

Dub Sac

Ab-Soul

I had a dub sack 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"

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 quinceañera
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 happen any second
Getting money, blowing digits only sexing sexy women
Only sexin' 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

What's happenin'? OZ in this Benzo
OZ in this Benzo
Just a lil' Carson, nigga
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
Whats happening?
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 2 for 15
I mean

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 misconstrued
We gave y'all plenty time to dig our stuff
Getting women in the mood
We tell the truth up in the nude
Breaking news, breaking news
I'm enlightening like Pikachu
All I do is what you wouldn't think to do
Silk, don't you remember that South Pole Jeans, fat laces in all our shoes
A nigga turned into an oracle
Treat the damn booth like a urinal
Smoking a stogie in a terminal
I had a dub sack in my bucket
Rolling around like "fuck it"
Paul Jeremy, Doe and me trying to match a nugget
Pass the blunt to BC, AR, and AJ
King Rich, YM, Python P, I put that on me

I had a dub sack in my bucket
Capital C

I just might be in yo hood
(Fuck outta here man, you dumb ass niggas!
You niggas are silly out here tryin' to look cute and shit man)
I just might be in yo hood
(Quit playing. This is serious bruh, niggas wanna come talk to me about all
this dumb shit; a nigga ain't tryna hear that man
I'ma come clean bruh, go sit down with all that my nigga)
This shits over here from the grass... I just might be in yo hood
(We gon' handle it, how handle it my nigga straight like that, bruh)
(Eh niggas out here look silly, my nigga
Like bruh, if you don't know me look at my fucking Twitter, my nigga)
I just might be in yo hood
(It's your boy A-Mack out here man, Zanzilla, slapping niggas and bitches fo
r fun, straight like that)

Niggas chased my uncle there, through God's grace the gun jammed
I found comfort in this pleasure, meaning I slept the best through gun sound
s
These Days it's a little different, between me and my past I put a little di
stance
Egyptian cotton, thread count vicious
Started as a dream, manifested into little Kendrick
Now everybody feel it, even niggas who didn't know, they try to forget it!
Selective Amnesia, that's an Oxymoron, These Days
Niggas ask about pressure I grew up watching free base
Literally the face of my hood...
So basically I beat the case
I vanished but left a trace, just in-case a nigga gotta go back
Yeah, it's not for games if I say that

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