

Dash

Cousin Stizz

I got too much
Ooh
Haha
Yeah

I got too much weed in my blunt
I got too much lean in my cup
Live like rock stars, pop stars, cop cars
On our, ass, dash, don't crash
Fast, don't pass, this one, my blunt
I got too much lean in my cup
Live like rock stars, pop stars, cop cars
On our, ass, dash, dash

Fast, fast
Different class
Two gon' need rehab
Nightmares make me laugh
They wear, masks
Man who got the facts?
Went back to the trap
Pockets jump like jacks
Yeah
They tell me get it and I'm on his back
Six will play you like a quarterback
Had to ask about who taught her that
I just focus on what's here and there
All that extra shit ain't gonna last
You be letting all your moments pass
We just reaching for the stars and past

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Better tell 'em 'bout me
Tell 'em turn me up
I step in Saint Laurent
Same color Henny-punch
Bro got to send me up
I need the bread for lunch
I got her head by brunch
I only met her once
Where I be dressin' like everyday easter
I touch a pack and go hasta la vista
Came from the gutter need my wallet greasy
Play with my boys we gon' Friday-thirteenth ya
When you get money it's harder to reach ya
I need two demons identical features
Fucking on twins that's identical creatures
You niggas stuck in the bleachers

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