

Blowfly

Jay Rock

Look

Look

In a two-tone Winnebago smoking fuego
And I'm shooting that shit with them old heads, what's the play
, though?
Them young niggas done spotted the wrong tattoos
Left them inside the whip with a substance like Ragu
It's up, then it's stuck, it ain't moving like a statue
Welcome to LA, better get at us before we get at you
Now watch your back, niggas'll drive through like fast food
Cash rules, they prone to go nuts like cashews
They ask you where you from, where your mama, where your son
Where your wallet, where your gun, what's the problem? That's t
he slums, nigga
Uh, Watts, nigga
I'll dim the light bulb over your top, don't play dumb, nigga

I got a blunt, I need a Bic, I got a opp, I need the blick
She got some ass, she gets the stick, I got a bag, I'm getting
rich
Yeah, yeah
I got a blunt, I need a Bic, I got a opp, I need the blick
She got some ass, she gets the stick, I got a bag, I'm getting
rich
Yeah, yeah

I guarantee to get you what you need, just believe in me
We finna be counting up somewhere in the Airbnb
After we smoke, we gon' meditate for the energy
I promise not to give you a hard time like the DMV
Just hard rock, all up in them guts, make your heart stop
Bring it back to life in the back seat of this hard top
The rose, bitch, hitting corners, bitch, getting ghosted
Sent out a post quick, we out here lit, you better watch your b
itch
And after all that, I gotta vanish like a
Message 'bout to self-destruct, shit, don't even panic
I gotta get back to the gravel, the turf, the granite
Don't take nothing for granted, still go back how I manage

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Yeah, yeah, nigga