

# GAS!

Felly

'Sup!  
I'm smokin'  
Plan, Plan B is like the worst shit

We're smokin' if it ain't gas  
I stay turned up from these raps  
Hope that chick that be countin' my cash  
'Cause I ain't too good at doin' math  
What you know about me and my mans  
Hope to finish safe this new jam  
Could say Hollywood with no fans  
Still ain't Hollywood so let's jam  
This my Jam  
Ridin' solo, I be on my own, yo  
Feel bad for my ex  
She see me grindin' like I'm sposed to  
Really can't get blamed by shit  
But livin' out these hotels  
I could never change my friends  
How could I ever slow down  
Baby

Gotta get my shit in order  
Gotta get a flight 'cause she's hittin' my line  
And she's headin' to Lollapalooza  
And she just my type, took the chick I like  
And the pick she throw the deuce up  
Young Fell still get the booze up  
I swear I'll go Dr. Dolittle  
Haircut like a young Medusa, I swear  
Rocky rolla', Up like pop  
Gotta keep the toes up, sippin that shot  
Throw out the top  
Shoutout to dun duh duh, you don't wanna  
Play with the stoney boy you'll get trouble  
Man the bays above my blood vessels  
Move to LA got cold as gun metal  
Lately I've been in and out of dinner with the pressure  
Found it kind of funny 'cause she couldn't get no better  
Stuff a couple hundred in the pockets of my denim  
Makin' shit up (pop, pop) be on schedule  
Really want my pieces, peace, and John Lennon  
Movin' through the streets in premium raw denim  
Said I wouldn't do it but I had to do it better  
Under the influence it's somethin' in the ghetto  
Girl it's Saint Louis and nobody does it better  
Want to be exclusive but I told her I got hella  
From the truth

Searchin' for that shit  
Worry 'bout the future, yeah  
Livin' to passive, like forget right now  
Gotta think of where I'm goin when I finish  
All up in your brand new linens  
I could've been a cop killa high up with the sinners  
I should've been a dentist  
I'm goin' back to Texas

Gotta gettin' my shit in order  
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Gotta get a flight 'cause she's hittin' my line  
And she's headin' to Lollapalooza  
And she just my type, took the chick I like  
Yeah, yeah and I fuckin love her  
So I'll see you tomorrow  
Yeah swear Ima see you tomorrow  
I swear