

Cookie Coma

Hodgy Beats

Okay, Okay
Everybody celebrate like it's a holiday
Let me guide the way, no it isn't fathers day
Or mothers day but the other day
I had a dream I wasn't K
He slang that yay got done away
In the rectum of the hood and I ain't sprung to say
Guns don't protect them for the good
But they fuckin' spray
Afrochines sucha bad cold dream
I'm dreamin' it's reality, it struggles and it battles me
They wanna fry me like they battered me
I'm a diamond they can't shatter me
Through casualty I'm' actively transparent to a brand clarence
I probably would be deceased if it wasn't for my grandparents
Papa was a pastor, grandma the pastor's wife
Slit your writs and swallow knives, Bitch it's super six for life
I'm too legit for life, I should get a grip and die
Fuckin' take a trip and fly and never come down
I be in my own world, gold teeth in my crown
Bitch I travel round the world, like nigga fuck yo' town

Paper plane takin' off soon as it touch yo' ground
Who said the lost boys a never be found
You speakin' down on odd future, it's a fuckin' pronoun
Twenty-one in the league ho I'm a fuckin' pro now
You mainstream niggas, slow down
I turn this to a ho down
Wavin' that four-four round, empty all of those rounds
On some wild wild wild west shit
Death will probably be next pick to exit
I'm sick of all these bullshit hoes, I got responsibilities
She feelin' me as I'm fe- feelin' on her tititites
To do infinity, I'm the remedy to a penalty
For once I take this shit genially, generally
I'm takin' shots like Kennedy, like fuck the enemy
Whatever enters me is meant to be, I am what I eat
Brocoli pasta, rotisserie, dark meat
Smoke weed till I feel my heart beat

Drink like a alchohlicly close fit from out the closet
The art belongs to whoever draws it, at heart I'm an artist
Who knows his flow is flawless
I got affection for whatever the cause is, who caused it (lemme know, lemme know)
Yeah

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