

Substance Abuse

Rio Da Yung OG

(Marc Boomin, this you?)

I know, yeah

What up, Marc Boomin? Nigga, Ghetto Boyz shit

Alright

(Boomin need extras)

If it's money on the floor, I'ma walk to it

Ben Frank my friend, sometimes I talk to him

I got a loyal bitch with no car who will walk to me

Whole pint of Wock' gone Wednesday, it was bought Tuesday

And I ain't sell a line, you know it's gone 'cause I don't drop deuces

4462, damn, man, I'm kinda stupid

I might get an assault charge 'cause I abuse it

How the fuck I catch a case for sellin' dope and I'm a user?

Chase him down in a long blue coat, I'm with Scooter

I'm with a blowhead shooter, he ooh coke out his roof

I wasn't tryna fuck your bitch, but she shouldn't have spoke to me

Mike noddin' off the drank, but he still woke to me

Nigga, put that blunt down, that shit you smokin' on smell like potpourri

They labeled me the hood president, come vote for me

Nigga, I'm hungry, I just want a steak down from Ocean P

Baby girl wanna fuck me bad, it's the no for me

Nigga said he bought a Hellcat, it's the note for me

Everything coming off the head, nobody wrote for me

Spent so much money at Saks Fifth, I got a coat for free

I be fuckin' on the doctor daughter for fours of lean

Told the whole world once before I'm a lean junkie

Hoes say I'm fat, it's not the food, this a lean stomach

My set shot so motherfuckin' smooth, I got a clean jumper

Yeah, I still beat my bitch ass, she a mean woman

So many shots, these will last for three summers

Fuck a slumber party, laying in the basement, that's a sleep-under

Eight hundred dollar shirt on and my jeans custom

Brick smell clean like soap, but the weed musty

Ahh

I just popped out with a ten-pack of zaz'

White bitches in the crib, titties out, Mardi Gras

Six niggas in the truck with all sticks, that's a party bus

Bitch, stop lyin' sayin' you pregnant, I hardly fucked

I was off an Oxy' and a pint of Tuss' noddin' and stuff

So how the fuck did I nut in you?

Already look like you got lice, I ain't touchin' you

Had to spill my lil' redbone, she a bugaboo

Big drum on the handgun, it go doo-doo-doo

VVS diamonds in my chain, really W

Just had to ask my mama do my uncle ooh?

Six hundred gram Cuban on, neck uncomfortable

My bitch shoot, drive, and she got her L's, she smuggle too

Bitch think she the one, she number two

I just poured an unknown amount, this jungle juice

Whole pint in one pop, that's substance abuse

Nigga, I ain't gotta kill you, my cousin'll do it

Twelve white hoes on deck, I feel like Uncle Luke

I'm finna fly to LA and smoke a QP with Uncle Snoop

A lot of dogshit in my pocket, just a bunch of poop
Out in Colorado, I was living in a bungalow
Young dog really can't shoot, he go above the hoop
I swear I'll beat a nigga ass 'til my knuckles blue
Bro finally showed me how to swipe, I punched a coupe
And naw, this ain't animal abuse, I punched a goose
Nigga, I'll never hit your drank, but I'll punch your juice
Call Rio to a video shoot, he brought a huncho through
Kinda fucked me up, this nigga had a blunt rolled up too