

Clouds

Duwap Kaine

Trapaholics, real trap shit

I re-, I remember I said "fuck Xans", bitch, I'm back to it
Diamonds, rubies, AK47's, bitch don't make me use it
Real screw, 22, pop a Xan, then set the goof
Fuck-fuck a groupie, no 2 times 2
I whip the foreign, cherry blue
I'm with the gang, we smokin' dope and whippin' green
You say you sellin', what's the scream?
Now he in pain, 'cause he a lame, on everything
And I'm with my dawgs, like a Canine
I remember totin' on that K, just for playtime
Smokin' on this dope, it's all green, I call it facetime
Pull up in that Lamborghini green, like a fucking lime
I ain't got time for a bitch, that's always fucking mine (Oh no)
Pull up to yo' block and watch my jewelry always fucking shine (So cool)
If I go to Jail it's because Marijuana
I do what I wanna
Keep that fucking Lama
I could fuck his mama
Girl, we like a farmer
And we keep them sticks, we booted up just like a salmon

Aye, I saw this bitch checkin' me out, what you want?
You want my money, want my fame, want my Clout? Yeah
Woah, I swear this dope knock me out, yeah
Dope got me high in the clouds, yeah

Look at the ass on my bitch, yeah
20 Glocks, I ain't Twix, yeah
Can't take no picture
I won't rock with ya
That's a .40 in my clip, I might Glock ya'
I can't lie, I'ma keep the Glock, ya'
Run up on me, you could get sparked, ya'
I'ma catch a nigga by the park, ya'
I'ma catch the nigga while it's dark, ya'
Savage lil' nigga, with no heart, ya'
No game, weed cause fuck, it rip me apart
You're a actin ass nigga, play your part

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