

Alaska Interlude

Jay Critch

M-M-Muny

Hey

Talkin' trash, put that bag up
She too bad I had to bag her
Foreign go and go faster
Careful when you back up
I've been down and ran it back up
They be feignin' for attention
They never factor
She ain't playing about them racks, huh?
It's for sure she a bad one, uh
Richer than her last one, uh
It's for sure she a bad one

You, I put a cup went to NASA
For that cash they harassing, uh, uh
Streets get colder than Alaska
Watch it because they try to pull a fast one, not a tap on me
I could still remember times I spent my last on weed
Like I left the supermarket, all these bags on me where you heaven and they give you what you asked for
It looked at it all the stamps up on my passport
Through the alley, brodie caught a bag up off the backboard
Started scoring like the math boys
They moving fat they start to hack more
Texas bitch I love to smash on, hey
When I'm police got behind, I should have smashed on them
She'd be fucking you and spend your last on
I know she come with a price in this attack, son, we could slide over, they block just like it's wax on
Bro a stoner trying to smoke them just like wax off
All these blessings you know I gotta give back
Get a check and watch some people start to act for that bag

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