

I got that gas, off in the hood
Turned to the max, want that green
Come shop with me, I got that sack
Got what you need, that Mali green
I keep that pack, I'm on fire
I'm burnin up, I got that gas
I got that gas, I got that gas
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I got that gas off in the hood, turned to the max
Better chill, I pop a pill
Know how to act, put that molly off in my wallet
Don't do no tab, drinkin liquor
Split up the Swisher, fill it up with grams
Smokin Keisha, don't do no Reggie
My name ain't Kim, roll that gas
Where the fuck you rollin?
Them seeds or stems, chasin M's
Man gettin in, stackin dividends
Couple of pounds of that stanky shit-ta
Bought me a Benz way back then
You smoke that mid, 2006; Check me now
Blowin on some shit, louder than a band
Here I am, they'll take them bales
Put 'em in a van, yes I am
Man fuck them pigs, I'm goin ham

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I wake up in the early morn, toke two to the dome
Choking loud, bitch I'm blowing strong
O-G my cologne
Bitch I'm grown, what the fuck you mean
I do what I want
Grab my tone, then I grab my stealth
Then weigh up a zone
Bitch I'm on when I gets it in
Best believe it's domes
Ship it out, bro you movin fast
I be like what's wrong? Fuck you mean?
You ain't got my cheese?
I'm like nigga please

Cocked that chrome, ain't no takin these
Them expensive trees, shittin me?
Got the right mind to put your mind at ease
Help them beams find a light line, cause he couldn't keep it G
Blowin purp, a vanilla Swish; I don't give a fuck
This three-five, I'ma grind it up, fill it in one blunt
Take your bitch, hit her from the back
I know she gon' front, bitch don't act
Got this in my cup for hoes and my sluts
With these Xans, I think I'm the man
Don't know who I am, once again
I stay blowin gas like a ceiling fan

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