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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