On Methazine

The Jacka

Kill yourself if you sell coke that never drain
Three deep in the Nova gettin' high on methazine
'Member selling cola, got rich, now I'm just a fiend
All I did was keep it lit now I'm what the future bring
All we need is soda, we poured up, I never drink no water
When I first started sippin' lean, pints was 80 dollars
Same niggas used to laugh at me, now my drinkin' partners
Now a sixteen is a band, but paper ain't a problem
I'm getting dressed in Prada but I came from shavin' product
Three styrofoams, Heckler on is how we was brought up
Fast shout to the d-boys who was never caught up
The Mob real, kill yourselves if you've never poured up

Fuck with me, let's talk some more
Cause I know everythin'
But it's hard to notice
When I'm leant on methazine [x6]

Damn this shit sweet, that's some sick I never sleep
Niggas leant, Mom's askin' "Fuck is that in your drink?"
I said I don't know, taste like gold and got a hold of me
You can't get a whole one? Well fuck it who got a 4 for me
Cause I'ma pour it in a lil sprite bottle
About to board another flight but I just got back from Chicago
Out my mind the whole time, 12 hours straight to Malmo
Bottle in my name, sippin' lean wherever I go
Powder with my gang, sniffin' 'caine no matter what I do
Back to the states, sipping drink til the summer come
Tell myself I'll put away the cup when the summer's gone
Shit ridiculous, finna be Christmas and we still not done

Fuck with me, let's talk some more
Cause I know everythin'
But it's hard to notice
When I'm leant on methazine [x6]

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