

Relax (feat. Drelli)

Allan Kingdom

[Chorus: Allan Kingdom]

I don't got time to relax
I just go get me a bag
You just get high off the xans
I just sit back and I laugh
Niggas be broke and they sad
I don't got time to relax
I don't got time to relax
I don't got time to relax
I don't got time to relax
Don't hit my jack
Yeah I got time to do tracks
And I got time for my fans, time for my bands
Mama she need some new landscape
I don't got time to relax
I got time to be the man, hey
I got time to be the man, hey
I got time to be the man

[Verse 1: Drelli]

I spent forty poppin' tags at the layaway
I just get the gas and these niggas slip and fade away
Swervin' on the block and you know I had to make a way
Pockets on flock and it's hard for me to stay away
I ain't got it for the low
Trippy trippy life goals
Riding 'round with two phones, ayy
I ain't even got phones, uhh
Riding 'round with two phones, wait
I ain't even got phones, ayy
Who the fuck you wanna call nigga?

Tell that bitch I don't know

[Chorus: Allan Kingdom]

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I got time to be the man[Verse 2: Allan Kingdom]
I don't got time to relax, ayy
Time to relax
Fuck up your vision and fuck with some cat, ayy
I'm never gon' late
Niggas be chillin', I'm dealing with facts ayy
They missing the bag
Take it in England now I'm in France
I'm taking a change
My life's trippy like strobe
Ride around, I got grown
I been down the big roads
I ain't even got hoes
I ain't even lost hope
I crossed the board and got gold
Big shit, I switched time zones
Puffin' big shit all night long[Chorus: Allan Kingdom]
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