

Less Smoking More Rapping

Smoke DZA

Get money, fuck bitches, continuously stylin'
Another day, another offer, the money keep pilin'
Never been to Rikers but I take trips to the island
A thousand dollars for my kicks, no red on the bottom
Can't spend it when I'm gone, shit niggas be dying
Another day, another body, lil' niggas be wildin'
I'm high plus you funny-looking, that's why I keep smilin'
I copped the rollie off my grind, I call it perfect timin'
Got the hood wondering what I got signed for
They still sleeping, they must fuck with Phillip Stein More
Another package on my next day shit
Wonder why you ain't seen this piece, that's cause it's next year shit
I'll leave 'em crispy like a bad cook
Go through my closet like a 2012 lookbook, all types of flavors
Been around the world, met all types of players
All types of hustlers, all types of haters
I kill 'em with that hot flow
Rollin' through the city with Richie in a 3-series like motherfuck the potholes
45 degrees, no top flow - we hot though
Haters tryna cop my swag, naw - shop closed
Silly rabbit, rap niggas be fake friendly
I don't care who like me, real niggas relate to me
Lil' homie, still on the ave, getting cake for me
Which means, I'm still that nigga, basically
I kicked in the door, let my niggas in
No, I'm poppin' in places you ain't never been
It's the Kush God's time, ya'll watch
You gon' wish you was there when the ball dropped