

# Cookie Coma

Hodgy Beats

Okay, Okay  
Everybody celebrate like it's a holiday  
Let me guide the way, no it isn't fathers day  
Or mothers day but the other day  
I had a dream I wasn't K  
He slang that yag got done away  
In the rectum of the hood and I ain't sprung to say  
Guns don't protect them for the good  
But they fuckin' spray  
Afrochines sucha bad cold dream  
I'm dreamin' it's reality, it struggles and it battles  
me  
They wanna fry me like they battered me  
I'm a diamond they can't shatter me  
Through casualty I'm' actively transparent to a brand  
clarence  
I probably would be deceased if it wasn't for my  
grandparents  
Papa was a pastor, grandma the pastor's wife  
Slit your wrists and swallow knives, Bitch it's super  
six for life  
I'm too legit for life, I should get a grip and die  
Fuckin' take a trip and fly and never come down  
I be in my own world, gold teeth in my crown  
Bitch I travel round the world, like nigga fuck yo'  
town  
Paper plane takin' off soon as it touch yo' ground  
Who said the lost boys a never be found  
You speakin' down on odd future, it's a fuckin' pronoun  
Twenty-one in the league ho I'm a fuckin' pro now  
You mainstream niggas, slow down  
I turn this to a ho down  
Wavin' that four-four round, empty all of those rounds  
On some wild wild wild west shit  
Death will probably be next pick to exit  
I'm sick of all these bullshit hoes, I got  
responsibilities  
She feelin' me as I'm fe- feelin' on her tititites  
To do infinity, I'm the remedy to a penalty  
For once I take this shit genially, generally  
I'm takin' shots like Kennedy, like fuck the enemy  
Whatever enters me is meant to be, I am what I eat  
Brocoli pasta, rotisserie, dark meat  
Smoke weed till I feel my heart beat  
Drink like a alchohlicly close fit from out the closet  
The art belongs to whoever draws it, at heart I'm an  
artist  
Who knows his flow is flawless  
I got affection for whatever the cause is, who caused  
it (lemme know, lemme know)  
Yeah