

# Session

## Progressive Soundtrack

[Verse 1: Tyler] I'm Tyler, Mr. Green Hat, pro-abortion anti-clean rap

Fuck your blog opinion and your feedback

My self-respect I leave that, in the lost and found

Where the black girls get their weaves back

Awesome I achieve that mini, blasting "You're a jerk"

In some fucking yellow skinnies looking like a fucking faggot

Bouncing round the house trying to find an easy way to rape Minnie

Bet you thirty dollars you find her like Cartman found Kenny, dead

I like my girls smart, skinny

Kinda pop tart, when I bite into them red

I'm a self-racist, you should tape this, ask Sarah, I'm the rapist

I'm a fascist, fuck fashion, Gucci belts is for them faggots

My hat is by Jabbia and if you got a fucking problem

With the future, you can get a death wish just like Atiba

Fuck the biz apparent, Odd Future errant

I'm watching the Berrics getting head from someone's parent

Blind fucking hate inside my heart, guaranteed

That I'm sharing in the force with the cyclops staring

I'm flying on a beaver, you're a disbeliever

So don't ask for no mothafucking ride when you see us

Swim right past you, the shit-list said that I'm nutty such a cashew

Cause I jack off with dish soap and smell gas fumes

Permanent brain damage similar to tattoos

The shit, you can mention me if anybody ask you

Kill the jungle let the cats loose

You didn't see me here if someone ask you

[Verse 2: Hodgy Beats] I want to feel her in every way

Mary Jane keeps me high like every day

Bong, vaporizer, in the sack now

Stuck in my high, afraid of heights, I'm trapped

Buy a swisher for a dollar or two blunt wraps

Roll it up and ensure that everything's fat

She ain't got time to try and relieve ya

But she'll get all in your head, Sativa

[Verse 3: Mike G] We grind, these niggas asking for some promo

We sit back, observe, stacking hella box logos

Square circle jerks starting O.F. moshpit

Preaching to the poets, I'm an O.F. prophet

No less profit, themed when we drop shit  
Convertible coupe, bitches scream when they tops split  
It's that crack, give you something to sell  
Put these bitches on lock down, something like jail  
Thought she hot I swear, probably rougher than hell  
Ain't she ain't gay, but the only thing she like is fucking Chanel  
Light skinned women, all sex everything  
Think we can fit ten in, bowls packed with everything  
Everything that we call flight, living life  
This is everything that we call hype  
I'm everything that they call nice  
She in colors and shit, she off that northern lights, right  
Intimidated by niggas you can't be  
I'm a G, and this is something you can't see  
Top ranked, number one my son, sodd  
And she looking for them trees, baby we got some  
And stay focused on the women and you get less done  
It's ironic cause I always hear you talking about one  
Them other niggas smoke, they ain't this high  
How high? Nigga, higher than the kites they fly

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