

# Rapper Weed

SiR

Clear skies, white walls  
Sunshine in my rearview as the night falls  
Listenin' to old Kanye feelin' like new Kanye (Hey-hey-hey)  
My life in harmony like two one ways (Okay)  
I shouldn't have to tell you that I been here  
This is not a gimmick, please don't push me to my limit  
I be gettin' tired of bein' friendly (Tired of bein' friendly)  
I go hard until my tank is empty ('Til my tank is empty)  
I ain't really in the competition, oh  
Hatin' me won't ever get you mentioned, oh  
I stay in my line, oh, I stay in my line  
I be drivin' new terrain but my view never change

Lil' mama fly as a plane, she got that G5 build  
Thoughts of me droppin' the top, don't make me handle the whip  
I'm leavin' smoke in this here, she 'bout to roll up again  
But we ain't even gettin' high no more, uh-uh  
Nah, we ain't even gettin' high no more, uh-uh  
Nah, we ain't even gettin' high no more, uh-uh  
Nah, we ain't even gettin' high no more, uh-uh  
Nah, we ain't even gettin' high no more

Yeah-yeah, I mean, shit  
She keep on askin' me, "Why that blunt still ain't went out?" Uh  
You lose your patience, say fuck it, just put that shit out  
And lately we both ain't been out, been hidin' up in our consciousnesses  
Tryna tell me, "Be moderate," shit, we boostin' our tolerance, uh  
Let's smoke the papers, that red-eye fade 'til we know the pages, uh  
Let's know the matrix that hide the truth, we not in it, face it  
Runnin' through your days with no steady pace and fugie racin'  
To your own demise, we ain't finna make it, I keep on sayin', uh  
I call, you call, both calls get missed, yeah, uh  
One call, you back, I text, you piss, yeah, uh  
I keep the roach, I smoke the tips  
I hurt my thumb, I burn my lips and shit  
I need to smoke to be straight, I gotta get me some bands  
I cop the eighth like everyday, bro, all that shit for my mans  
'Til I forgot to go pay, he tell me, "Never again"  
Now I ain't even gettin' high no more

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Nah, we ain't even gettin' high no more