

Aura

Smoke DZA

DZA... Twelvyy... cool shit
(La musica de Harry Fraud)
Riiight...

Colder than a motherfucker; dead body flow
I be so, good on the bullshit, adios. The maricons
Is not in my league, no exceptions though
I'm Eskimo, on this medicinal
They killing theyselves with that ore-ga-no!
That kind a' bud, that's the shit I don't light;
Try to be kind and pass it off to me, I stomp it out on sight
What the lick read? Tribal shit, Indian head on my Rugby,
Nigga it's the big chief, fly as shit, just enjoy this shit
Until I'm six feet, high as shit - I live on cloud nine;
And every time you see me know my outfit's Columbine: killa
Niggas talkin' 'bout fly shit, but them so-
called fly niggas jack my shit
Talk about me so much your ho jumped on my dick!

You sense my cool, you see my jewels, you see they're (better)
You know my style got you like wow, you know it's (better)
Nothing like them other niggas, cause we're (better)
It ain't hardly competition

Yeah man
We on some wild lucky an' shit, just pass me them...
I ain't giving a fuck. Yo! Yo!...

I was smoking outside - almost caught a ticket
Feds taking pictures, middle fingers I be flipping
Balling like I'm Pippen, cross the border
I be dipping through the water like I'm fishing
I done caught her if she missing
They caught a nigga pissing off of offices so listen
I be offin' shit 'n dissing, I don't care for competition
I be soaring, they be blazing, couple of foreign bitches naked
Lay 'em down, let me plank 'em, drop 'em off - you can save 'em
You can never try to play me, I, feed ya bitch my babies
I ain't got it all I'm crazy, I'm a product of the 80's,
I remind 'em of the 80's, cause I'm charming and I'm wavy
See my shades say Versace, 'n all the sweats are by the Maison.

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