

To The Sky

Jay Critch

Aye
To the sky
Spark my blunt up uh
Ay
Ay
Uh

To the sky
Spark a blunt up, take a puff and I look to the sky
All this pain teared me apart could see it thru my eyes
Had to get up and go get it it was do or die
Pick the bag up, drop it off, its like a Uber ride
I just popped two of them percs and I feel too alive
Hate I gotta see my brother in that suit and tie
Gotta get high out of my brain, so I don't lose my mind
Tryna get rich stay out the way before I'm losing time

And if my bro don't got the K then he gon shoot the nine
Don't try to reach for none of my chains, that's like suicide
Nigga this life we live no game, only you decide
Open the sprite and got the drank, and put two inside
And if I need you out the way, I know who gon' ride
I put that bag head right on top of your head you know I could afford it
Ride with the mop cause they wan' see me slip and that's way outta order
She gimme mop when I'm whipping the Benz and I'm bending the corners
And I'm still balling on niggas I'm going in all four quarters
I see traffic in the lane but I got shooters in the corner
And his wifey giving brain I took his bitch and she a goner
Tryna block out all the pain I smoke the loudest marijuana

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Went and bought all choppers
See you niggas throwing up the gang but you niggas not on the roster
Bad bitches out in JA nigga blessed up like rasta
Sending money on the jpay cause brody went and got locked up
We can't let this shit stop us
Gimme head, nut on her face, she wipe it up, she proper
Couple times had to do the race give a middle finger to the coppas
These niggas acting like they in a barrel full of crabs and lobsters
Big draco not the double barrel so it's guaranteed we pop ya
Chain shining like glow man I'll pop a nigga at the pop-up
Shawty bad we can't hold hands she eat it up like pasta
Lotta hittas and a lotta grams this shit looking like shottas
Pray to God, pray to my mans I told them that I got them
This street ain't Sesame run up here get dropped, yeah
Niggas talk a whole lotta shit from they trash can, they Oscar
Big bro moving big birds tryna run it up to the top, yeah
Trap open come shop here

I'm in Saks with that Glock, yeah

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