

# Dub Sac

## Ab-Soul

[Hook]

I had a dub sac in my bucket rolling around like "fuck it"  
Now I got a OZ in this Benz still rolling around like "fuck it"  
OZ in this Benzo, rolling around like "fuck it"  
Rolling around like "fuck it", rolling around like "fuck it"[Verse 1]  
That shit weak, your bitch weak - that's too bad, my bitch bad  
Smoke weed, I got plenty, take your quarter back like McNabb  
Sip lean, I got plenty, I drop a ace in a liter now I got a quinceanera  
Ever had a chick to do it on the dick to capoeira  
Kick game like Martial Arts  
Kick game like Marshall Law  
On Tekken the homies got weapons  
Martial Law could've happen any second  
Getting money, blowing digits  
Only sex is sexy women  
Only sex is sexy women  
Only sex is sexy women  
That like to do them nasty things  
You know I like them nasty things  
Can't fuck with them whips and chains  
I got a bitch that do, but I ain't got no gavel  
Baby wanna know what's under my belt  
Maybe cause I paid so much for the belt  
Call the car service, get your ass home  
But just yesterday me and Agent J[Hook][Verse 2]  
You're so weak, you don't know me  
Soulo so lowkey in Lord, legends, infinity  
Oh God showed off inventing me  
Me and K with the promoter  
Drop the fo' up in the soder  
I'm unraveling backwoods  
And he's bending corners, just thought I'd warn ya  
What's happening then?  
I've been gone too long, but bitch I'm back again  
Except this time I'm old  
Had that Chevy celebrity the same age as me  
With that gram in the glove-box, that's a 24-15  
I mean[Hook][Verse 3]  
You still weak, you last week

I'm next month, twist the next blunt  
The homie got his chain took at the Mixed Nuts  
Now we blowing big weed, lean mixed up  
Nigga, don't get shit mixed or screwed  
We gave y'all plenty time to dig our stuff  
Getting women in the mood  
We tell the truth up in the new  
Breaking news, breaking news  
I'm enlightening like Pikachu  
All I do is what you wouldn't think to do  
Son, don't you remember that [?]  
South Pole Jeans, fat laces in all our shoes  
A nigga turn into a oracle  
Treat the damn booth like a urinal  
Smoking the stogie in a terminal[Hook]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>