

KURT COBAIN

Rich Amiri

Off this pill, I'm floatin'
Huh, they won't fuck with me

Yeah, go Kurt Cobain on a nigga
Yeah, got dirty in my liver
Yeah, got dirty on my pistol
She a bird, she tryna lick me, yeah
Shawty wanna fuck, I hit her raw
Bet she won't be in my bed tomorrow
Went back home, switch up the car
Ten racks up, I'm livin' large
(Ten racks up, I'm living like a pimp)
10-4, took the 'Vette to Mars
I ain't come through, I'm sorry
Yeah, that 'Rari, got ho begging for mercy
She ain't know I was fuckin' on her friend, she think she hurt me

Yeah, ran up free bands, got a cool half mill' in my hands
That ho wanna dance, I fold that ho like a ham sandwich
Got all-red seats, new truck, I tinted the V
Don't want your B, your auntie, I want Titi
All-red beam, them doors up
Blowin' on dope in the tour bus
Six sticks, but it's four of us
M16 and a Corbin
SRT, kick the doors in
Rolling off molly, I'm dozin'
Fly as the fuck, I'm floatin'
Pelican drop, it's soarin'
Hop inside that Jeep truck
Wait, where the fuck my doors went?
Shawty got my whole heart, she give me endorphins
All these niggas switch up on they mans, I can't endorse this
Addy make me focus, Oxy' make me nauseous
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Oh my God, Ghetto Fabulous
Fabulous, Fabulous, Fabulous, Fabulous