

ALCOHOL & WEED

Riff Raff

I'ma need alcohol, I'ma need weed
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I'ma need alcohol, two tone sleeve

Yeah, I just called the bitch, I drop a stick off in the whip
I walk and limp, I'm talkin' shit
I twist the top, I toss the fit
Camo on the overalls, overall I'm different
If there's 99 of y'all against the wall, I'm one percent
Winnebago in the stable, cooking meth out for the kids
Billy Crystal, methadone, with the chrome under the lip
White gold, fang bitch, million watch up on the wrist
On the strip with Riff, that's my blood, that's my tick
Chopping it down, chopping it up
Promethazine, it's inside of the cup
Making a woozy in the truck
Out of the window, throw it up
Flower pedals on Hawaiian silk I never button up
I'm wobbling into my apartment singing Harley O's drunk
Toilet paper on her shoe stuck, she ain't got a clue
The audacity of this bitch giving me an attitude
I'm the nutty professor and you in crazy school
Motherfuck you, you can't even meet the substitute, ooh
Alley-oop, alley-oop, that's a alley-oop
Dale Dan Tony and it's Slick Rick and Bobby Drew (Riff)

Uh, it's the shark tooth Babe Ruth
Screens fall down and they hang like a saber tooth
Aquaberry diamonds and they blue, could've played for Duke
Who are you? Ayy security, throw 'em through the roof
Sky roof, bulletproof, tint, it's a blue hue
Plant-based chef in the kitchen, cooking couscous

Sipping deuce-deuce, tripping LSD too
Got a bitch in the corner, yelling voodoo
'Cause I stick 'em like a doll, need a pick and all
She's a tall broad, high, sippin' ethanol
Drop the F bomb, no she like the fucking dumb
Dom Pérignon, married, should I carry on? (Yup)
Carry on, I wobble up the step
Hop on to the left, right, she's in flight on the private jet
That's a mile high club for a white dove
I can show a pigeon finger flickin' with a white clove
Dirty white glove like I cleaned the pipe plug
I been plumbin' with this pipe all night, cause

I can sell a ketchup popsicle to a woman in white gloves
White dove, I'ma sell your right hand like Dwight Gooden
Glove compartment rockin' more ones than the tooth fairy
Chop off the block, rap game Darryl Strawberry (Riff)

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Troubadour of Troubled Souls
Speakin' like I'm Plato
So much on my plate, cup overrunneth with the Faygo
Orangutan, yes I go bananas with this Draco
Guns like I'm NATO, shootin' shots at your main hoe
I don't buy designer, got designers on the payroll
She giving me fellatio, pussy's sore from the late show
Call me Billy Bankroll, still got money from the 90s
So give me mine please, gotta have it 'fore I leave, yah
Talk about it, better be about it, we gon' see about it
Highly doubt it that you'll even have the teeth to speak about it, yuh
In my white tee, Glock in my black hoodie, rah
When I pull it, it get serious, so don't act funny
Out of prison, wipe the sweat up off my brow
So much turquoise on my neck, but I don't let my head hang down
You ain't happy that we made it, baby? Why all of these tears?
Round of applause for these three millionaire musketeers, haha

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