

Ashtray

Smoke DZA

All my cars got gas in the ashtray
And all my cars got gas in the ashtray
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And all my cars got gas in the ashtray And we roll up that cour
And we roll up that cour
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And we roll up that cour...Right!
Blowing on that loud in the gas mask
Always get bomb, nigga: Baghdad
Hit the green door, get a grab bag
Pull out my trippy slide, Nicki with her fast ass
If I cop 5 I get em 4 a piece (riiight?)
Load up Dreddy van, hit the L.I.E
Niggas rapping, they be trappin, that's a L-I-E
I really live that let me tell you who the hell I be!
Had a nigga in the spot in the Hamptons, used to grab 4 of em
That's 25 a piece at least
Nigga getting chicken off that liquid petroleum
That OG kush, I used to ounce that
Fucked a little money up, it help me bounce back
I know it sounds absurd, nigga, living off herb
But e'rybody in the world need that loud pack
Right? All my cars got gas in the ashtray
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And we roll up that cour
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And we roll up that cour...Bitch-ass niggas wanna sleep on me?
Now I'm a nightmare
Wait that's the spot where they wrote me off
Y'all bitch-ass niggas still right there!
Nigga I don't even fight fair
I know it might scare, don't give a slight care
I ignite yea bitch I'm so high, nigga I can fly Dom Buzz Lightyear
Had a nice year and the bitch just started
OF Tape went fucking retarded
I been that nigga, why you fuck boys stalling

I was Doms OG, puffing and coughing
Man niggas ain't real this often
But I'mma be that til they put me in a coffin
I'mmma be crack so inhale me with caution
Nigga, it be green like a jersey in Boston
It's Doms nigga, you better get real fine nigga
We in the middle of the calm nigga
And you know we drop bombs nigga
It's Smoke DZA and Harry Fraud, nigga
That's the cue for applause nigga
I had my back against the wall, nigga
Said fuck that and I balled, nigga
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And all my cars got gas in the ashtray And we roll up that cour
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And we roll up that cour...Backwoods keep a nigga's mind stuck
Off OG niggas tryna OD
With a NY bitch who want a mouth rush
She let a nigga skeet, all the girls know me
And I got the head too, cause the weed's so good, made a bitch say "Q!"
And a nigga so faded, racked out man a nigga straight made it
And you won't hit it if you're corny
Just got a ounce, more dope for the homies
I'm a rap Willie Nelson and Monster Kobe
These raps is the end
I don't fuck with Kony, sliding in a Benz, no top up on me
50 for the bill, nigga fuck that Tony
Ride around gettin it, smoking on doty
My mama with a bag with a little bit of hash
My daughter hear my grind and she had covered it with cash
Brought behind the wheel on me and gas
My nigga was in my drawers, so she smothered me with ass
Girlfriend are bugging, happy cause they keep me hoes
Switching up my flows cause a nigga getting blow
Dollar after dollar, man, this money getting old
Still buying eighths, what you know about O's? All my cars got gas in the ashtray
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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