kush coma

Brandon DeVries

[Verse 1]
Close my eyes, feel like I'm going down
In an elevator at 90 miles an hour
And all I see is stars and they coming at me sort of like a meteor shower
My forehead's sweaty, my eyelids heavy, feeling like I ain't goin' make it
Cause inside my head's like a firework show in the 4th July in Las Vegas
Said, I'm trippin', I'm slippin', feeling like I just can't move
I done took me a couple more pills
Next thing I know, I'm taking off my shoes
And I'm on walking on these clouds like marshmallows
Nodding off, smellin' like rose petals
Zoning out, two-three like the fiend in hell fire and angel wings
I'm conscious to that world, connin science 'bout that world
All these drugs up in me, it's a miracle I ain't mirror Kurt
I'm numb like a mortician, going dumb with Oakland bitches
They say you hella boosie, roll a backwood up with them cookies[Bridge x2]
I'm smoking, back to back, back to back, back to back
It's the blunt after blunt rotation
Now I'm in a kush coma off the OG aroma and my brain going on vacation
Kush coma[Hook]
Kush coma, I am in a kush coma
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Kush coma, I am in a kush coma[Verse 2: A$AP Rocky]
Get high, my niggas, smoke kush
Get fly, my niggas, dope looks
So many numbers in my phone book
I could start a motherfucking phone book
Know all the fly bitches gonna look
Like I'm on something, tell 'em roll something
I'm that one nigga, bumping two pots
Be like three hoes, that's a foursome
Fuck niggas always want to hold something
Young hot nigga done froze on 'em
Went cold on 'em, beat the golds on 'em

And clothes on 'em, see the hoes on 'em?
Only fear God, never sold on Him
Man, I swear to God, put my soul on Him
Life's a bitch, but she chose on him
Should've died in Hell, but I rose on 'em
In big shades, fuck the hypocrites, die
Time let the tats, for the tick, tock
Clocks on the wall, fuck your wristwatch
Pause, let it stop, hope we get by
Bye when I zoom, let it vroom
'Bout a hundred goons with a fume, better let it [?]
A hundred miles an hour on the booth, better let it loose
A hundred by the sour, molly, flower, and they love the shrooms
That's real rap, I'm stating facts
Contradictions, can't take it back
Mommy's stripping, make it clap
In a kush coma, finna take a nap
I'm out[Hook][Verse 3: Danny Brown]
Half asleep with that cotton mouth
Weed grow house on plantation
Nuggets the size of Rakim rings
Got my head looking like a fatality screen
Got my mind drippin'
Gotta get away from all this bullshit in my way
Knowing goddamn well when the high go away
Same shit gon' be still in my way
I'm a slave to the sticky icky
So nigga roll somethin wit me
Been smoking blunts since high school
Now look at all the bullshit I been through
Wanna pass out, but we stayin up
Nigga gotta keep one eye open
Cause nigga ain't tryna miss the next turn
Nigga roll up, then we starting smoking
I'm smoking on that ocho, got my mind on that cosmos
Sippin' on that purple, got a nigga in slo-mo
Dipping in that molly, feel like I'm doing 100 on a Harley
Tell your baby mama sorry, that was one night and please don't call me[Bridge x2][Hook]

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