

Blamos

Hurricane Chris

I go dumber than these niggas on checks
Tell your bitch to throw that pussy back
And watch how I attack
Fuck it, I feel like I'm the hottest in the game
Got the pedal to the metal
With a model, getting brain
That's right, you dealing with a hurricane
And I might not know them
But I bet you they know my fucking name
Fuck you ... feeling so insane
I don't know what you doing
But you should get on the money train
Or you get left in the pains
That shit I'm tryina do 2 hunnedds
Cause that's what on the day

There's where the killers be, dealers be
Niggas be wailing
Like fuck you on the right thang,
They love violence, brrr
That's why I'm ready to blast
And keep on looking at me nigga
I'll be busting your ass
Count it up, I like my money in bags

[Hook]

On my way back to the bank, spending too much cash
I got a white on white whip, call it ku klux clan
Hold up, let me do the bitch, I think I'm too much dance
Had to introduce lil mama to my new fuck stance
Slow, long stroke, then I go real fast
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Hold up, I might ...as I sit low
So call it the call young wind blow
One phone call will get a nigga get go
Runnin with the gorillas and the big dogs
You been actin like they don't know
That I got spaceship, 4,3,2,1 lift off
Try to make you snitch, told you to eat cheese
And you say that's your pick up
Mafioso life for real, nigga don't take one step closer
Bitch I'm a gladiator, don't make me come out this holster
Only thang I got to say is that I'm going postal
Kill a nigga bring him back up from the dead
Tell him why I smoked him
Play with me, you'll be floating in the pacific ocean
These rappers ain't really no competition for me
...leave em looking like a bird stink

I smell like a million dollars on my worst day

[Hook]

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