

## Playtime

SL

(Hey man, play that song again  
Wh-what song, broski?  
You know the one, man  
No, I don't still, go on  
Man, stop fucking with me, man  
You know, the one that goes)

Look, look, look  
Wobble and the bobble the bum  
In love with the clunge, she's strictly for fun (Yeah, yeah)  
Boy, I stay rating your bitch  
You can't buy a whip from the look of the trunk (Nah, nah)  
Bro got some smoke for my lungs  
White or the pink, I just know it's the Runtz (Loud)  
Got a new pack for my lunch  
Unzip it and twist it, it's packing a punch

Free Rico, free Cams and Nutty  
Free Taz man, free up (Free 'em)  
Bro call me from the London dungeons  
No, it don't sound too fun (Too fun)  
On the block where I take man's grub  
If bro link me, then it's a potent one (Very loud)  
Gang stepping on the block with a 5 bill rusty  
I never seen a golden gun  
New young boy tryna better his funds  
Better better my cash or it's getting undone  
Heart turn cold when a friend turn Casper  
Hey bro, why you run? Why you run?  
Yeah  
Why you run? Why you run?  
(Yeah man, this the one man, this the one, damn, this shit hard bro)

Grab a ching, grab a chick, then go strap a spliff (Yeah)  
I been bagging bits back when cuzy used to pattern it (Yeah)  
Feds run in the crib, Jimmy, tell me what the damage is  
No, forget the door, tell me if they found the packages (Yeah)  
Stop all the talk, if they want it, we got it  
Best of the best, ooh, bros have the crème de la crème  
Cough up my cash, holding the phlegm  
Me getting locked was a daily event (Daily)  
Up on the block we go crazy on them  
Heard he got grub so we took it and went  
Give it a sec and go do it again  
How you say juggin' is dead? (How?)  
Go and give it your best (Go on)  
Smoke hella strains to the brain, I will not go for a M.R.I. test  
If they ask why I kept going and going  
Told them 'cause I could not live like the rest  
If they ask how he done got all that money  
Tell 'em I done it with utter finesse  
Look

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Do it and get you a winner  
I was out watching her figure  
Closer she come, it be looking all bigger  
Came to the crib and it's better (Better, better)  
Baby wan' mess with a fella  
Suck it, she's scratching the leather  
She get the gist, no, I ain't gotta tell her  
Knows what she's getting for dinner  
You can't give me no chat, I ain't hearing the cap  
You want you a man, I'm not it (No)  
Had a baddie and damn, she got it (Got it)  
Talking figures, my fee catastrophic  
If her mum's coming back, then I'm Sonic  
Put on my fit and I'm making my way  
Teacher told me put it in my own words  
Still I'm gonna copy and paste

(Man, I had this shit on repeat all day, I need help)