

Blowing Smoke

Bryson Tiller

Ayy
It's 7AM in the morning, I been out since 3
 Fuck it, I'ma keep going
 Yeah Young Pen Griffy
I go to, I got to back for my niggas
 The pun was intended, nigga
 Wow, look how I'm livin', nigga
Angels say watch how you spendin', nigga
 Devil say cop a new Bentley, nigga
Might as well, quick as you get it, nigga
 Made a prediction, nigga
 Fortune teller, nigga
Ayy, I got it, yeah, I get it, nigga
You a rappin' contradiction, nigga
 Hunnid racks on a sticker
New whip and I'm in it with her
 Set it off, this a stick up
 'Til they came and shut shit up
 Shakin' that shit up
Then I go put a check in the bank, nigga
 Got a lot up on my plate, nigga
 Grandma need a new estate, nigga
 You a fraud, you a fake, nigga
Can't keep up with the pace, nigga
Keep the fuck up out the race, nigga
 Yeah, pump your brakes, go slow
 Pump your brakes, go slow
Just like my shawty, she like it slow
Yeah, and just like her, I heard it all before
Don't let 'em fool you, they blowing smoke
 Yeah, they blowing smoke, yeah
 Yeah, I heard it all before
 Don't let 'em lie to you anymore
Hey, don't let 'em lie to you anymore
Ayy, don't let 'em fool you, baby
 Gene Snyder, get shifty, nigga
 Need a lighter for the spliff, nigga
I pull up in a street fighter chain, hit a nigga
Now that I got your attention, nigga
 Keep my name off your lips, nigga
Hey, just like her, I don't take you serious, nigga

No you can't be serious, nigga
You can't be serious, nigga
I can't even hear it, nigga
Gotta be up on my tire, nigga
You ain't nowhere near, nigga
Young Tiller don't fear a nigga
Ayy, this no joke, no smoke, no mirrors, nigga
Know you seen me last year, nigga
All at Cleveland Cavaliers, nigga
Thoroughbred, I'm a winner
D'USSE in my cup, I feel like Jigga
Wins got me hittin' liquor (faded)
And I got you niggas feelin' bitter (you mad)
Bitch, I been a heavy hitter
But you barely makin' plays, nigga
Fuck it, let me demonstrate, nigga
Home runnin', not safe, nigga
Guess I got what it takes, nigga
Can't keep up with the pace, nigga
Get the fuck up out the race, nigga
Yeah, pump your brakes, go slow
Pump your brakes, go slow
Just like my shawty, she like it slow
Yeah, and just like her, I heard it all before
Don't let 'em fool you, they blowing smoke
Yeah, they blowing smoke, yeah
Yeah, I heard it all before
Don't let 'em lie to you anymore
Hey, don't let 'em lie to you anymore

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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