

The Illest (Kronic Remix)

Far East Movement

We be the illest
We be the illest in here
I know you feel us
We be the illest in here
Illest in here
We so motherfuckin' ill
We so motherfuckin' ill
Ill, motherfucker, ill
We so motherfuckin' illllin' out from LA, I be illin' out all the way
Got an email from my K-Town chick that wanna hook up and blaze
I've got OG cannabis, girl, one puff will put you in your grave
Got three pills and four jimmy hats 'cause we don't Kid n Play
Hop out, yo, guess who's gettin' drunk?
No motherfuckers can out drink us
If you're tipping that heat, don't get drowned
So cold, polar bears on my nuts
Y'all know just who we be
I hold it down for the East
'Cause I keeps it pimpin', Peter Griffin
Yellow tinted on zebras Dripping on your couches
Dripping on your couches
Sippin' Tanqueray with orange, mane, we on that Tropicana
I'm dripping on your couches from the Hills to public housing
If you're feelin' ill, then damn, you ill
Be the illest on the thousand We be the illest
We be the illest in here
I know you feel us
We be the illest in here
Illest in here
Illest
We be the illest in here
I know you feel us
We be the illest in here
Illest in here
We so motherfuckin' ill Nice chain, what a nice night
My ice bright, I play the wall like a night light
Tangerine, tambourine from the West Wing
The best thing about my room, Versace bed springs
I'm in the building, more gold than Rumpelstiltskin

Aw shit, look who it is, the white Russell Simmons
Jody Highroller, Far East Movement
We so ill, I think I need some codeine fluid
Dripping on your couches
Dripping on your couches
Sippin' Tanqueray with orange, mane, we on that Tropicana
I'm dripping on your couches from the Hills to public housing
If you're feelin' ill, then damn, you ill
Be the illest on the thousand
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I know you feel us
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Illest in here
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We be the illest in here
I know you feel us
We be the illest in here
Illest in here
We so motherfuckin' ill
We so motherfuckin' ill
Ill, motherfucker, ill
We so motherfuckin' ill
I is for the way these bitches love how I bang
And double L is for the way I blow the smoke in your face
We roll on Es and we be easy rollin' that bank
And ST is for the illest shit we rep every day

Songwriters

ANDREAS SCHULLER, ERIC FREDERIC, HORST SIMCO, JAE CHOUNG, JAMES ROH, KEVIN

NISHIMURA
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