Second Hand Smoke (feat. Eric Bellinger)

Sage the Gemini

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh, it's a cold world
Don't let yourself be corrupted!
Be yourself! Life's second hand smoke!Huh, life's second hand smoke, thoughts of being a criminal
Far from being a doctor, my opera is singing...
Around here it's just me, buddy Ricky and Cameron
Mean when I heard nobody is anything scared them
Eleven, body street call, outside of the stream, though
Where all the niggas sell pounds, next week riding in three lows
Carrying two hundred, not dollars, thousands
No time for restrooms, you're the size of the house is.
Bring a pack to big homie, sit down, let's count it
Odd in here, go by something for your housing
No spin it up, live it up, somebody rob you, just give it up
Don't be selfish, appoint your niggas
Find something to split it up!Aint even got to smoke to get faded
You aint gotta drink to say you made it
Oh na na, second hand smoke
No I dont want no second hand smoke!
I ain't worried about you, I'mma do what I like
My niggas keep it real, we ain't living the life
Ain't thinking with the second hand smoke
Ain't no time for the second hand smokeYeah, yeah, life's a second hand smoke, thoughts of being a criminal
Money needs, I should find a few girls and start pimping them.
How should I ask, when I do it they handle it,
Never mind, I go to... like pimping and pondering, uh!
And I can't do it to ... it's record deals
I made it here in A team and Mr. Record Still
Follow up, the real hits me bottled up!
Used to snick soda and make dollar cups
And still never got enough, huh!Aint even got to smoke to get faded
You aint gotta drink to say you made it
Oh na na, second hand smoke

No I dont want no second hand smoke!
I ain't worried about you, I'mma do what I like
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Ain't thinking with the second hand smoke
Ain't no time for the second hand smoke

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