

Smoke

Skryptonite (Скриптонит)

Whip flies through the city tunnels
On a backseat wit Chinese noodles
Know my way, don't need no Google, NFT jewel

I don't need to look smart or brutal
Just like I don't need no approval
True tho
True tho
Ready to shit on subconscious
Came on own gas, no advances
Now we got copyrights
Lawyers and margins
Employees, and many options
Took a technique wit momma milk
Not through one hundred bill
There's no economy
This award got no fucking nominees
None of my homies are looking for harmony
They tryna pull us on politic
We trying to fight wit monopoly by monopoly
Not tired to smoking these broccoli
But probably tired of looking for some new philosophy
And Numbers, this is what I believe always
None of these bitches been hopeful, me even more so
Now even not coco, taking them nose off
They crossed the line, and now they all crossed off
Bridges is burned
But we also made em high with that smoke

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Kept it to gangster to fall off the throne
These niggas don't know what it took me
To get where I'm at I made songs about the trap
Just to get these promoters to book me
Made another 250 this month
And these hoes know my body so that's for these niggas (bitch ass niggas)
She put 89 in that little baby blue Benz
That hoe told me gas to expensive (I know)
And I'm in your city the middle of nowhere
Places I be they tell me not to go there
Shopping in Saks they think I got a show here
I went to the airport this morning with no gear
I put this watch on you probably feel cold air
I said I like no hair she said don't you go there
Niggas bring up my name I don't care
I put the stick on um it wont be no fear
You talking juggling I'm on of the best
Grinding till one we can summons what's left

I gave um coco in front of my steps then
Iced out the logo in front of my chest
We talking numbers discussing a check
When you a hustler then what you expect
You put that money up cover the bet
You fucking with Gang that's Russian Roulette (the butcher coming!)

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