

Cranberry Moon Walk

B.o.B

If we gon smoke gotta do it out a jar
If we gon ride gotta drop the top on the car
I pull over to the side, you don't mind if I play my guitar
We're just starin' at the stars tryna figure out who we are
Oh cranberry moon walk
Cranberry moon walk

Ah this shit amazing, seventeen chips gotta calculate it
Paid for tuition, that's a graduation
Killin through the presidents, that's assassination
Uh I smoke a half, I make her
Bang that bitch and her baby make up
Look, I ain't no baby maker
She was hanging so tight I had to amputate her like uh
I got shit to do
Ball up, pour up, twist a few
But hey I've been runnin' this shit so long
I'mma fuck around and blow out a hip or two
Like uh, that's a workout
Can twerk so hard, she can twerkout
And I swear this freak bitch ride my wave so long
She know how to surf now

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Cranberry moon walk, yeah yeah unh

I'm throwin' that long back at yo baby mama
I'm smoking that alien, I call that Osama
I got my own lane but I ain't got no genre
I'm shittin' on niggas, you might need a plunger
Uh, no I ain't no worries
No drummer, no drama, no drummer, no drama
Uh and I'm whippin' that Rari
E Honda E Honda E Honda E Honda
And we deep like 300
From the east side, yes I keep it 100
Go and my weed hydroponic
That chronic, that chronic, that chronic, that chronic
Smoke!
Anything you done did
Yes I've done, it I've done, it I've done, it I've done it
And they think that they do but don't want it don't want it don't want it do
n't want it

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Watch me put in work
Yea I put in work
Got these niggas mad
'Cause I get did it first
Get yo feelings hurt
Bet yo feelings hurt
Got these niggas mad
When they see that work

Watch me put in work
Yea I put in work
Got these niggas mad
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And I'm whippin that Rari
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