

No Static

Bottin

[Scratches] "No static, got an automatic"
[Scales] Too much of anything makes you an addict
 Take a nigga back down Tobacco Road
 I give my old soul what it's asking for
 I'm trying to find where them angels sing at
 Where X and King at
 So listen for the knowledge I bring back
 Cuz cigarette pack and a deuce bottle
 Blue collar, aint too much we can do, Father
 Taketh me, I live life so anxiously
 Tell me this is bout more than sex and buying weed
 Maybe, but anyway we, burn daily
 Sip Bailey's, early sex, unwanted babies
 Scream push till I push daisies, Pops raised me
 Through this blind crippled and crazy world
 I'm just riding along, see where it takes me
 Keep buying cars and rims until it breaks me
 I fold like bread on a loose sandwich, too damaged
 Still I gotta slow down and find a balance
 [Chorus:] No static, got an automatic
 Too much of anything makes you an addict
[Skinny Deville] We spend a lot of long nights trying to make it hot like an open flame
 Smoking Jane posted on this porch I got this close to fame
 Without the Leroy, but we live forever Wooden Leather
 Slum is in my Village like them niggas up in Detroit (what up though)
 And I'm going for the gusto, every day is cutthroat
 But I don't give a fuck yo
 Gutter bread, slice it different ways I got some shit to say
 Split the Swisher, pack the hay, roll it up and hit the bitch
 Addicted to this country living, givin' it my all dog

 Raw till a fall y'all from here to California
 Went back again, traffickin' like Raj' "What's Happenin'?"
 I'm traveling, looking for that Kill like I'm Bill ill
 In my own right left without my soul tight
 Roll through a cold night, swervin' on a country road
 Six pack of Michelobs, a Ol' with some funky Dro
 Too much of anything can make a playa lose control
 [Chorus:] No static, got an automatic

Too much of anything makes you an addict
[Scales]See I love my reefer, love my Guinness
And I don't fit into society, I'm a menace
Slap my balls on your rack like tennis
And turn the Henny up and don't stop till I'm finished
I'm pissy drunk, one shot might get me crunk
Not to mention shorty rollin' up 50 blunts
We got Nappy in this bitch
Sticks to the bricks
I'm a cowboy, dog
It's to the fence
[Skinny]We rollin 90 in the slow lane, with just enough to traffic
Cross the line bout forty times a week on the average
Forward and backwards, pack is like a sack lunch
Ridin' dirty, high as fuck, puffin on a fat blunt
What yo ass want, Nappy serve it all day
Always keep a Caddy Hog and dog it's all wood
Too much of anything can make you think it's all good
Got a automatic Skinny Deville and we all should
[Chorus:]No static, got an automatic
Too much of anything makes you an addict

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