

Smoked Out, Loced Out

\$uicideboy\$

Smoked out loced out riding with the pistol grip
I don't love hoes mane, I'm aiming at your skulll
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I need that B, that U, the D
That sticky icky, yea, that cabbage
I got to have it
I got a habit
Blowing in traffic
Smoked out, loced out
Riding with that pistol grip
Snort a little coke
Put that 30 to your head
Then I let that bitch rip
Cause you know that I'm out here, I'm grinding to get it
Kill me a OPP while I'm smoking on spinach
Blue berry kush how that spinach is scented
Shoot me a pussy, don't got time for no bitches
I need that weed, got an ounce for me
Blowing on that B-L-U-N-T

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Lil Uzi got a little fucking Gucci
What's happening?
See I be wrapping up Japanese weed just like it was some sushi
Getting high with them ratchet hoes
Fuck them bougie bitches
Twisting up the blunt like it was a noose
She didn't know I beat the pussy up?
Leave them walking like a goose
I grabbed the knife, she hollered truce
I tied her tight, but she got loose
Smoking too much kill
Terrorist fumes
Now I'm plotting in the back of a hearse smoking purp, drinkin' some lean, g
etting head just like a guillotine

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