

Crowd Control

Pouya

Yuh, ayy, yuh

The top ain't lonely when your homies rich and loaded with motives

And movin' forward when fuckin' bitches get borin'

Lose crowd control when I'm tourin', yuh

What the fuck should I do?

I made a mess of my coupe DeVille with these white bloody shoes

And I got nothin' to do (Yuh)

Fuckboy, do you really know who you talkin' to?

Make ten bands when I'm walkin' through

That money gon' make me stronger too

That bitch take my dick longer too now that I made it

Gotta hold it down and triple up on my savings

And burn it all in your faces

Okay, just microdose

Dope be smokin' up, another pill, who got a pint to pour?

Boobie called me, said he in the hills with Pouya tryin' to record

Shawty say she worried, way I'm livin' like I'm tryna go

Shawty, don't be stupid, 'cause the truth is we all dyin' slow

I just pick my poison different, what's your medicine?

Alcoholic bitches doin' coke, amphetamines

I be snortin' thirties like they discontinued and

When I hear the choppa rumble it just sound like violin

It's a sad song that it sing

Heard that he want smoke, now he ended up on a tee

Pouya say, "Go drop the eight," but it ended up sixteen

Then I hopped up into my bag, dropped a thirty-two for the team

In Miami, I tote choppas, Australia, hold koalas

Feedin' kangaroos, now I'm back to tear the block up

I can't see you pussy rappers through these hater-blockers

I will call the hit, and I hit you like, who shot ya?

Boobie with the looted loot, socks up like a fool

In L.A., me and Pou' hit up Shake' like, "What it do, mane?"

Mansion on the hills, the jacuzzi, not no pool, mane

Bruce Willis asked me for a pic' in Hollywood, mane