

Hello, hello, hello
Girl, do you smoke
If not that's alright
I don't mind
(I know you do you know I don't)
[?] that no one else can know
But, if you hit my line
I'm on time

Let's get blown
Let's get blown
Let's get blown
Let's get blown
Blown

I know, I know that you don't smoke
But baby just this time, you'll be alright

I don't usually do this but this The Dead Occasion
And it's lit, lit, lit, lit
It's my birthday
And I'm celebrating be a day closer to rest
The only way I really know how
By dropping the hottest shit
To come out of Chicago ever, ever, ever
How rude of me
I'm Supa, your author, champion of light
Your companion for the remainder for this
Heavy genuine project
I hope that by it's conclusion
You walk away with a solid idea of what this is
This life style, this journey
This conquest, this mission
Whatever you want to call it you know
This joyous splendid project
Me, we celebrate with smoke
This is The Dead Occasion
And it's lit, lit
And it's lit, lit
Lit, lit, lit, lit, lit, lit, lit

Fuck my life making any product flip, flip
Damn, I feel just like my birthday cake, lit
Birthday sushi for the strip, strip
They hate on my juice like some raisins
Gone with the wind like Malaysian planes is
Fisticuffs with the plaintiff
Pussy it's a celebration
Pussy it's The Dead Occasion
Beat the case and kept playing
Looked at death and said "fuck you"
Beat the beast and left it hanging, dangling
Taking Jesus pieces left you hanging