

Stop Smoking Black & Milds

Ugly God

Ayy, bitch, ayy, bitch
Ayy, wait, ayy, ayy
Run it back, hey, ooh, ayy
Ooh, ooh, ayy, ayy
Thanks Ugly God!

Stop smoking Black & Milds bitch you nasty
How you smoking Blacks but actin' like you classy?
Why you smoking Blacks? Bitch you unattractive
Stop smoking Black & Milds, hoe you trashy

Stop smoking Black & Milds, with your country ass
You got shit around your mouth, with your crusty ass
You need to go and take a bath, with your musty ass
You need to scrub between your ass, with your dusty ass
Bitch your house got roaches, I ain't going, bitch I can't
Last time we spoke, I smelled your breath, it made me faint
Bitch I hopped up in your Honda Civic, all I smelled was paint
I waited 30 minutes for a jump so we could crank
You can't smoke no black & milds and be a fan of me
That ain't your hair I know its weave, bitch stop playing with
me
I heard your mama kicked you out, bitch you ain't staying with
me
We coolin' now, but bitch in public you ain't friends with me
Bitch your Honda struggling with them dents all in the back
You can hit that head, but I won't let you hit no black
You ain't classy, you ain't shit, but a hood bitch
Why you spent your last dollar on that wood tip

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Heard the whole hood hit you from the back
I heard the hood ran a train on your track (choo choo)
I heard your daughter's only toy was a jump rope (yup)
That's the black bitch, stop flexin like that's blunt smoke

Ayy, stop smoking Black & Milds bitch
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