

It's Mr. Smoke-A-Lot-Of-Pot
Bathing Ape accessories, I'm wearing camouflage a lot
I'm a fucking soldier, thought I told you we'd be on the top
Slow grind on and off the clock
Give me a sec, I'll get a model bitch to swallow cock
Got these white girls everywhere screaming "Domo rocks!"
Put it down beautiful, 360 Tomahawks
Every nigga say he sick, I think it's just a kind of cough
That shit give me a headache and ripping beats is my Tylenol
Making massacres of every single beat I'm rhymin' on
Bitch, I been raw since I popped out them vagina walls
Better cuff that bitch, cause I'll break your baby mama off
Drink the last hit of Kool Aid like "nigga, I'm the boss"
Bitch I'm getting paid, fuck whoever told me not to floss
Was struggling for a minute, my shit is just finally poppin' off
Swag on 100, bitches on my fucking cock and balls
I tell em "hang out" cause I ain't really got time to stall
Bitches give me numbers but I don't really have the time to call
I'm focused on this money, give me everything
I want it all. I'm what goes up:
If I get higher then I'll never fall
Whole Gang run this shit, I guess it's like a marathon
Super Skywalker, it's apparent that I'm very gone
Young but I'm not playing with these niggas like Eddie Long
Feels like I'm really getting better after every song
So I'mma have to keep dropping this shit until I'm on the throne
Swear I be doing everything that's in my fucking songs
Keep it real G, and I put that on my fucking bong
Been a while since my first, you've been sleeping for too fucking long
Said we'll fall off, but boy were you fucking wrong
So let me set it straight: winning is my fucking fate
Grab a bottle, celebrate. Roll that bomb and detonate
Insta-classic every track, every time I defecate
Homicide: add another line to my resume