

Chaining Day

Smoke DZA

Yeah
Uh-huh
Uh
That pussy fire, get the flame thrower
Wetter than the rainstorm
Fuck her with my chains on
Uh
Right
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Uh, rich nigga etiquette
Redirect, dead a bitch
Nah, I ain't rob, got no sick fetishes
Game inherited, hella lit
Genesis, levisist
No matter the season or what the weather is
Derelicts, urban terrorists exposed, too delicate
Fightin' some demons, fired my therapist
Hell if it's hot, hell if it's not
America's stone lyricist
They gon' cherish this
Marathon gold medalist
I'm still here, blog sites crash, look, I'm still here
Weed wrap done, look, I'm still here
Ready, enable, fuck, get the deal cleared, no ill will there
Block posted with my young boys, ain't no real chill there
Steady pacin' through the bullshit, rockin' out cyeah
Big.44, call it Austin Croshere
Just gettin' started, we be rockin' all year
Locked in all year, she talkin' mouth, I'm all ears
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Yeah
Yo, I snatch the blunt up out of Satan's mouth
I tell my bank to make accounts
I tend to turn to crime, it's time to rake that cake, I'm out
My side bitch gettin' complacent, had to cut her off
I had my young boy rip his face out like that butter soft
You think that it was so white

Ruined the first ones, I told my mother to get more plates
This shit real, back when Nelly was makin' "Tip Drill"
I figured out I get four-eighty off of six pills
A revelation, contemplatin', should I get him killed?
The past the past, that reminiscin' don't mean shit, for real
I'm puffin' grass, hopin' the homie make it on a pill
My bitch from the A look like Vivica in Kill Bill
Yeah, know I got trust issues, don't need tissues, I got pistols for that
Have ya BM blow me down while I count up me a stack
Motherfuckers actin' tough for niggas, know that they rats
If it's ever really problems, niggas know where we at
Yeah, so

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Pussy
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