

# Chain Smokin'

Gunplay

Chain smokin' in my chain. (Bang) (Aye)  
Chain smokin' in my chain. (Mang) (Aye)  
I'm chain smokin' in my chain  
(I'm smokin' man, I'm smokin' man, I'm smokin')

I be picking through the stickiest of greenery  
28 grams on my Cuban link  
Riding shirtless in the TransAm bumpin' Cuban links  
Cardies on my face, diamonds in my pinkie ring  
Midwest nigga from the streets to the kitchen sink  
Grape switcher sweets and a box of Middletons  
I go straight to my connect, I don't need a middle man  
A zip of blue dream and platinum cookies  
This is big dog smoke school, we don't take with rookies  
And my jewels give you that 1989 feel  
All solid 24k from David and Will  
4g out of real on my '76 Seville  
Ridin' slow through the hills  
I'm Beverly, one take, two takes  
Got me feeling heavenly  
Top down riding around chain smokin'  
Chain pokin' for all a y'all to see  
And my nigga Gunplay tell em bring some more weed

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Niggas try to sound like grime lipe Say they get high like the one in the bu  
bblegum blue 52  
Bel Air at the fair rollin gold shoes  
Whole shoes fans fair  
Very rare you find an ounce of this shit anywhere  
Cuz you incredibly square  
Nobody trust you, you actin like the feds  
Smokin' to my head  
Cuz the one that I wanna pass the doobie to dead  
My momma and my girlfriend scared, cuz I be outside  
But don't worry baby, I know how to play it  
Watching while I'm blazin', all my jury on  
OG in the bomb space station, home basis  
From the club to the fool spot  
We all racing, we got paper  
We all make it fast as we can spend it  
Take a new hundred, roll that weed in it

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I'm khal jokin' [?], chain smokin'  
In a sem tray[?], Chevrolet, everyday chokin'  
And the paint like white cocaine  
My dog say match when I'm like "okay"  
Fresh paper, raw paper

Trippy stick, kush or  
The color syrup maple  
All vapor  
To the crib, this bad bitch  
I'm gon' take her, then wife her, then break up  
Leather seats  
My swisher forever sweet  
Fresh off probation let's celebr-eat  
They be tardy for the party but I'm never late  
Put the fire to the tip 'til I levitate  
Four strands, loud as four bands  
Tryna hold smoke, she tryna hold hands  
This shit fire like I'm rolling up a sun  
On a back to back run  
Coughing up a lung

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