

The Routine

Wiki

Biiitch

(Woah, woah, woah)

Bitch don't cool-guy me

I'm too high for that bullshit talk, I'ma walk, I'm gone

Shit, you need a new ID

I see it in your eyes like visine like I'm your motherfuckin' mom

When you around me, shit, you are not on

Everyone walk around like they the one

I don't wanna walk around unless I'm drunk

Is he the talk of the town or he just a punk?

Handsome, loafers, good wife

Banned from MoMA, good pipe

Can of soda, green tea Arizona

Hand me the doja, which type?

What it look like? I just want the good price

Tryna run 'em over man, Suge Knight

I just want some chocha, good night

Kiss from my chick, make sure the neighborhood right

Rugrat turned club rat

Old head wanna be a young cat

This the city that we live in

I just wanna kick some wisdom to the kids that's finna run that

Time passed, time that you'll never find back

Trust that, settle for the fun past, fuck that (huh)

But really whatchu thinkin' man

Cause everything centered where the drinking and the drugs at

Seems everyday a little new scene

I don't wanna hear about all that art that you seen

I was fucking up in MoMA, kicked up out the museum

That's some real art shit, really just my routine

They kicked me off, ain't accepting my shit

20 years, time to have a retrospective on him, on the kid

Come on man, sex is not a sin

So New York I be sexin' naked, just Timbs (woah, woah, woah)

Everybody knows I'm a nut, I just go with my gut

Man what's holding 'em up?

Just go roll you a blunt, can't cope with the fuck shit

Shit, whole O in the dutch

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