

Red Eye

Styles P

I go with it, I'm so with it
First class flight overseas, I'm low with it
Stretching out the chair, wearin' low in it
Thinkin' of a house in Cali, can I grow in it?
Throw a booth in the place, imagine how I'd flow in it
Outer space bars, Ozs to the face, y'all
Bowl by the hottub in case, y'all
Plush life, laugh and I smile a lot
Light it up, bottle pop
Blowin' kush from San Diego to Ottawa
A long way from the days I used to bottle up
Keeping all of my feelings bottled up
Keeping all of the guns hollowed up
Now we gettin' rich, gettin' twisted like Oliver
Money, pile it up, yeah
The first go around, then again when we follow up

Money, power, kush, sour
Haze, airy, pills, powder
Pull it out, cock back, let the lead fly
Then a nigga gone on the red eye

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Livin' and drivin' in big shit
If I die tonight, fuck it, my kids rich
Sick shit, get your wig split
Nothin' personal, real nig shit
I'm on fire, you just smokin'
Playin' tennis with my connect, US Open
Block's my office, no days off it
The loudest person's usually the softest
Coke is gorgeous, ice is flawless
It's repercussions that come with all this
Gun off safety 'til they come and replace me
You know what they say, death comes in Tracys

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More fun than festivals
Audemars and oysters perpetuals
Goon niggas that turn niggas to vegetables
Long as it's coke, being broke's unacceptable
Word to the zero that go after the decimal
May I double the way I bubble
Them ballers, the shit that brought AI trouble

If rap had a Dave Stern, believe I'm him
Think not? Bet the money in your Levis, then
Digital analogue
Always had catalogue, the bulls for the matador
But if I see red like the Bulls do
Somebody's gettin' shot and won't pull through
Got more animals than a zoo do
Yeah, it's Ghost The Grand
Motherfuckers should scram or get killed with they man

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