

(Uh)
Yeah
(What?)
Dead all my cases I got to make this hot
I got to make it hot
(Let's do it, let's do it)
Right
(DZA)
PR
(Uh)
Kush God
Uh
(Let's go)

I'm tapped in, whole 'nother energy
Bo Jack minus the injuries
Len Bias without the drug habits
Ron Artest before he changed his identity
LES in front of Epsteins
Waldorf, I'm on the West Wing
Two bad ones, they best friends
One annoying, the bitch could fuck up a wet dream
Took a hiatus, I'm back boy
Papa love the man, they ask for it
Blues Brothers shit, I'm Aykroyd
Fucking up Peter Louis with Fat Boy
The whole flight conspiracy theorists talking about asteroids
I'm high as fuck watching Bertyle trying to catch Floyd
King Pin for em, I'm a pack boy
Took a long blink, fast forward
Now I'm curving the avenue
I'm rapping through Malibu
Clear your mind dog, I ain't mad at you
Black label, keeping it casual
Winter time, it get cold, I might throw on an animal
PR where's the tree?
It's right here dog, pass me the fanta leaf
Let's take a quantum leap
Spaced out, the only space I wanna be
Kush God 1 of 1, they wannabes

This is our motto
The purpose of our organization is to start right here in Harlem
Which has the largest concentration
Of people of African descent
That exists anywhere on this Earth
And bring about the freedom of these people
By any means necessary

Make some mother fucking noise for Smoke DZA right now New York
(Riight)
Harlem stand the fuck up
(Oh it ain't over)
Where my weed heads at
Make some sounds
Yeah we out