

Quit Smoking Dabs

SoFaygo

Oh my God, oh my God, he's a beast, he's a problem
Plenty sticks, plenty rods, fuck nigga, try not to get robbed
Put a smile on my mama face, can't wait 'til she ain't gotta work no job
We gon' be right outside your place, nigga, fuck the law, nigga, fuck the cops

I miss you, Bryce
Y2, is that you?
Yeah, yeah (Woah, woah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

And I ain't bragging, pull up, make some magic (Yeah)
Wrap it in that plastic, I smoke gas, I don't smoke dab pen (Yeah)
Shawty seen me glow, now she asking like what happened
Said we got it for the low, all you gotta do is tap in (Yeah)

With my nina (Yeah), that lil' boy better keep up
Swear to God I love that money beeper, lil' bro say pass the reefer
Doing that skrrt-skrrt in that Bimmer (Yeah), yeah, she's a team player
I did not mean to slay her, Glocky got a beam and a laser

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These niggas don't talk 'bout no cheese, these hoes be hella OD
I cannot hang with these niggas, these niggas not for me
My gang gon' pop for me, please don't get shot for free
You wanna talk to me, then come and cop you a fee
Man, I got gangster in my genes, might tuck that 9 up in my jeans
Man, I told that lil' ho bend over 'cause I need somewhere to lay my meat
And I got somethin' for these lil' niggas that think they really toppin' me
Man, ain't nobody stopping me, I got his wife toppin' me
And she don't wanna be with that nigga, she know I got what she need
She know that a nigga lame, and that lil' boy tryna be like me
And I get too lost in my mind when a nigga sipping on codeine
I get high, man, I smoke weed, nigga, I get fly, man, I get flee

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Yeah, yeah (Woah, woah)
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