

# No Chill

Dizzy Wright

Blazin' up the kill  
I'm too turnt with no chill  
Bro, this is all for the feel  
I'm movin' slow with no wheels  
These hoes embracin' my skills  
You won't blaze it up, then I will  
Man, this is for the feel  
Man, this is how I feel

I'm gettin' high in my high rise  
And I still can't believe I'm him  
In LA, a nigga got a pool on the roof  
So I'm thinkin' I might go take a swim  
Took a couple out the ATM  
So I doubled up and then deposit back  
When the dollar callin', I'ma holla back  
I'm fuckin' with her off how she act  
New releases, more events  
Talk to Dame and the money spent  
52 shows in 61 days  
With a stoner kid, that's dummy lit  
I feel like Nino Brown with a money clip  
Rollin' big J's with the funky tip  
Hangin' up niggas like ornaments  
With performances  
We made a career  
Couple 100 thou' I made in a year  
Niggas diss me when I ain't even here  
So I'm flippin' the page  
Comin' home to my dinner made  
My story couldn't fit the page  
Everyday is a different stage  
So I'm switchin' lanes  
With a pretty thang  
With a bitch that ain't had dick in days  
Gotta keep it real with no chill  
We don't ever fuck and then post about it  
Fuck her face until her throat retire  
Got a pornstar, finna polarize her  
I know my limits  
But I blacked out way before the fire  
Man, I'm fucked up in my hotel  
If these hoes tell then they lyin'  
'Cause man I'm

Blazin' up the kill  
I'm too turnt with no chill  
Bro, this is all for the feel  
I'm movin' slow with no wheels  
These hoes embracin' my skills  
You won't blaze it up, then I will  
Man, this is for the feel  
Man, this is how I feel

Book me a flight for two days  
I need a thick chick to go both ways  
And she got friends, tell 'em hop in

We in for wild nights and them good days  
Rap shit always good pay  
So I went and got it  
Made the product and count the profit  
Haters watchin' but can't stop us  
We smoke the strongest, our hoes the thickest  
Don't you wish you was rollin' with us?  
Follow me down the road to riches  
Hoes and bitches, joints and swishers  
They know the difference  
Gotta pay attention to the detail  
Hustle daily for the retail  
Still countin' money off weed sales  
She got pig tails and the lingerie  
She want her hair pulled out the long day  
From the elevator to the hallway  
Of the hotel like, "Oh well"  
We won't tell, that's okay  
'Cause that's all business  
Work the pussy out, that's all fitness  
Ounces with us  
They bouncin' with us  
Be out with us  
Servin' outfittas  
For the quick fit  
One night stand for the quick fix  
Two elbows and siz zips  
Smoke good when we take trips  
Niggas talk shit but we really hit  
Just ask around  
Take another hit and pass around  
Niggas get mad, they don't have the sound  
Way out of town  
They out of bounds  
I'm always down to smoke

Blazin' up the kill  
I'm too turnt with no chill  
Bro, this is all for the feel  
I'm movin' slow with no wheels  
These hoes embracin' my skills  
You won't blaze it up, then I will  
Man, this is for the feel  
Man, this is how I feel

I say new lord to this rap shit  
We way past that swag shit  
No shirt with the jacket  
Made your next and ex backflip  
Boy, give me space  
Only real in the place  
Pass it, puff to the face  
Life is only what you make it  
You hatin' 'cause I'm made it great (sauce)  
Everythin' exclusive  
Got 'em sendin' news, it's really raw  
I'm out here signin' boujee  
One smoke with the crew  
Girl, get involved  
You don't know me  
You better not bro me  
No time for Jo-Bronies  
Weed and women, they came for the homies

Time to show me

No chill, no chill  
A nigga need more weed and more pills  
A bitch stressed, you don't know how bein' broke feel  
Never got bail and what you do is probly more bills  
How yo cash with the gas for your automobile  
Free Matt, my brodie, he ain't takin' no deals  
He said, "Drop somethin' the bad bitches gon' feel"  
Kickin' flow all the borin' ass rappers gon' steal  
Here he comes  
Keys open doors, weed open pores  
I'm hotter than a Juvenile 400 Degrez CD in a store  
Fuck a wave, get a whole beat for the boy  
Pay a fee for my voice  
I live the shit these rappers say I do  
Known for breakin' hearts and breakin' rules  
My niggas fools advise, you to play it cool  
You got punk round you, you got punk round you, nigga

Blazin' up the kill  
I'm too turnt with no chill  
Bro, this is all for the feel  
I'm movin' slow with no wheels  
These hoes embracin' my skills  
You won't blaze it up, then I will  
Man, this is for the feel  
Man, this is how I feel