

## Legends in the Making (Ashtray Pt. 2)

Smoke DZA

Ridin, smokin prayin'  
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We're legends in the making  
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We're legends in the making  
And we roll up that dour  
Mo money, mo power  
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Young Khalifa winning young Khalifa winnin  
Every car I'm smoking weed  
Up in it, I don't know what type of shit you on  
I need at least a zip  
Didn't you hear, I say the cars I own are never leased a whip  
Leather jacket, nigga muscle cars on that greaser shit  
And my bandana tied, I play to ride  
Live a movie so make sure the camera right  
And I'm pullin up and hoppin out a mess of shit that young niggas ain't supposed to get  
You know I'm rich  
Uh!  
Nigga my whole squad getting it  
Practically live on the road  
Doing 100 when I'm in this bitch  
You know niggas kinda slow  
A raw paper and some bomb weed  
That lil nigga's tryna clone me  
And labels tryin to make the own me  
But I'm the only one and only

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Kush God, keep it rollin' like the brakes broken  
That's a little gram, little man that ain't smoking

We move this shit, movie shit, I'm in motion  
George Kush, second term and I'm still loaded  
Yo bitch on me, all over my [?]  
I'm in the bay, smoking on King Henry  
On that YO, retro haze but SP  
I don't search for trees, I am OG  
Lil nigga your lungs ain't strong enough to hot box with God  
You ain't got no ones and you mouthin off  
Nigga knock it off, you niggas is through  
Run we goin down, that's how much we gon do  
I got so much rugby, you have to start my own dude  
Big face Rollie, and my mob stay smooth  
Fuckin bitches, not I'm lookin like a nigga like you  
I'm from Harlem

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Homes where you get that weed from  
Please don't roll another one  
I don't even think that's trees son  
Bullshit, all this to show you something  
Motor running, tank on F  
High octane, high off the best strain  
I write with my left brain  
Haters face get tight when it's set game  
And them hoes know the business  
Boss tight game for the ones they missin  
No book, boy we handle bitches  
Nigga I rap clothes off yo women  
Homes, I smoke a zone in one sitting  
Gold and chrome, 13 inches  
Boxes on the dashboard, 16 switches  
Car full of fumes, smoking that fuel  
Exxon on in the ashtray of my coupe  
Send her home smellin like Chevron fool  
You more than whip, expectin you to  
Double my money, double the crew  
Triple what we smoked yesterday  
Then it's 4-20, 24/7  
Spitter Andretti, Ferraris and Chevys

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