

Sour Hour

Smoke DZA

Uh sick

Young nigga from the illest block, them harlem niggas get it poppin' that's the realest drop

Mourning my nigga Fred, dour doobies getting lit, sipping 'gnac to the head

That was my man, I told him wait til I get to this bread

Took one to the head, fuck, I never see him again

Inhale the reefer harder

I was raised in horror, but you can see and feel my aura

The streets is a mess nigga I'm blessed to even see tomorrow

So Killa this one is for you, keep your spirit around I got a lot of living to do

See I gotta feed my kids and em' too, lot a load to cop, shows to rock, and hoes to screw

This is my sour hour marathon (marathon, marathon)

Uh, they bullshit, babble on

Less talking, more smoking, carry on

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Uh, Right

Smoke up, I hope you bring your lungs with you

Shorty I ain't tripping, your friend she can come with you

Just bring some papers, she sending me flicks of her tits, with smiley faces

She dig my rugby flavors, before them other niggas did it

You think I was a player? RLFC

Yeah a lot of niggas jack, I think it's quite foul

They follow the trend, but for me, it's my lifestyle

Anytime you see me, it's a fresh one

Adidas, raw labels, or some foam posits, check him

Green house sour got my higher than a Jetson, Spacely, Sprocket

You smoke pinheads, we smoke rockets

Lame niggas still smoking up the profit in your packs

Lawsuit blew it done fucked up all the scratch

What you running when your hamstring popped?

I shitted on you niggas now it's back to the pot

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