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 basebal 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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