Aspen

Key Glock

BandPlay
Yeah, yeah
Okay, okay

Stay out my way, I'll pop you like an Aspen (Watch out)
Trap nigga on the way to Aspen (Aspen)
Smoke the best weed and spent millions on fashion (Stylin')
I cash the chicken, went ballin' in Aspen (Colorado)
Grew up fucked up, now I'm havin' (Yeah, yeah)
Don't make me book you for a closed casket (Yeah, yeah)
Drop a bag on ya ass and go to Aspen (Aspen)
I just dropped off sixty bags in the Aston (Martin)

She in my past tense (Woo), but she a bad bitch (Woo)
Smoke the blunt and count my money, started dancin' (Woo)
My bitch so jealous, she said "Who the fuck you dancin' with?" (Damn)
BandPlay, that's who I'm runnin' up the bands with (Ayy)
Free all of my mans that's locked down in the can (Free my dawgs)
Shout-out to the opps 'cause them my number one fans (Super pussy)
All my old hoes know I miss them the most
We made it out the trenches, grab a bottle, let's make a toast
I woke up this morning, smokin' big blunts in my Dior robes (Yeah)
I got six karats a piece of VS in my earlobes (Yeah)
I got niggas with me on go everywhere that I go (Yeah)
Today, I just might be the freshest nigga on the whole globe (Cabana)

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I just jumped off quarantine to get a back in (Let's go, let's go)
Trap nigga, still pop you like a Advil (Yeah, you know)
Huh, yeah, bitch, you know I'm the shit, I get my accent (Yup)
First time gettin' locked up, I had took some bags to Nashville (Woah)
Now, fast forward that, your boy in Aspen
I'm rockin' me a mink, my Fanta pink, I bought my ratchet
I'm straight up out the street, no, I can't ski, but I can back in (Yup)
I'm ten toes to the death of me, I put that on my patent (Yeah)
Yeah, I be killin' all my opps and I be killin' fashion
I never leave the house without my Glock, it'll never happen (Uh-uh)
My neck and wrist is Colorado rocky, yes, I'm havin' it
I'm cut throat to the bone, I hope you niggas understand me, bitch

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