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 cuzzy 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)

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