

Code Orange

Smoke DZA

You smell that fragrance?
You know my steez, you know my squad
You know what my name is?
The hoes call me Smokey, Rugby down low-key
Smell that strand, I mean that stench my cologne is OG
Oh, he, only talk about weed and counting loot
But what the fuck did you expect? That's what I like to do
Shit on your best outfit
And I'm on my old school Harlem, best-out shit
Who house this? I'm in your fridge about to fix a plate
Feet all over your table like I own the place
On my Calvin shit
Slide your sister, show your brother cheese
Like "Sorry Ms. Billups, we going out to eat"
I got a hustler's aura
Plus I'm a 9-11 nigga with morals
I don't owe you niggas shit, I ain't got nothing for ya
Unless you my CoDee, you don't know me, nigga blow me

OK I'll burn the goddamn house down
But blow me first, how dare you, how fucking dare you
Rrraaargggghh

I get it in, buckets like Gilligan
Plus the riddles I riddle like I'm on Ritalin
Competition is little cause I get rid of them
I'm illa' then, whoever that you considerin'
I give a fuck how niggas feelin' bout who's hot, son
Cause opinions are like Facebook, everybody got one
I ain't into fiction, that's a James Cameron feel
I'm more like Michael Moore, what I document is real
I hate a nigga trying to give advice
Talking that killer shit and he don't live that life
Focus up, don't fuck up your day shift
Go ahead and miss me with that "back-in-the-day" shit
Niggas will tell you anything, foolery
Whole lifestyle just ghetto buffoonery
I'm on your heels, niggas better pay homage
It's fair warnin' cause the game's on orange

You look like a fucking bitch in heat
And if you get raped by a pack of niggas it'll be your fault. All right?
That's my fucking mistake, because I should've woke you up and said,
'fucking blow me, bitch.'
I should've fucking woken you up and said 'blow me.' You would've liked that better, yeah?
(Panting) Because you got problems, more than me
You know how to fucking push my buttons