

K. Swisha

1988, retro hypebeast (Uh-huh)
Bitch I'm high as fuck, man I can't even roll my weed (Skrt skr
t)
Never gave a fuck, CDG my Nikes (Sauce)
Big ass blunt, can you roll my Backwood please (Gat, gat, gat)
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Ooh, you think that you stylish but nobody stylin' me (Skrt skr
t)
You think that you stylish but nobody stylin' me (Hey)
We smoke exotic, okay tell nobody
Yeah I got a room while yo' ass in the lobby
You know where to find me, you still be in high, please
Used to be in Follies, now I need a ten piece
Louis V don't tempt me, smoke it 'til it's empty
Push that pedal like ten speed, Road Runner meet me
Really tryna clap them cheat sheets, first class goin' up
You know that she glowin' up, tell that lil' bih hold up
You know my money don't fold, satellite, I'm goin' up
Cashew I'm going nut, bad bih on the bus
You see how my life linin' up, uh (Ooh)
Now I got enough, uh (Ooh)
All my diamonds bust (Ooh)
I got bread like crust (Ooh)

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