

Aye, aye, aye, aye
I love it when that body drop
Keep killin rappers never stop
Dreads bangin to the knock
Bitch walk the walk don't talk the talk
Never catch me on the block, I'd rather stay away from cops
I stay on top while you flop, maybe you should get a job
Let my backwood burn, then I'm dead to the world
Bitch I'm smoked out, smoked out, I can't hear a word
Let my backwood burn, then I'm dead to the world
Bitch I'm smoked out, smoked out, I can't hear a word

Bitch I'm smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Ridin with that butterfly
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out

Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoke-
Bitch, smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Ridin with that butterfly
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out