

24-8

Smino

I'm fuckin' good at this shit, dawg
For real, for real

See, sometimes, I wanna go slow
Hit my partner up, like, dawg it's something wrong
Pulled up on me, like, cool it out, bro
Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke it out, bro

Twenty inches when I'm passin', run the globe in my khakis
For the cash, nigga go Cassius, I'm the clay, tryna break the m
old

Just took baby to Alaska, snowflakes in her lashes
I been prayin' for that pussy, holy box, Alabaster
Okay, I parked on Parker Road, I took the route that's hella sc
enic

Bare my heart on all these songs and leave my soul on all these
speakers

You my type, you mavis beacon, you keep the Libra even
'Cause the parts of me that I can't see that you can read be ne
eded

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Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke it out, bro
Twenty-four seven, I'm gettin' my dough
Twenty-four eight, 'bout feelin' like Kob'

Uh-uh, shit
I use my blunt light to guide me through the dark nights
Batman coupe, ridin' to the stu', my partner pour the dark Spri
te
'Methazine, he told me that he wanna see me on magazine
Fuck these niggas thought da goat in here wit me not hearin' me
Diamond sing like Warren G, but don't get it twisted
We tear it up, bitch, check your energy
Make me pull your card ain't in your stars your whore was scopi
n' me
I do not be invested in all the extras unless it's extra cheese
Nigga just be investing in all my niggas, I treat it like the l
eague
I do not just be textin' these goofy hoes, no Disney Channel, p
lease
Bitches'll crop their message and make it seem like they wasn't
after me
Tryna fuck up my essence 'cause she know lil' boo in magazines,
fuck

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