

Grey Five Nine  
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I be that droopy mother fucker in a all black hoodie  
Call up Ruby with the all black uzi  
Smokin' on fruity, while I'm fuckin' with a groupie  
Grabbin' on her booty, call me Yung Hank Moody  
Got the red in my eyes  
Call me Yung October  
People say my eyes low but I'm just tryna get them lower  
All day smoker with a hate for being sober  
Kyle Korver with the 3's, throw 'em up and get slumped  
Black bitch sitting shotty, white girl in the trunk  
Lil' weird mother fucker with some gold on my gums  
Knuckin' and buckin', bitch, it's Grey 59  
I'm flippin' and whippin' and dealin' for them dollar signs

Bitches telling me that I got pretty eyes  
But when that crescent turn into a full moon they roll in the back of my head  
It ain't a pretty sight  
59 shots in my twisty spine  
2 screws in my fucking ankle  
I'd rather that than 2 nails in my fucking wrist  
I be that filthy Christ with a crown of barbed wire  
Feeling tipsy off some sticky sprite  
Roll the blunt  
I'm lighting up some misty pine  
Grey is the color of my fucking skin  
I ain't a white boy bitch  
Dead is what I been  
Wearing gold only cause I got to pay the reaper  
I be the 7th Ward Dragon  
Fucking fire breather