

Roasted

Airbomb

(feat. Trademark, Young Roddy)

[Trademark]It's been a minute let me get with it as I roll up
Niggas been waiting on trade like whats the hold up
My only mission in life was to blow up they ask what I throw up
You know what I rep and I'm one of the best
Supervillian in the building I'm clearly a threat
Been doing this here for a minute considered a vet
A lot of niggas want me to fail cause they know that I'm next
That's damn near impossible this game ain't got rid of me yet
I fell of and I crawled to regaining my steps
This time around I'm ma give all till I'm gaspin for breath
I stay silent on a lot of shit quiet is kept
But I don't know too many niggas with silent success
So I write it all down to get it off my chest
The weed we break it all down to get off the stress
Niggas hate (fuck em) cause they know that we the best
It ain't my fault I do this shit without breakin a sweat
[Chorus]Im just laid back chillin posted
living like a villian mostly
High off this purple shit
No lie im flyin im so roasted
Money bitches
Testerosis viva click a few mamosis
Bring them through my ups and downs life is like a roller coaster
Im just laid back chillin posted
Living like a villian mostly
High off this purple shit
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[Curren\$y]The more I smoke the smaller the doobie get
They takin shots at the jets on some john woo movie shit
All blanks I'm unscaved untouched on my way to the bank wtf
For tryna play spitta you shall forever remain with out a name
Lames know what I claim
Upset they all throw up my set from the sunroof of my car
Seats butter boogies
Bitches crumbling nuggets I'm feeling lovely and blessed

Tribeca and bubbles I'm enjoying a lemon press not that minute made crap
They squeeze these lemons they selves
The hearts of women melt
When trilla lyrics are felt
Olympic swimming in bitches Micheal slash leon phelps
High bread weed money tree slang for dummies (fuck em)
Get it crackin like lobsters ice vodka in the bongs bubblin

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[Young Roddy]Me with a record deal yeah
They said i couldnt get it
My homie pharis told me you couldnt hustle for a living, But
That rich or poor the money had a nigga driven
And word to my nigga stan i was buggin for a minute
But look how the tables turned, they still spinnin
Then homie flew me from kenny to NY city (yeah)
My uncle told me let the sky be ya limit
I was cool with a kid in the kitchen who was a chemist, (yup)
As far as bread, my momma told me to make plenty
So its money in my bank account and money in my denims, (yup)
In high school them girls use to blow me kisses
But its money over bitches
Roddy all about his benji's
Shout out to spitter they wear us out like fen DR
Lets hit the shower to where the mush wendy
But me im from the dirty, the dingy, the south
Where everywhere we at we smoke it out
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