Frost

Thorn Apple

Jet Life thats all playa,
Fresh weed in a glass jar playa,
Not the body Vampire Slayer,
Pull up strings like a Guitar player,
Dying Man, Body shaking, Body snatcher, Undertaker
Come pick the track up, cause this was a Massacre,
Spinnin the beat, the beat right side left and everywhere but backwards,
Cold and ?, im low in a malibu two door,
Listening to Dizzy Rascal, Right up ya avenue
Fly as a parachutte,
High as a paratroop-er, before he deployed,
you aint a D boy, you a fuckin decoy,
you aint bruce lee nor bruce leeroy,
Cant kick it bruce bruce you a comedy boy,
Yeah,
My mission here is to destroy the wackness,

I dont offense this from all factions?
Fools are all papers you suckerish ashings,
Cashout nigga the Casino magic,
My girl from Cincinatti, My weed from Cali,
Feel the blits like an O-line whats happenin,
High time,
Every green kind we snatchin trees and havin you to snatch to make cash with,
Heavily Heavy my paper straight, Holdin it down im a paper weight,
Knocked off baller your paper fake, You fallin off and im home plate safe,
How else can i call it but how i see it, Cant say your name cause i aint see ya,
Flow cold Inside door of the freezer, 4 Hoes chose but im in a 2 Seater,
Follow in a cab or ill catch you next weekend, Either way baby girl nigga aint tweakin,
Pleadin, please im peelin off, Now you realize you was dealin with a boss,
Never took the ride but you took the loss,
Got your friend in my drive with the tire takin off,
At the crib her top gettin taken off, And she can share the details when she wakes tomorrow...
Yeuuuh

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