

Teeth deep in disbelief  
A bunch of people peep the pose  
We got prose  
We got cons on the road  
On patrol, We leave heater bombs on they toes  
Welcome to the village where my river runs Nia Long  
High ceilings, bong ripping, white feeling  
Technicians, hype dealings  
I cracked my window seal in  
She cracked that wishing pill in  
I swear this shit feel like Jesse Jackson with a pipe  
Or Lisa on a hike mixed with Rosa on a bike  
Until they pull me over, flying saucers of blue lights  
We got offers, we got offers, man  
Please step off the ice  
I swear a giant cup of Shut The Fuck Up do you right  
You might even go live it, you know nigga your life  
That's what I told the critic when he asked me bout specifics  
Zulu lifted, you ain't gifted  
My KeKe Palmer hold the karma in her hands sifted  
Well what do you know? A couple of more incredible hoes  
Address them as such cause they don't know much  
I tried to put them on but they don't know hush  
These queens, they just know blush  
Supreme 'til I stick my solar system in the middle of they little I-don't-  
think-you-hear-me really soggy dreams  
Now we up all night like some coffee fiends  
I swear the time's always right unless I'm counting things  
But see I'm from a place where they got poplar trees, gumming in those talle  
r things so you have to follow me

And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles  
And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles  
And everywhere we go, I bet we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles  
And everywhere we go, we still finding new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles

Pleasure myself to images of wealth  
Ain't it funny how a 100 look like sex?  
My dick in two vaginas, 100 dollars worth of mess  
Slick and slimy, get behind me while I get beside myself  
I promise the pressure is enormous  
So much so that niggas forget what the point is until the barrels pointed li  
ke it was at me and moms on that Thomasville morning  
Rest in peace Richard Lee, I cried when they played that organ  
But, anyway-this for my pops in that Vote Lee Wise T-  
shirt, chillin' on the couch  
Shake his head at the news and tell me what life's about  
Now it's liquor in his juice, the knowledge keep coming out  
Probably cause he done seen the shit that I'm worried bout  
Probably cause he done dreamed the shit that I'm dreaming now  
So you fuck niggas, keep my name out your mouth  
And make room for my dick when the beat drop

And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles  
And everywhere we go, we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles  
And everywhere we go, I bet we find some new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles  
And everywhere we go, we still finding new Britneys and Ashley Nicoles

Now bring it back baby, throw it back, throw it back, bring it back while I  
eat it from the back baby