

Black Smoke

Xavier Wulf

Sitin on a sky
I am high up like things that fly
You could say I am that guy
But then that can get me night
I am chillin and getting by
We hustle then smoke out
I doubt if we run out
I am out swerving about
To street from to my house
My brother got me an ounce
She quiet but smokin loud
I like when she blow O's
I am cold [?]
That's where I left my soul
I am new because they old
My son do what they told
I kill before control
Its taking from a whole
My teeth forever gold
A man that has a go
I smoke along the road
Let truth by some be told
For dark connects you all
But then where would you go

Wavy ass flow
Wavy ass hoe
Wavy ass smoke
Wavy ass clothes
I keep it trill mane
[?] bitches feel me
Smokin Sour D to supply my energy
Come through and take your bitch by any means
Steezy ass niggas with their gold on their teeth
We don't give a fuck
Nigga that is how we breath
Rub a tassle with they sprite, that is how we lean
Rappers wearing all black, fuckin everythin'
With my nigga Ethelwulf
Blowing hella trees
Money on my mind, bitch I am talking hella green
90s niggas bitch we trill for life on everything
White bitches doing coke and ecstasy
Nose rings fat ass booty ebonies
Skateboard niggas, bitch we off the scene
Hardcore phonkstyle to the extreme