

# Servin' Lean Remix

PeeWee Longway

[Hook: PeeWee Longway]

I'm rollin' round, juugin P's  
I'm a rollin' pharmacist, I'll serve you lean  
I'm rollin' round, juugin P's  
I'm a rollin' pharmacist, I'll serve you lean

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

Little pop quiz test, let's see...  
How many mini-me industry lames in the game you know want to dress like me?  
Flex like me, tryna get fresh like me?  
Do it up in the press like me?  
Couple pussycat dolls on my balls  
Probably wish their boyfriend was just like me  
Seen a bitch last week, keep it G  
I'ma come clean, I ain't even fuck her  
Heard you a sucker, shits might gleam if I puck her  
Sixteen gold teeth I'm a slugger  
Roll a 60 if with p fuck with  
Pee... Wee Longway, the longway all day  
Shout out to thugga, I'm Straight out the gutter  
Nigga sixteen throwing blutter, pretty motha fucka since 16, I ain't sutter  
Jeremy Scotts!... with the wings! bernie had the nina in the skinny jeans  
Since my early teens, I been sitting clean, mixing, sipping lean  
With the leader, up in illy beamers, that's a misdemeanor, fema

[Verse 2: PeeWee Longway]

I ain't neva seen a nigga like me where he at where he from I'd like to meet  
him  
I'm a rolling stone cookin' with the roolly on 32 shots in my nina  
I'm a rolling stone got my roolly pollie on fuck it not Kafima and Katrina  
Shots of gas bags in the beamer  
Pussy bald head like leukemia  
Watch me set it off like Khadijah  
Stuffing my cigar with the diesel  
Pull up jump off with the Keisha  
See you out dea' I need my money-fa  
Puerto Rican don't need a visa  
Dope white name Mona Lisa  
Frank white head shot Tito  
Longway not Carlito  
Boot up off the molly I don't fuck with the easy hoes  
Porsche 9-1-1 got it out the repo  
Trap house naw bitch I'm trappin' rollin stizzle  
Gas bags I got them bitches going for the lizzo  
Fake shot glass and have them J's at the dizzo  
I'm runnin them I'm a mob boss calling me Sunny  
I'm connected with the pharm-ist got them pints by the hundreds  
Whole lot of C notes rubberbandin' my hunnits  
Still makin drug deals out the trunk of my Honda  
Leanin of a double seal like I'm dumber than dumber  
Rollin off a molly pill tryna fuck on your mama

[Verse 3:]

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The neighborhood pharmacist, I'll serve you codeine

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We might get married like Nas and Kelis

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