

Alcoholism

Pull this bitch over my nigga  
I got to piss  
I stay with sip in my fist  
I drink like a fish  
Sometimes I be sober  
But most times I be blitzed  
I'm having my gouda  
My nigga all on her bitch  
We ball like we hoopers  
My nigga we hood rich  
We winning not losing  
My fella we got chips  
I keep me a steak, a pistol, a grip four 5th  
Cuz I'd rather be judged by 12 then to be carried by 6  
Don't wanna be carried by 6  
Rather be judged by 12  
Suckas be all in my mix  
Cuz I be up in their gal  
Don't know how to rewrite spell  
I can add and count skrill  
I can sell a rocks to a cliff  
I can sell oil to a well  
Yay area reppin  
Don't need no swagger injection  
Big oceans 11  
Hustling & money collecting  
I'm shattered  
I'm blundered mane  
I been chiefting that feda  
The po po's they tripping mane  
They sobriety checking

Alcoholism

The fur fur is crazy  
I have me a "desi"  
A designated driver  
A rider  
We in it heavy  
We knocking 40 Water  
He foolish the boy gone  
That's all they played was his music when I was in a group home  
bout to go slap some bones  
Shoot some dominoes with my fellas  
Get on that patron  
called Stella Ella and Della  
10 to get on the board  
I'm fresh off the top  
If I skunk you my ninja  
You gotta drink two shots  
Or we can play for some fedi  
Or we can play for pushups  
Or we can put on the gloves  
Go from the shoulders & box  
After that we can hug & get a room & get props  
All my fellas is thugs, ballheads & dreadlocks  
Right after the function, they continue to get bent

Last weekend it was smacking  
My nigga that shit went  
I left outta there with not one but two women  
I guess you can blame it mane on that alcoholism

Alcoholism  
1300 block ready rock animal  
Sitting in the coupe  
Orange like cantaloupe  
Something on the mantel fold  
Gears in the rear  
Old English Beer makes it hard to steer  
Been getting fucked up since 9th 10 grade  
Bird & grape kool aid and Ace of Spades  
I swerved and I do thangs i dance in the rain  
And I guess this the money we gave to champagne  
I pulled in the lot  
Bullets in the glock  
Hot or not we like to shoot shots  
Stop where I'm hot and I like to drink shots  
And I'm gone off the Julio at the 20th & what not  
You can say what you say  
Imma paper boy  
Little waves up top  
With the table boy  
She be playing hard to get  
But you can make them boy  
Put some drink in her cup and watch her swish it up

Alcoholism [16x]