Samurai

Cream Team

Cadillac gold grills in my mother fuckin' mouth
Cocaine, gold chain rests on my vertebrae
All them niggas that be hatin' better watch what they say
I heat 'em up, beat 'em up I'm Cassius Clay
Mountain Climbing's about the rhyming, I [work](undefined) to the tippy-top
Me, my notepad, Mary Jane, sticky pot
Ticks from the clock, so it means I don't get to stop
I be in the studio pacing, waiting for this shit to drop
Niggas wish whether we flop Divac
Flock to take me a boombox, every fucking 2 knocks
I see you running ya chops, chop it up and get chopped
Bag 'em up, he off the docks
bitch I'm at the beach
Bitch I'm at the beach, (oh) bitch I'm at the beach
With a childish flow, that means this shit is at your reach
I'm here to keep it g
, from the eyes (I's) how I see
You're here to be a b-i-t on my d
I need no ID for you to recognize
I exercise my thought,

got you petrified, bitch I'm next to die
Consider me invisible,
and also one mentally fucked individual
(A bunch of coughing and trading blunts, passing the weed around)
Why the fuck got these niggas gotta hate for?
I got a lot of shit they can't pay for
Cooler than the beach
fuck the lakeshore
You niggas take six, well I'mma take more
I'm like a virgin dick, I go hard,
and I get up in your bitch and boguard
Niggas riding waves without the chauffeur
I'mma drown your ass and take your surfboard (PUSSY!)
My shit stink, no cushion Whoopie
Goldberg I beat the track Goldberg
Dusting off my shoulders and keep it moving forward
Nigga sat and playing Madden on the couch, bored
Slower, you mother fuckers goin' nowhere

Except for taking Grandma to the store
Turn the television on and check the score
And trail like a tail on a fucking horse

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