

Oceans 2001

Yung Lean

The ocean's where they'll find you
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You can find me if you look in your mind too
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I'ma, I'ma get a chopper, I'ma, get a chopper
Shoot that ho in the face before she try to stop ya'
Yung Lean, so fucking proper
Sad Boys, we own choppers
Put her in that body bag, the ocean's where I'll drop her

Eat her out, wipe my face with a serviette
Rich, feeling legs
Creeping in the cut, with a Tommy gun
I'ma stomp on your fondue
Face looking like Scooby Doo, the groovy one
Cannibus, anthrax, paid fast, get stacks
Count racks, cash checks, and all that
Bad breath, LSD right, creeping 'round like a lab rat
Eat her out, kit kat
Shorty we can take it real slow, if you wanna
Sex and pills, Lean got the marijuana
I got so much ice, and these ice creams cost one hunna'
You know we gon make it hot, like the summer
Shorty she a runner, me so smart, and I can buy you drinks
I got money like Obama, Internet Explorer
Boys, bitch, we dumb, dumber
Hit that cut up, fire shots, make you run up
Hit that club up, fire shots, make you run up

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Lean slice it up
BBC, straight, finna bust a nut
Sad Boys in the place, lock your daughters up
Smoking these greens, killing these fiends
? with some fucking baked greens
Little chain explosive, I'm fast, I'm C-4
Wake up in the morning and I'm married to a dinosaur
Her vagina's sore
Click clack click like the liquor store
Living life like we in Baltimore
Tell the preacher it's a folklore
What, for? What, for?
Switched out the Ferrari from the double door
Smoking Sherman like I'm Dumbledore

Humble, poor
Hungry hippos and we finna rob the liquor store
And we finna rob the liquor store
Lean got plenty more

Sad Boys, we done opened the door
Sad Boys smoking plenty dro
Shouts out to Gregar