

SMOKE & MIRRORS

Eyedress

Run to the sun
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Ooh run
Go get you some money, only time you'll ever see me runnin'
I know these niggas be bluffin'
These niggas ain't on nothing
I know these niggas be stuntin'

Wow aye smoke and mirrors all I see
Don't tell me you love me 'cause I think that shit just make believe
Or maybe I'm trippin', maybe I'm way too high
I be smokin' on tree, I ain't slippin' even around my guys
I don't trust a thing
I want Bottega B's and Bentleys B's
No roof so May could see
Man, I'm going coo-coo in the coupe
Like won't you get a load of me too
In control, nah, you can't get ahold of me
Leave ya in the past if you prefer the older me

Hop in the coupe with a pound of weed
He talkin' down so I made 'em bleed
He should know not to play with me
Big racks inside of my jeans
Smokin' fronto, that shit stink
I put some molly inside of my drink
I got no time, no, we can not link
They tappin' in because I'm in a foreign
I'm in a Benz and you in a Jeep
I checked the time and it's time to glow up
They just mad because they know us
You pussies wearin' fake chrome hearts
They on some lame shit, they got no taste
If you on some fuck shit get out of my face
If you around me, you gettin' paid

I blew a bag in this bitch
I just bought Saks in this bitch
He gonna be mad and then bitch
He throw a fit
I don't even know what I did
He a man, but I treat 'em like kid
He gonna tell, man, I know he a pig
Everyday I count it back in a flinch
One phone, I don't pick up for shit
Three hoes here for me and my friends
One call, I can re-up again
Two phones, but just one for these bands
Everyday I had to put on a trend
Bitch bad as hell, but she don't be standing
I shoot the rocket launcher at yo mans
She eat the swag, nigga, like it's candy
She get to poppin' shit like a xan
Bitch like YSL, she a fan
I'm so YSL nigga slat
I spent a whole check, make it back

You out the way, I don't know what he said
With this shit, man, that's stuck in my head
Fresh to death like a lil nigga dead
Outside nigga staying in bed
Too high, I can't get off the meds
(What, what, what) Damn
Thought I was FA 'cause I'm grinding
This shit so hot, boy, you had to rewind it
Come to the spot, man, he taking his time
I'm at the top 'cause a nigga was caught in his prime
I made a way up 'cause I knew it was mine
This bitch wanna fuck 'cause she gave me her mind
I got ten hoes like a bag of some dimes