

# Etc Etc (feat. Curren\$y & Big K.R.I.T.)

## Smoke DZA

[Verse One: Big K.R.I.T.]

Dare I say, player?

Fuchsia alligators

Looking through my eyesight like looking at a skyline

Wi-fi my aura, Im so online

Im late enough to be on time

She dived yours and jumped on mine/Its pimp pimpin, silk lining

Plush linens, hand stitching

Im picture perfect, hieroglyphic

If she aint down, her homegirl wit it

Turning heads, lock like dreads

Caution, no trickin, just excessive grain grippin

Cup full of drank, blunt rolled, Im lane switchin

Me and King Tut had the same visions

Either stay home or come with it

Some dig, but most miss it

Im droppin presents for the ungifted

If you was in the lead, the momentum just shifted

A-team, 3 kings, 4 great feats

Name another Mississippian on a Ski beat

[Hook]

We are the best of the best player

Take you round the world and up like elevators

And they

They try to duplicate us but they could never be that's between you and me

Etc Etc

But they could never be that's between you and me[Verse Two: Curren\$y]

Yeah, unhh, Im up now, so bitches break trees down

Coffee tables turn

Funny how funny style

Bitches come out niggas like they was pregnant with em

Run with cleats on these beats, I am not slippin'

At your women, FeBreeze venom, I clean kill em

Green linen, weed so soft I go so hard

Think of new flows in my old school car

Windex, no streaks on my glass house, and I know you won't rest that ass

Bitch, dont get it twisted, hoe, not so fast

Jets in the cut, niggas just collectin like scabs

I smash, brushing my Dickies free of the ash

A 7 gram bag, ceramic one hitter in my stash  
Not a thread outta place, eyes red, outta space  
Drop bread, get out my face[Hook][Verse Three: Smoke DZA]  
No sucker shit, we Gd up, its a boss movement  
Just Enjoy This Shit, fuck you thought, stupid?  
Rappers, as if, they all clueless  
Cook up skills like a culinary art student  
We, get it poppin like we sposed to do  
Instead of kissing ass and sucking dick like most of you  
Living on your knees, you got no control  
Fucking haters, kick rocks with open toes  
Lil mama wanna roll with some winners  
Cause we got more cheddar and the weed taste better  
Big bambooze pack, my vision stay blurry  
Weed purple like a Lakers away jersey  
Plethora flows, plethora hoes  
Down to do whatever I like, they dont never oppose  
Gold diggers tryna get their purse filled  
But I send em straight to voicemail  
DZA[Hook]

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