

Connecticut Kush

Max B

The boy, Dame Grease, Biggavell
Always knew, CT
Told me, gang taught me

I always knew one day I'd be famous when I was a youngster
Kept a new .44 it was stainless right under the dumpster
I love smoking that Connecticut good kush when I be OT'ing
And we don't cough unless it's none of that good bush
Nigga you speeding

I started out in the 'burbs, moving plenty birds
Next court date like September 23rd
Had to double back and spin
God damn it here we go again
Holding in the pen, I was rolling in the Benz
How I blow it then go again (uh-oh)
There that boy again
Always be looking mean
My Rollie got that gleam
My homie he got the beam
My [?] will hit ya up
Send something hot through your tummy to get you up
MC's want me to listen up, I tell 'em to wait up
Six talk back I just hang up
All black fleet, SUV's not the same trucks
Cadillacs, Tahoes, couple bitches in Ranges
One day I'll be famous, money ain't gon' change us
Byrd Gang Biggavell, mingle with the strangers
Make you niggas change up (I make you niggas change up)
Yea, I'll make you niggas aim up

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h, none of that good bush)
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All I spent on the dust could've struck the lotto
But I'm a gangsta for life call me Gotti Mavado
Cartiers on my face, wrist wear Movado
Tell your man stay in his place or he gon' feel them hollows
But fuck that, every chick I'm with know how to cuff crack
How to hold the AK, act up get dumped at
But I ain't tryna beef, I'm just tryna relax
Lay back, twist up a sack of kush with Grease and Max
Whole state on my back bet Messiah won't flinch
Another drought hit the hood I bet Messiah gon' rinse
Little kids in my city look up to me like I'm Jeezy
Face so strong they call me the king of CT
Guess one day I'll be famous
Money ain't gon' change us
Heard Janie's got a gun, well Messiah got them bangers
I'm used to living dangerous (used to living dangerous)
Yeah, yeah, I'm used to living dangerous

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I smoke the kush, mixed with the sour
Add a lil' haze, and crystal power
Add a lil' white, now its killing hour
Now I think it's time for y'all to get a lil' higher
Who the fuck you really think you rolling with (Dog Pack)
Kush Gang, Connecticut Cartel dick (You ain't know)
Grandmaster Dame Grease is really rich (Got that)
Now you niggas know who you rolling with
I push them P's boy
Sour D's boy, Purple Haze boy
King Kush boy, Vacant Lot boy (Goons)
I'm a lot rider soldier
Now roll a fat one, let's get smoking

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