocks with two Glocks
To bury ya, when they tear they ain't jammin'
Them cannons will make you drop
So I'm doin' sliffs of indo, showin' off for hoes
Basically, my ace has been makin' them sick tracks
While I was shootin' pornos with your wisdom

Now bring some more stacks before you ask
About the price of the tracks, the game on smash
Look, don't change the facts about these plaques
'Cause in fact, my freestyle hours over powers
Brothers can't hack it, sensitive to truth and mack bitch
'03 me, Quence and Plain Pat bitch

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Haha, just coolin' out
You know
Yo Ye, yo Ye, who's really chillin', man?
Yo Enough, you know he's chillin'
Funk Flex, he gotta be chillin'
DJ Clue, you know he chillin'
Felli Fel, he gotta be chillin'
Faris Thomas [?], you know he chillin'
Mike Love, you know we gotta chill
SNS, you know he chillin'
And oh yeah, my man Absolute is chillin'
Envy, you know he chillin'
The Green Lantern, yeah he chillin'
Whoo Kid definitely chillin'
And Cool Kid definitely chillin'
DJ Bran is definitely chillin'
Cosmic Kid [?], you know he chillin'
Kay Slay is motherfuckin' chillin'
Mr. C is definitely chillin'
Twilight Tone, you know he gotta chill
Vaughn Woods, you know he chillin'
DJ AM, you know he chillin'
Reflex, you know he gotta chill
My girl Lazy K, you know she chillin'
Love Dinero, you know he chillin'
Bent Roc, you know he chillin'
And DJ Cam, you know he chillin'
Cipha Sounds, you know we chillin'
Supa Sam, you know he chillin'
Sunny with that fat ass, I know she chillin'
And oh yeah, my girl Lala, she chillin'
Jazzy Joyce, you know she chillin'
Cocoa Chanelle, uh, she chillin'
Chubby Chub, you know he chillin'
The Big Dogs, the Technicians
The Turntable Assassins
And last but not least, and at least we not last
And in '03 until, we gonna get some more cash
The heavy hitters, suckers