

Yeah yeah come on with the come on get down with the get down

I'm swerving steady, they trying to tell me Armageddon's coming
God-damn I ain't even ready
I throw machetes in my brain when I lack resin
I'm off some headies but they hittin me like abscess
Pardon my tardiness but this shit no absence
Illuminated I be banging shit like crash test
Like, how that make you feel?
How that make you move, smoking weed to jazz music I be in this crazy mood
I look around and its pretty wild what this world will do
Open up for one (moment/woman) now they all controlling you
I shed a tear for my people who ain't here
Reminisce on my boy bradley, he died last year
That's some gruesome shit I'd rather not get into
Lookin out my window, blowin' out some endo
I question if this is the life that I should live
Seeking righteousness but then I grip the sin and I give in
Melancholy, bumpin billy Holey, until I'm grinnin
Tell my homies what I'm dreamin'
But they tell me I'm trippin'

But the time don't stop
Uh-uh uh uh
And this is really all I got
Uh-uh uh-uh
You either with me or you not
Smoking on some pot, in the parking lot
Thinking how the fuck to get on top

Aye-yo
Walkin down the avenue I stubble
And recognize that most you people never leaving trumbull
And that's sad to me but ain't no diss to my town
Cause honestly I got to get away this place hold me down
I'm sippin berries tea thinkin about my father in life
This instrumental suit me right I had to get on the mic
You know my styles something like the dark mixed with the light
But most my time I'm just bitchin' about some shit I don't like
Apologize I keep letting down the people I love
I'm either working on my crap trying get me a buzz
Down in my basement, at Tommys Ceres
Yeah that's my fella
Used to hit the blunt up in the woods and kick an acapella
Ever since I started rhymin' serious, shit's been brighter
My attention spand be lackin' lately yo wheres the lighter
I write songs that splurge
Nothing like some herb just to get the mood right
And when I'm right mark my words

Cause the time don't stop
Uh-uh uh uh
And this is really all I got
Uh-uh uh-uh
You either with me or you not
Smoking on some pot, in the parking lot
Thinking how the hell to get on top

Let's go

Aye-yo

Aye we ridin up

I feel good (x3)

My man davey's in my room right now

He's lookin at the ceiling

We coolin'

WOOOP!