

(N, A)

Smoke so much weed, I wish I could insure my lung
This ain't gelato thirty-three, this is forty-one, let's go
I got a heavy eye cah I'm very high
Smokin' on this black cherry pie (That purple shit)
And I keep forgettin' shit, today my brain's slow
Cah I smoke so much Skittles, I could taste the rainbow, uh
Told my little nigga "Fix up quick"
Go buy a 3.5 of some biscotti
When the runs landed, I hear the Q
Thought I saw an ape stuck when I hit the gorilla glue
Got packs in the mail fam, you know we post
My nigga older, he growin' do-si-dos
Used to stash my draws in the bush
Now we overseas bunnin' watermelon kush, uh
That's my nigga but we ain't got the same neck (Nah)
I'm smokin' glue, Trappy smokin' star dog and trainwreck
It's Nines

The other day this lil' nigga tellin' me 'bout he landed some gelonade
I was like "Lil' nigga, I don't give a fuck"
You be shippin' packs, my packs come on a ship
If I passed you this spliff right now, you'd fuckin' feel like you're
sittin' on a cloud
And I still keep rollin' like a tumbleweed (Tumbleweed)
Feel me? Uh

I used to get my Dutch off a Spangy
I smoke a spliff but I'on really fuck with the tangie
My niggas growin' cookies and Jaffa Cakes in Brum
Got so much flavours, I had to make a song (Make a song)
Fam, these youts ain't got a clue
Tellin' me it's diesel and it's super orange glue
I'm high off of Gushers but I still move like a ninja (Still quick)
I don't want no cushion 'less it's Billy Kimber (I'm faded)
Plus, I'm workin' on my own strain (Yeah)
It's in the early process, it ain't got no name (Comin' real soon)
Feelin' like I'm 'bout to levitate (Yeah, yeah)
Me and Too Bad smoking wedding cake
If you taste the foribdden fruit, you might frass
Every spliff in my ashtray's white ash
I'm smoking Smarties with my favourite bitch
And even though ammi's dying out, it made me rich
It's Nines

Gave the snow leopard one draw of my ting and he's out cold, bruv
I even drewed his bredrin and now he's out cold, bruv
This shit's too dank, I swear down