

No Idea

Nappy Roots

Rozay, rozay, wide tops, rozay
Ciroc, bud light, wide tops then hoes say
'60's, bang it, I don't shoot, I slang it
'30's, pop it, no thanks, just hanging
Shrooms keep me up, shrooms keep me up
My blunt's catching on fire, damn it, I see red trucks
My eyes may be rolling but that don't mean I'm holy
I'm just outside my body and that's some shit I ain't controlling
Damn, I think I'm hit, man down, mayday
Damn, I'm drunk as hell, I could tell it must be payday
Bootleg, Billy Four, '93 octane
Smoking on that green crack, sipping liquid cocaine
Boom, that's a atomic, tomorrow I'm gonna vomit
Tonight I'm gonna talk shit then hit the streets and run it
My date look astonishing, all she pay is homage
Told her love me now cause when I come down I plummet

We mobbing, wopping, San Diego, we charging
90 all the way to Boston, fuck the laws, we dodging
Steve Austin, six milli', dead presidential, hood presidential
Hotter than fresh chili, we country, not hillbilly
Oh really, oh mighty, Lord have mercy, make this worth it
16 bars of flawless verses, ride the wave, don't fight it
Roll it up then light it, mean mug but I'm excited
Keep a bad bitch that go both ways, you know her partner's invited
Vacation, vacation, two bad broads in one location
One in the cut, one on deck, I keep 'em in rotation
Ovation, outstanding, high as a plane, I'm landing
These haters want to see us crash and burn
These motherfuckers can't stand me
In Vegas, Miami, Kentucky raised, I'm fucking paid
I bust a grape just like your head, spontaneous, no planning
Call the law, I dare you, we hit the bitch, you murder
Live ain't fair but don't blame us, it sucks, nobody ain't tell you

I'm so high I could skydive off the moon
Mister Benton here to fuck up your afternoon
I got a bag of shrooms and a ho to suck me like a vacuum
I'm so off I should rap inside a padded room
Fuck you and your faggot goons
Badabing, badaboom, pick the fucking scabs off the wound
I told that bitch I'm bringing hip hop back
That shit ain't dead, I just took the bitch out the tomb
Yeah nigga me and Lara Croft, on the Ukraine dope, call it Gorbachev
Any minute, bitch, we gonna orbit off
And if the pussy smell bad then my dick go soft
Word to my niggas Skinny and Scales
We put his body in the ocean where amphibians dwell
The grim reaper of rap, I'mma send him to hell
And you the type of nigga that'll stick his dick in a male
I am too cool for these lame niggas
Hangar 1 all day, never change liquor
Get dough, tryna stack my bread up
To the point that me and the 1 percent make the same figures
Adios when I'm out the bitch coochie
Fucking alcoholic like I'm Danny Bonaduce
Whoop a niggas ass like [?]

Snuggle up with a nigga in the mall like Gucci
I put a hole in your kufi
Word to Minister Farrakhan and Bruce Lee
I write pain on the loose leaf
I'm the shit bitch, you ain't get the news brief
808 put my nigga named Blake
I talk to myself cause these niggas all fake
Reptilian, I bet these niggas all snakes
We gonna get cake
Fuck it, let these niggas all hate