The Most Dangerous Drug In The World

Slaine

[Intro:]
Yea
You think when you 260 lbs bitches ain't gonna like you
Believe me they gonna like you if you got a high color man
And I ain't even handsome
I ain't handsome
I'm just crazy
[Verse 1:]
Bitches all wanna get slapped nowadays
They want [?] beat up
Or passed out drunk and shit facin
For all, she got me up
I'm recently divorced
f*ckin knockin these sluts
Might as well sky rocket
Churches say know me up, re up, re up
I just wanna get high and be up
These sluts is grimmy nowadays
And the lost 4 lbs for a mothaf*cka like me
I f*ck with their physi
Dude walk around with respect and criss nikeys
They all wanna do the talk just like me
Gotta cheque with alota O's
Alotta those hoes wanna trap me up
With all those lies
When they see the size of the water grow
Especially when you're alcoholic and crazy and you gotta lota flow
C'mon, I came up unformidable, unimaginable
So girls wanna get f*cked by me
Gettin stabbed by a bull
I'm f*cka I'm the shit
In the dumb shit, I'm undeniable
f*ck the kush I'm the ole G
Come and try a pole
These bitches all think they're style
But my mothaf*ckin sky is full
[Pre-Chorus:]
The most dangerous drug in the world (p*ssy)[x4]
[Chorus:]
We all know what it is, we all been there (p*ssy)
We all know what it is, we all done it (p*ssy)
We all know what it is, we all do it (p*ssy)
We all run the up in it (p*ssy)
But what about the STDs doesn't it scare you
I threw my caution to the wind with the condom, cause I ain't careful
[Verse 2:]
Every evening at midnight I turn into a werewolf
So when dark come bet your bottom dollar I'm gonna scare you
I'm a dream and a nightmare too
Why do you keep askin me to beat you with your nikey air shoes
Why you change your ole style up
Rocking my ex wifey's hair do
You tryin to stir ole emotions up
Huh, aren't ya, darlin, nah, ma, mami
What the f*ck you want me to call you
f*ck it I won't call you at all
I hate the sound of the phone ringin

That's my social anxiety disorder
I got my own thing
And I guess my stress is just impeding my progress
I saw your little cousin, smoke weed with her
Blew a f*ckin seed in her prom dress
I got a compex, I'm sorta complex
On more drugs than post traumatic stress
Vietnam vets, but let's not take this outta context
I'm addicted to p*ssy so bad that I ain't got it conscious
But let me stop ramblin with all this f*ckin nonesense
[Pre-Chorus]
[Chorus]