Early morning cutting corners Rolling up this marijuana Stole it straight from California homie what do you got on it? My cup holder filled with Tropicana Couple grams of Aunt Jemima In my hand like candid camera Vibing to that Country Grammar Pulling up to Grandma's I smell bacon, eggs thats scrambled Hoppin out then ol' boy ran up My dog grabbed the mc hammer *blammer* *blammer* Make him dance And watch him run up out their sandals, But fuck all that where's my sandwich Let's blaze up and change the channels Look on TV and I see me With that Chief Wahoo on my beanie "Wild Boy" video on repeat Only white boy on BET EZ Widers + hydroponics Roll one tall as Spike Lee You ain't never seen a muthafucka do it like me Kells

Oz. in my pocket, ducking the cops
Came from the bottom now I get high at the top
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Rolling out, smoking up Cleveland boys don't give a fuck 1800 fill my cup Being sober sucks I'ma spend a hundred bucks on a Oz Gotta call Big Chuck he the OG And get a zone for the low cause I'm lil bro Everybody on the Eastside know me Westside get it cracking and the fact of the matter is Whether I'm standing on Denison Ave or I'm in the Valley I'm bringing a Grammy back to the city this is the anthem Have P. Diddy on St. Clair dancing Kells Used to ride the RTA \$1.50 every meter Food wasn't guaranteed I stole my meals out of Arabica Speakers blasting my own shit Bow tie on the jet on my grown shit Court side at the game with the owner And sell the same arena out when I'm homesick God damn I'm a fool Couple hundred diamonds in the tooth Couple hundred bitches in the pool And out of a couple hundred rappers I am the truth That's why I get a couple hundred when I'm in the booth Still I keep that

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I come straight from the bottom
No hot water for showers
Stole a jacket from Target
Gotta go to court in two hours
I'm at Dub's house on Way St.,
Swooped up Slim off of Harvard
Drove down Dove to see Casie
Let's take it back where we started
When I had that

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