

# 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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