

Regular

Icewear Vezzo

Where the weed at, nigga? Roll that shit up, nigga
What?

Upper-echelon type nigga, never a worker, nigga (Thank you, June)
All my hoes wear Chanel with 'em
You know my cars on Forgis
My paper come in hunduns

Pour codeine up like 'ñejo (Yeah), pour sevens up like twelves (Twelves)
Got Forgis on my feet, them Fendi F's, Pucci, Chanel (Ooh)
Love to take them risks, need to find my plug before I fail (Drank God)
Fly the 'bows from Cali, the muffin 'bows, look how it smell, huh
I beat the trap like Rocky (Beat it), two hundred on my wrist (Two hundred)
Turn the run to Triple H, I do a Stunner on them bricks (Yeah)
Bust a play down with my family, I put my brother on all them licks (Big bro
)
All-white buffs, I'm in the 'Yami, look like an onion with all blue chips
Never take the pape' for granted (Yeah), twenty-fours on all my Rolls (Two-
fours)
Slid around in the countertop, you know these hoes, they gon' be hoes (Be ho
es)
Heard the alphabets been lurkin', gotta flush the bag and close the doors (D
oors)
Countin' cash, I'm pros to pros (Yeah), run back, reload the load (No)
Bought a safe, I had to take the keys, for the cheese, I turn to Rambo (Ramb
o)
I'm wavy just like Face and Veeze, G.T. and Talibando (Wavy Gang)
Take the losses with the wins, but I always win 'cause this ain't a plan, th
ough (On God)
Hit Truth, walk in the side door, throw the racks like I'm an asshole

Yeah, bitch, I ain't regular (I ain't regular)
Hmm, yeah, bitch, I ain't regular (Bitch, I ain't regular)
Yeah, what? Bitch, I ain't regular (I ain't regular)
Cut that nigga off, couldn't fuck with me 'cause he too regular (Drank God)

Why these niggas tell so much? (They tell)
Why these niggas friends so much? (They friends)
I be gettin' bands too much
I went and froze my hands with chunks (Big chunks)
Really flood the streets with lean, if you poured a line, then it came from
us (No cap)
Got a new truck on twenty-threes, was forty-
five and it came from Hutch (RIP Hutch)
Maybach, got a force of Benzes (Yeah), got a crib that torch the birds (Brrt
)
I be trappin' in the trenches, but I live out in the 'burbs
Got a fan to blow, I'm him for sure, wanna win, gotta wait your turn (Gotta
wait)
I got rich, no education, but now my kids got a place to learn (My kids)
I don't like that messy shit (Nah), and I hate them hoes that gossip (Nah)
Got a line to press the fent', every day, got swoled-up pockets
Every day, I roll up mafia, every day, I know I'm topic (Big Ice)
I be playin' chess on niggas, so much options, lil' ho, I'm poppin', huh (Bi
tch)

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Paper, it ain't regular (No)
This chain, no, it ain't regular (No)
My name, no, it ain't regular
We ain't the same, bitch, I ain't regular (Big Ice)
My ice, no, it ain't regular
My life, no, it ain't regular
Fuck a bitch all night, she got good pussy, it ain't regular (Thank you, June)