

# We Want All The Smoke

Sad Frosty

Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?

Ayy

We want all the smoke, and I'm smoking cantaloupe

B-b-bad bitch, fuck the team, she gon' give me throat (Thot!)

She gon' give me top, 'cause I'm headed to the top (Yeah)

I don't fuck with opps, pull up in that drop top (Skrtrt, sktrt!  
)

Or I might just pull up in that fucking Reego (What?)

Your boyfriend lame, and he drive a Beato (Lame)

Bitches on me they gon' fuck 'cause of my lingo

Them broke boys lame, they say they hate my ego

I don't need no friends (What?), I just want the cash (Huh?)

I just pull up in the Corvette, doin' the dash (Skrtrt!)

Oh that's yo' girl? (What?) That bitch, she trash!

I'm making money, I-I-I count it fast (Yeah, yeah)

I'm playing for keeps (Ayy), so don't ask me for shit (No!)

These broke bitches, they be on my dick (Huh?)

I just left L.A, with damn near thirty bands (Yeah)

These boys is broke, they don't understand (Yeah)

Ayy, yeah (Ayy)