

SOPA

Ab-Soul

(Soulo taught me...)
See yeah my nigga see
See yes this where that sci-fi met swag my nigga
Like the Holy Bible and a Gucci Bag
My nigga, swag!

Oh you the kid, I'm Joseph Kony
Chip off the block, it's puffy socks in my Saucony
I touch stock, she suck cock
She dancing Secret Sundays and I'm 'bout to pray
I'm smoking dope, I'm smoking dope
She got that magical vaginal let me hocus poke
Row, row, row my boat gently down your stream
She into Alexander McQueen but she ain't met the king
(Soulo, SOULO, Soulo, SOULO) kiss the fucking ring ho
TDE we got the belt, "hold it down if nothin else"
And this is my new single, cut the cheese it's bout to melt
Lean in my cup, pinky up like Dr.Evil
Currently we seeing deeds like Adam Sandler
ScHoolboy Q, OG, and dirty pineapple Fanta
And I ain't never been a motherfucking lick 'less I'm
right around the clit
Druggys with' hoes, O's and 42s

I'm smokin dope, yo, could smell it on my clothes
SOPA tryna censor internet, we tryna get this dough
I said look back at me when you hit the pole
Swag's so mean, on them fucking hoes

Oh that's your bitch? Well bruh she on me
I made her lick my sack, then work the top, then fuck
the homies
Got the block hot, 'cause I sold it off
No I'm not Weezy, bitch I'm weezy from that chronic
cough
Yeah, I'm smoking dope, you can smell it in my beard
Have no fear, saviour of the gangster rap is fucking
here
Word around town, SOPA tryna shut it down
How that sound I'm from the underground
They're gonna make me slang a pound
Figg Row (Figg Row) Figg Row (Figg Row)
Bitch, what you know about Figg Row (Figg Row)
This is original gangster, Uh, uh, uh, yeah
Smoke it, chewed it, sniff it, smell it
Inhale it, sip it, whatever
Just mix dope with your flavor uh, uh, uh, yeah
In interviews they always asking me about a lisp
Knowing damn well I'm looking like I'm slinging bricks
Ever seen an ex-student get a half a ticket
Think I'm lying? just ask Jimmy, that check was mine
to...

Soulo ho! Groovy Q!
I'm high as fuck, look at me too
Won't pass the weed, but I'll pass a bitch

Fendi on, I might throw a fit
Deadline, hoodie on like Trayvon
Heard it through the grapevine
We got extra pills, lean and shrooms
Life for me is just weed and brews
Don't stop! (Get it, get it) Don't stop! (Get it, get
it)
Don't stop! (Get it, get it, get it, get it)
Don't stop! (Get it, get it) Don't stop! (Get it, get
it)
Don't stop! (Get it, get it, get it, get it, get get)

(Soulo taught me)