

Outside

Nafe Smallz

Drug dealer by choice
I don't need your advice, nah, I need a Rolls-Royce
(Jaydo, tell them)
I got the gang them outside
Heard he wanna smoke, that's why we brang them outside
(Yo, Eight8)
Uh

How much times can I chart? How much man can I help?
How much hands can I give 'til I got none for myself?
How much flows can I come up with? So polite, but so disgustin'
Told him what to do, he made it, I ain't sayin' that I bust him
How much spitters I smoke? How much weed can I roll?
Like, what's the answers to both? Yeah, infinity, bro
How much times can they turn on me? I guess I'll never know
But when they turn around and face me, trust, they knowin' how
it goes
How much sound can change? Relevance be the same
All I know is when I go, they gon' remember my name
How much times can I do somethin'
That hasn't been done to have a pod' talkin' lies, sayin' my na
me ain't done nothin'?
How much they provoke? How much times I react?
Or how much times do I rap and they can't say nothin' back?
Like, how much racks can I make? How much ice can I buy?
Eighteen and ten chains, boy, I been fly all my life

Drug dealer by choice
I don't need your advice, nah, I need a Rolls-Royce
The weed stay hittin', it's Joe Joyce
Landin' Cali so loud, I had to keep a low voice
I got the gang them outside
Heard he wanna smoke, that's why we brang them outside
This ain't for the youngins, it's a hand-me-down size
Heavy metal make your circle light, Amsterdam life

All of these chains, I'm covered in gold
All of the pain I roll in a cone
You went and changed, I feel like the fame is killin' me slow
All of these chains, I'm covered in gold
All of the pain I roll in a cone
You went and changed, I feel like the fame is killin' me slow