

# BREEZE

## Homixide Gang

Light some woods  
I'm high as fuck right now, can't even see the time  
Homixide Lifestyle, YVL, 5, you know, Homixide  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, huh, yeah, huh, yeah  
Get walkin' on a bitch, you know  
I'm with the Five's, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Step on a bitch (No bap, no bap)

Yeah, yeah, can I catch a wave?  
Yeah, can we catch a breeze? (Can we catch a breeze?)  
Yeah, I like California trees (California trees)  
Hit Calabasas, don't forget the lean (Don't forget the lean)  
Yeah, I like clean dope (Yeah, I like clean dope)  
Yeah, I like rockstar flow (Like rockstar)  
Yeah, I got plenty hoes (I got plenty hoes)  
Yeah, they all on go (On go)  
Everybody eats, everybody get 'chos, don't give a fuck 'bout what you say (Count it up, count it up)  
Everybody touchin' money, everybody is a boss, yeah, rockstar made  
We put it on your head, you motherfuckin' play, then you die, everyday  
I'm stickin' with the Five's, this shit not gon' change, you play and get layed (No bap)

You can see the lil' niggas with me up, sittin' right now  
You know them lil' boys switch lanes (Switch lanes)  
I'on even care 'bout them boys, I don't see them lil' boys  
I'ma put a lil' pack on their head (Haha)  
Yeah, might just end up dead (Might just end up)  
Put that lil' boy on his back, he a sped (Haha)  
Fuck all that talkin' you doin' on the 'net, boy, you'll tell it  
Where your loyalty? (Where your loyalty?)  
You went on that stand and you talked to them folks, you gon' tell it  
Where your loyalty? (Where your loyalty?)  
You went on that stand and you talked to them folks, you gon' tell it  
Huh, I ain't even know you gon' spill  
But I see in your eyes, you ain't real (I see in your eyes)  
But, I see in your eyes, you ain't trill

Renegade nigga, we takin' your stain  
I'm a five-star nigga, I'm uppin' my ranks (Five-star, bitch)  
Free all my niggas who locked in them chains  
In the widebody kit, gotta push-start to crank (Homixide, Homixide, skrrt)  
Everyday poppin' shit, drippin', spillin' on the set  
Got the diamonds on my neck, lookin' like Frosted Flakes  
Snotted out nigga, make him charge it to the game  
Take that shit up with God, Homixide don't play (Homixide, Homixide, Homixide)  
It can be whatever when it come to my gang  
Ride with my niggas, they right or they wrong (Homixide, Homixide, Homixide)  
Comin' out the whip with my sandbox niggas  
Get the family a house, spend seven or eight figures  
Growin' up, we ain't too much, have nun' (Have nun')  
Mama did the best she could find for her son  
Sleepin' on a pallet in my granny house, yeah, I had to trap it out  
Now, we fuck the money up for fun  
I am a humble beast (Humble beast), I'm smokin' on racks and sip on codeine

Post up in the house with some bumblebees  
I cannot be lackin', the gun on me (On 5)  
I got packs for the cheap and they rushin' me  
Stripes on my back like a referee  
In the field with my boots, like some fuckin' cleats (Homixide)  
Pull up and knock him down, just for free (Homixide, Homixide, on 5)

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