

Let The Blunt Go

Chris Brown

[Intro]

Funk Flex, Chris Brown

Who you mad at?Me or yourself[Verse 1]Gold Chain, Gold Chain

Gettin money gon' watch these hoes change

I'm in the party got these bitches of molly and they rollin

Bitches poppin pills like it's for pain

In their eyes I'm the shit

Molly probably fantazing all about my dick

Only one real nigga take a pic

And all you haters imma take your bitch[Bridge]Every nigga in the club see the same hoe

With the same friends all they do is change clothes

Try to bowl and they pussies say their lane closed

If your fuckin for your rent your a lame hoe

Opps yeah I said that

Half of ya'll niggas in here frontin where you bread at?

Ahhhahaha gon stutter rap

Thought so can't do it like this broke nigga[Hook x2]Say you gotta work

Why you in the club hoe?

Hell no you can't smoke my drugs hoe

Now you in the club tryin' to fuck no love hoe

How you do that there?

Bitch let the blunt go[Verse 2]Too many cars aparade when I pull up

Glass jaw catch a fade that's a chin up

If you aint looking imma eat you hoe for dinner

She said she's a virgin but I fucked her in Virginia

I ate her at the SupperClub

Bad bitches at Greystone, but they just some runner ups

Now every nigga in here seeing if you tryin fuck

And every nigga in here schemin gon try you luck

I'm A-1 no steak sauce nigga they spray dumb

It's like ratatatat cross you baseball cap

A couple hoes in your face like Jason[Bridge]Every nigga in the club see the same hoe

With the same friends all they do is change close

Try to bowl and they pussies say their lane closed

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How you do that there?
Bitch let the blunt go[Bridge]Every nigga in the club see the same hoe
With the same friends all they do is change close
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How you do that there?
Bitch let the blunt go

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