

Smoking on my Ex Pack

sZa

Roll the clip and run it back
I'm really like that
I'm really not friendly
I need my credit, niggas hate that
I need the numbers, I need the data
Got you talkin' crazy
Abracadabra, you niggas Sideshow
I'm Bobbin' like Sideshow
You gassin' like Texaco
Infection like microbe
You texted, "I might go"
You push it, I might pop
I'm fuckin' on heart-throbs
I got your favorite rapper blocked
I heard the dick was whack
Your favorite athlete screamin', "Text me back"
I make no exceptions
The lesser part of me loves all the cap
He screamin', get back together
I'm screamin', "Back of the bus, trick"
Hawai'i for weather
Booty softer than leather
These hoes is featherweight
I wipe my phone in case you don't, might beat the case
Them 'hoe' accusations weak
Them 'bitch' accusations true
You hatin' from nosebleeds, I wish you well

Smokin' on my ex pack tonight
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Smokin' on
You can trust in me
"I can-", you said "I can trust in you"
"I can, I can"
You can trust in me
You can, you can
Oh, oh