

## 2 Cups

Yung Mal

I just poured a four in styrofoam, I hope I make it home  
Missed calls in my damn phone, just need my chill zone  
East Side, Zone 6 nigga, yeah that's the kill zone  
Keep it solid, keep it real holme, that's what I live on  
If you ain't tryna bring a mil home, you need to go'n on  
New Jeep, leave the doors on, and get my roll on  
New freak at the spot and she ain't got no clothes on  
Fell asleep cooking dope but I left the stove on

That lean got my head gone  
I just poured a three in styrofoam  
I'm swerving on my way home  
With your ho, she ain't got no clothes on  
I get the head but I don't stay long  
They fell off and I'ma stay on  
I guess that's what they hate on  
New Jeep, take the doors off, and get my roll on  
All this ice 'round my neck, I done caught a cold on 'em  
I took your brother on a lick and a nigga told on me  
How the fuck the nigga snitch and he the one who drove for me?  
Couple J's at the spot and they work the doors for me  
You ever try me like a bitch, I beat you like you stole somethin'  
All these niggas dead broke, always want to hold something  
Go and get it how I got it, get off your ass and get some money

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Couple freaks at the spot and they ain't got no clothes on  
I fell asleep on the couch, I had all my gold on  
No I cannot leave out that house unless I got that pole on me  
He had some clout but did not vouch for me, he kept it toes on me  
I just poured me up a four inside a styrofoam, I be gettin' the bag  
Don't know what you want  
I just made ten bags just to rap inside a microphone  
I don't know if I'ma make it home  
Told my ho I just fucked 'bout eight bitches  
Hope that she don't take it wrong

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