Chilled Coughphee

Curren$y

I'm puffin
I never get enough in
I never cook coke up on the stove top
But I'm stuffin' these nuts up in the guts of a slut no doubt
But it's trapped inside a rubber
Should I flush that hoe out?
To use again? Well it depends do I have another one
I cuss for fun
Too cool to have to buss a gun
I don't have to duck and run
I could fuck a bum up quick
But that's some tenth grade shit
And it's all about chillin' smilin' laughin'
So you know I'm willin' hollin' and I'm grabbin'
At a freak before I leave best believe I'm weeded
You rollin' that Billie jean bitch beat it!
And you see that we the niggas who smoke the most
Niggas propose a toast from coast to coast
But it don't even matter whose the highest
Cause if it ain't dope
Their ain't no hope
They ain't gone buy itYea
Quarter tank of gas in my seven one double S
Quarter bag mostly shake but this ol' have to due I guess
G.P.S. loaded with the coordinates
Of this bitch crib to receive love and nourishment
In the form of joints rolled, Drinks poured
Her in nothing but a robe, playin' her roll
I saw the mack when I was only 11 years old
And I swore to never be a simp for a hoe
Approach the closed do'
It crack open before my eyes
Shorty with a doubie of her own I am not surprised
Cause I don't kick it on the low
With no bitches that don't get high
Serve me a to go plate and ask if I want her to drive
Cause I got far too much on my mind
Industrial size gears I'm caught in a grind
At your grandma's house

Plastic cover the couch
Before I sit down
She question me for smellin' like a pound

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