Overdose

PASMATERS

Shit, niggas got me higher than a motherfucker off up in here, man
Damn, the fuck y'all get this weed from?
Motherfucker overdose or some shit off this shit, Goddamn
Check this shit out though
Now pussy player haters say that I'm too raw with it
But y'all thinkin' 'cause I be talkin' shit
Them hoes say that nigga cold as hell
Fuck what the punks are talkin 'bout
I wanna get up with that big ballin' bitch
Plus niggas feelin' what I'm on as well
Plus got my mind in the zone
The one that's rocking fresh pelle pel's
Tru to the shine on his bone
Somebody beatin' up the block on fresh rider rims
If it's me, hell, you can tell by the design on the chrome
Crying on the phone, hoe thinkin' I'm in love with her
'Cause she took me shoppin' and had me tryin' on cologne
So I left her on the line with the tone
Got up with this other bitch
Brought no weed cause she fine off her own
So hurry with the Phillie bitch, I'm really sick
Off of some illy shit
Here go a rusty razor blade but still it split
And fill it with the killer shit so I can really trip
It's like the bud was tailor made for milli-clips
And mac-10's, I lit the bead from the back end
Straight to the chest and it got me sprung
My lungs started collapsing, shit nigga what's happenin'?
The sess got me trippin' off the drums and guns, ready for action
Duck a swang or either other thang
Try to be tougher and bang and scuff and hang
Suffer pain left deranged then youse a bogus m'uhfucker, mayn
System be struck a vein, I'm too strange
For m'uhfuckers to compete with
I'm on some infrared heat shit
With a deep clique, what I eat, sleep, shit
Well, if it's a freak bitch, she can suck a sweet dick
Till she's seasick blockin' niggas out like an eclipse
When smokin' them devils put your hands together

Like you know the host
'Cause ain't no nigga that can resist the words from the twist'
Leavin' niggas comatose from my overdose
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang
Kill off all enemies while makin' G's, catch you off on your knees
And snatchin' fees now that I'm up in this game
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang
Kill off all enemies while makin' G's, catch you off on your knees
Niggas rollin' me beads just so they can hang
Can you figure out the cause and effect?
Niggas comin' on your set
Thugs comin' out they drawers with a tec
Victim bleedin' from the neck
Shirts is getting wet, shorties yellin' threats
Lookin' for the one who called for the deck
Now they airin' out the hall in the spot
Hitting stomachs leavin' niggas pinched up
Bodies balled in a knot
Bullet holes in the wall from a glock
Searchin' for the one who called in the shots
Hypes crawlin' for rocks
Goin' all in the socks of the recently deceased
From what was released
From the chrome beast to the dome piece
Visions in my mind bein' increased by inner beef
And some grief but when I chief on some strong leaf
I'm snappin' hard enough to make a nigga try to check his own chief
Violate him but can't annihilate him
Pickin' up his own teeth and it's on with the microphone deep
Stimulate him with pistols penetrate him
Nerves still droppin' 'cause adrenaline pumpin' is a m'uhfucker
Hit him with the steel bloodsuckers
Murdered by bud lovers and I was makin' sure
Every one of you hoe studs suck us
And I bullshit you not if it was full clips, two glocks
You would still die or you'll get too hot
'Cause when my fuel kick you'll drop
Hypes is trickin' on you
Tell me where he at bitch and you'll get two rocks
'Cause when my tool click you'll pop
Can't have this hype nigga stop shit, I'm hazardous
Makin' musical miracles like I'm Jesus of Nazareth
Yet disastrous, smokin' on halves and hash, fuck if it's cancerous

Bust ass to the beat 'cause I mastered this
It's hard to breathe, I'm bustin' like an A-bomb
'Cause I'm in the zone, twenty-two a cold shit up my sleeve
It's hard to stay calm
Thinkin' about the bitches that i've finna bone
Hittin' my enemies and competition up with lethal flows
That's damagin', flows that's callous and we're leavin'
Thick ladies frantic and people in the industry panickin'
I thought we got in this to get out of pistol handlin'
Now it's possible m'uhfuckers could start vanishin'
Fuck the Anacin I be toking plenty and stankin' from stress
And flowin' over notes, them studs thinkin' they can get close
I know I got you trippin' off the shit
A nigga said off a overdose
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang
Kill off all enemies while makin G's, catch you off on your knees
And snatchin' fees now that I'm up in this game
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang
Kill off all enemies while makin' G's, catch you off on your knees
Niggas rollin' me beads just so they can hang
C'mon and toke on a dub with me, I love cities with parties
That's full of bitches where they let me rub titties
Be able to pack a snub with me, in case we get in some static
And gotta start leakin' blood from stud skinnies
So don't ask if it's the bud in me, because for some reason
I smoke on some weed and get too wicked and raw
It can't be nickel or soft, way it's chokin' me
Potency'll have me rockin' mics
And givin' your bitch dick in the jaw, I'm hookin the law
You're lookin' in awe, took what you saw
Got the B's pen and pad out the bottom drawer
Then got to bitin' and formulatin' some shit you called your own
But take it to the rehab, 'cause you got a flaw
To put it simple you ain't cold enough
Trippin' out like you can't control the stuff
Lackin' rhythm like you known to bust
In a different zone from us
You niggas need to sit the fuck down
Get a swisher and roll this up
If you think I'm speakin' too bold, whassup?
I ain't even on no hoe shit, plus the mob is so thick
I'm the type of nigga you should wanna get up close to
And take a smoke with

If there's static then check yo' clique, my mind is so sick
I be tweakin' with speakin' releasin' energy to show I know the ropes
'Cause when it comes to this rap shit
Niggas will choke till I'm ghost
While I breath reefer smoke from my overdose
Try to put me to the test, gimme some budda bless
I'll show you who the best, release the vocal trilogy
Aight God damn slow it up mayn
M'uhfuckers done felt you mayn
We can go on to some next shit
God damn, man, you stoppin' motherfuckers and shit
Man I'm tryin' to get my zone on
Let niggas hear what the fuck I'm doin' man
I mean you done zoned man
Let's go to the next cut, baby
Man, fuck that shit

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