

Mr. Pinterest

Smino

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Smokin' that, smokin' that (Smokin' that)
Smokin' that (Damn)
Yeah, yeah (Yeah), yeah
I smoke the best in the whole rap industry cuz'
Smell that shit, let them smell

I been talkin' to myself (Damn)
People call me crazy, that's alright (What?)
Shawty throwin' Sexy Red flags (Damn)
'Bout to SkeeYee all on her body (Damn)
I been ballin' since high (Way)
School, Jayson Tatum, Chaminade
That's that St. Louis pride (Uh)
Only what you know to make it out alive (Yeah)
Car so fast, you got nausea (Bye)
Bitch so bad, I get jealous (Bye)
Bag so deep she get lost (Bye)
Mind so gone, forgot I met her (Damn)
Nigga want smoke, it's dual exhaust (Ayy)
When she wanna fuck, we doin' it raw
(It) be like that sometime
Safe sex, kids, that's law
Okay, step in lookin' like a probate, um
So much pussy I can donate some
Fresh when I spit, make 'em step in gum
Right upper cut, then the left hand come
Niggas treat me like a mood board, like I'm a muse
Keep it one thou', I'm amused
Might as well go 'head, give a young P a lil' interest
Write the check to Mr. Pinterest
Big ol' truck sittin' on 24 inches (Skrtrt)
Da shit start remindin' me of high school
The way a nigga be, "Tryna drop the suspension?" (Low)
Feel like Hazelwood Central, huh
High as a hawk in this bitch (Ca-caw)
Alligator on the buckle and boots
I paid a Lacoste for this shit (I did)
I swam in the swamp for this shit (I did)
My pencil leak in your vein, your Philllies wraps
Like body shamers, fuck the cappers
And the cappers, rap pastors and congregations (Hm?)
Like fuck do y'all even be makin' to make all the statements?
Y'all be sayin' I saw my numbers, I heard they slumbered
I did my bankin', I wasn't complainin' (Mm)
I'm booked 'round the nation, no Coron', the longest lines
All around the world like Jovi, Bon, God pullin' strings while I lace mine (Mm)
No Fatigua boys, we back outside (We back outside)
Shirley Caesar singin' with my diamonds (She with my diamonds)
If yo' bitch broke, I give her a job (Another vibe)
Look (Okay), okay
Don't put yo' bitch in my path if ya know good
Hol' up, I'ma have to pass, she's a no look
Ya know what? Chess, not checkers, boy, ya so rook
Like Taylor, Smi-S-P-N, I need a ESPY plugged in round the USB
I don't drugs, baby, just tree

Catch a jet to her just for the neckie (Suckie)
Boy, I'm on ya neck and ya ascot (Ascot)
You wear yo' partner's clothes, you a mascot (Mascot)
Cold cut sammich and some red hots (Red hots)
She always dancin', told her ass, "Stop" (Please)

My neighborhood wasn't like this before I moved in
It wasn't so, dangerous
But I keep mine