

## Chill Bill

Rob Stone

Rob \$tone, two damn phones  
Babylons can't crack the code  
Used to sip out styrofoam  
But figured I should stick to dro (weed!)  
Backwoods overload  
Don't like to smoke them Swishers, hoe  
If you hit my liquor store  
It's 50 cents for single Ports

Said she wanna roll with me and smoke up all my weed  
I said, "Baby just buy dutches cause you can't smoke for free"  
I got some loud but no money, babe, buy me a Fiji  
She said you need a job, bitch fuck a job I still get cheese

Big Baby  
She all on me cause my dick crazy  
Black, dark Patrick Swayze  
Feel like I am in the mid 80s  
Cause I am a real rockstar  
Really did a song with Neil Young  
Day ones hit the lock hard  
The block is where I get these pills from, yeah  
I don't even know just how I ended up here  
I mean I got here from the grind, but how I get in this chair?  
I mean I only popped a Xan and drank some liquor and beer  
You say you couldn't understand me cause I'm not speakin' clear  
I be gettin' pussy in zombie mode  
The reason is because I don't recall it, yo  
I woke up wishing that she'd call me though  
Only thing that I remember is she slide me slow

Said she wanna roll with me and smoke up all my weed  
I said, "Baby just buy dutches cause you can't smoke for free"  
I got some loud but no money, babe, buy me a Fiji  
She said you need a job, bitch fuck a job I still get cheese

Super hot, you just might need a receiver  
Sativa, two liters, I might need a re-up  
I'm dorky, I'm geeked up, 3/4ths and a beat, bust it  
Still couldn't reach me without the antenna  
Eyes open wide, that is my panorama  
Panoramic view, and the scene, it's so beautiful  
Blowin' Os, that's a hula hoop, beat the pussy like Fruity Loops  
I'm the realest nigga ever, it's a fact cause I'm livin' proof  
Now I'm high, I'm really high, I feel my face is numbing  
Feeling that I'm born again  
I am the second coming  
Simon says get out my head  
That's what my thoughts would tell me  
Now the mockingbird is dead  
My memories would tell me

I'm the fuckin' Fresh Prince  
But right now I'm Ill Bill  
Akon, I still kill  
Burnin' these hundreds like lil' bills  
My life is cold

I think about it and feel chills  
My dogs is hungry for big meals  
I just count money and peel seals  
Pour up a pint  
Roll me one nice cause I'm wavy, no gills here  
What it look like?  
I'm gettin' love from the hood cause I'm still there  
When I get right on the charts like I live there  
Niggas be old news and act like we still care  
She wanna ride me like steerin' wheel  
Girl it's the morning, you still here?  
I thought I told you I'm good on these hoes  
I just need money to get me some more  
Callin' my plug like, "Ayy what it hit for?"  
Been on my grind even when I was broke  
From the corners, hell yeah that's for sure  
We up, niggas, never been here before  
Ain't no limits when you kick in the door  
Damn, she said I'm chill, yeah I know

Said she wanna roll with me and smoke up all my weed  
I said, "Baby just buy dutches cause you can't smoke for free"  
I got some loud but no money, babe, buy me a Fiji  
She said you need a job, bitch fuck a job I still get cheese