

GASINMYLUNG

Spark Master Tape

"Father search my soul, take away my fear and doubts
Any smallness that you find there, Father cast it out
In Jesus name I pray"

Gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I been smoking, uh uh

(What motherfucker want the mac)
Gas gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, ga, s gas in my lungs
I been smoking, uh uh

Cause I ain't smoking to get high uh
I'm smoking to get by
And I'mma smoke 'til I'm normal
Bitch I smoke cause I'm a stoner

I been smoking for like a hundred years
I ain't ever plan to stop
Everybody in my gang bust shots
And we toke gas 'till I broke ass, forget it
Wake up in the morning want hash - I get it
Wake up in the morning want gas - I get it
Stay up with a mac like tag - I'm ready
Motherfucker I'm Riddick with a red eye

Bitch motherfucking ask yourself
In a foreign whip, race seatbelts
Blunt be bigger than an 80's cell
Catch me cap pillling drug dealing
Stealing cash fuck you hiding out
We see yo ass, find you like we selling cats

Shit I don't even know man, I'm too stoned for this shit

Gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I been smoking, uh uh

(What motherfucker want the mac)
Gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I been smoking, uh uh (paper platoon)

Cause I ain't smoking to get high uh
I'm smoking to get by
And I'mma smoke 'til I'm normal
Surprise motherfucker

You don't like my shit I don't like you
Fuck yo' self and go listen to Wiz
I'mma make stacks and handle my biz

Follow your trends, follow your girl
While I fuck the world
(Follow yo' girl while I fuck the world)
Follow your world and I fuck the world again
(Then I fuck yo girl again like)
Uuuhhh, you don't want to want a marijuana
Smoking mothafucka' that'll run up on yo' kids
Put a pipe bowl in yo bitch
Borrow your life like that's our shit
Fuck all these cops tryna halt my bricks
(Last week when this shit got deep)
Add to the rap sheet blood on my clique
Cause what happen when a pig run-up on a picnic
Oink

We have multiple suspects here
Hello motherfucker
Drop your weapon
blam

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I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I been smoking, uh uh

(What motherfucker want the mac)
Gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I got gas, gas, gas in my lungs
I been smoking, uh uh (platoon)

The goal is destruction, pure and simple
Your mind must be tuned to a new pitch
To go after your enemy all out - no holds barred
To hurt, to cripple, to kill - this is war

And now the walls is watching
Alone my saddle is scheming
Paranoid, am I dreaming
My squad look like demons
Spark
Shots from the bottle can't stop now
With a vision of my grave
Nightmares of my victims
And they say my name
(Joker laugh)
Uuhhh I'm coming for your throat
Platoon
Shoutout to J-Killa Crip
Platoon
Shoutout to