Skybourne

Box Chevy, No Tint Floatin inside... aquarium Yeah that's him, Compository sketches is all They can't catch us... Jet Setta's I jointed the mile high club somewhere over texas Plotted my climb since the homie played the black lexus I told em put it all on spitta Guaranteed winner, then a go getta Ain't gotta go no where, I already came here with it Pull up at the picnic El Camino on 13's Red nose pit bulls in the back, No leash Mu'fuckas well-trained, on the low I be havin that high grade Talkin bout how a nigga smoke n maintain That's word from a bird and a fuzzy herb tree Fly tell that you ain't heard that from me

True vision and the impeccable timing Shine so the blinded don't look twice My Fresh don't it look nice Yo DNA ain't the same pimp so naw you don't look right Fuck it, I fast forward past yours... You wanted something to look up to so ask for it Mississippi country bumpkin with nothin to loose I BB a king so let me sing you the blues Let me lay down the rules, Get money by all means, Survive at all costs put god 'bove all things I fall Short... pimpin women with small shorts Reachin out for a smile like children and small folk Always above the rim like what do you ball for? If you ain't spending money then what did u call for I look good for the fuck, but baby it's all spoke The game is a bitch and shawty she all choke

Came through to conquer We killin this since contra No sponser and I'm smokin on a mini launcher 8 grams nigga fuck with me Gotta have 8 lungs to come puff with me I don't blow reggie bush, neva would This heavy kush, oh you got some too?... very good With a grinder... we grinders, top rhymers Definers, drop gems so timeless Burn like a CD, get topped like ZZ Flow like agua and I'm cold like a ski beat Lawd... got them hood niggas quotin my bars And them bloggers like oh my gawd... Smokee robinson, earl james, and george kush Round table eatin pasta like mobsta's Make a killin off sour D They lied money really do grow off trees... yes

Curren\$y