Smoking and blowing and choking on reefer I swear to God that I feel like Kalifah There's so much smoke that I need me a breather This ain't sativa baby this the sleeper Sip some tequila for diesel I'm at war with these demons I need me some Jesus I scare at the steeple cause I'm a believer And I know some people that died from a needle High as the fucking sky Welcome to the other side This that cocaine lullaby How to pimp a butterfly Got partners that fighting cases Partners that's try'na play me More partners that's acting shady But hide behind smiling faces This game is so cold and I put that on everything It's part of the show That's what they keep on telling me The people you know are the ones with jealousy But I gotta go This shit's out of control

All my friends are losers
All of us are users
There is no excuses the game is so ruthless
The truth is the bottom is where we belong
Oohh, oohh
The bottom is where we belong
Oohh, oohh
The bottom is where we belong

Now listen here bubba

If I say it I mean it

If I tell you a donkey's finna shit ice cream

You should grab a bucket and a spoon

If I tell you a jackrabbit can pull a house

You better get that little motherfucker a harness, you hear me

Every time that I walk out the door Put one in the chamber and pray to the lord I found my peace preparing for war Keep checking the rear-view, I'm so paranoid Come from the bottom where talk is cheap All of my partners are still in the streets Did this for Chizzle, may he rest in peace Came out the dirt like a pair of cleats Rose from the crack, straight out the bottom The police is watching, hot as a sauna Do all that talking, deal with the drama And end up with trauma, that's on my mama I'm with the bullshit, don't want no problems Why do the men always wanna gossip? But all the women always keep it solid Don't even bother I won't even hollar

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