

# Fantasy

Yung Lean

(Leandoer!)

I don't want to hurt you  
Movin' 'round in circles  
Will do if I have to  
All I do is work you  
I got Gs on Gs like burgers  
Move it 'round like lurkers  
I lost all my urges  
Pink polo, paint a circus  
Insert money, insert through  
Life is like a drive thru  
I guess I could die soon  
I feel like a typhoon  
Smell like weed and perfume  
Smurf, blue pills like swirls  
All I smoke is herbal  
Products, them be purple  
Mail box clean, Donald Duck lungs  
I need a million dollars, not some bucks, son  
Duck 1, duck 2, paint a truck, son  
When we roll up, Gucci mags on my truck, son  
We'll come from pop anthrax  
Air max, we got 10 stacks  
I be smokin' tear gas  
Percocet, that's a fear fact  
Yeah, I got my gear back  
Don't hold tears from years back  
Talking, we don't hear that  
  
Fuckin' up, we don't hear that  
I'm smokin' on nitrous oxide  
Holdin' shit down, I got mine  
My eyes red just like a stop sign  
I'm number 1, not no top 5  
I'm blood gang, cap gang, 41  
Pills, weed, molly, xanax for sale  
Got shooters out South, you don't know well  
They'll pull up right to your doorbell  
I'm too iced out, I'm a snowman  
Oh, ride in the foreign get low ragged  
I'm out in Chiraq where it's cold at  
Went two nights and blow caps  
Yea, glo gang I own that  
Pull up on your block, blow your skull cap  
And I ain't really wit no romance  
Cause I'm too busy callin' up the dope man  
Shooters all on my roster  
The whole team tryna get sponsored  
I'm jumpin' shit, Travis Barker  
Your blunt is like a pencil, mines a marker, whaa  
And I see you're a talker  
So to shut ya ass up will be a motherfuckin' honor  
It's me and Yung Lean, no receipts  
Smokin' dope even though it's some shrimp and lobster  
Whaa