

# 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 it Yea  
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

Songwriters

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U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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