

Blunts-N-BrassMonkey

Ghostemane

Malt liquor in my hand
Orange juice in the other
Driving with no hands
Roll it up, I don't stutter
Blunts and brass monkey
Always been the bread and butter
One got my fucked up
But I need another

All you rappers could be rapping hard as a motherfucker
But soft as butter
Never see you with a chopper
The coppers don't even look in your direction
Even they know you flexin'
But never held a Smith and Wesson
Or any weapon
Never say what I'm 'bout to do
Bitch I just do it
You never see me say I'm making a move but I'm movin' it
Never hear me talking I'ma cop
I'ma copper
Just cop it
You always see me doing shit you talk about in your music
Talking 'bout you got the lean
But your Sprite too clean
Talking 'bout you got some weed
But that shit ain't green
I don't need to fuck your bitch cause my chick too fine
Took a look at your whip
It don't shine like mine

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I'm breaking it up while she up in the block
As soon as we done I be hitting that cut

Now what?
I'm hungry as fuck
Gonna get me some grub
Thought about jumping in the whip but the cash be killing me
Not to mention [?] guzzling like a slut

Keep her feeling
So to now hop on the bike and I pedal to the metal
Thirsty homies whistling at bitches like a tea kettle
Settling for they head
Cause they [?] watch from the stands
While a young white homie like me steal the show and create fans
Do as I do
Drink the OE to the label and stop
Break out the OJ
Pour it to the tip of the top
Mix it up till you see no foam in the bottle
Drink that whole shit down then repeat till you wobble

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