

Smoking on that kill bitch
You know what it is bitch
Two Rollies, no deal bitch
Harlem nigga stuntin, you gotta deal with
Kill switch, I got long bread
Bad bitch on me give me long head
Won't take your shit but my phone dead
Bout to ride and do exactly what the song said
Work I got a lot of, from the hood I brought my squad up
Plus I'm coming out of Harlem nigga (you don't want no problems
)
Boy you know my temperature
Roll one when I [?] with ya'
Spark one up like, you know my signature

Riding getting smoked out, yeah nigga low'd out
Riding getting smoked out, yeah nigga low'd out
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Riding getting smoked out, yeah nigga low'd out

Still rolling up my reefer, I'm in the game
I hear them yelling from the bleachers, I do my thing
Got the Romanelli pieces, I spent some change
See the hustle in my features, It's in my veins
Walked past that spot, shut down the vent
Wine cellar dinners, pay section eight rent
Magnum of that rolls, piss out your advance
Your main lady on deck, see what she can do with no hands

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