

Thoed Ass

Machine Gun Kelly

Yeah, bitch
I'ma thoed ass, blowed ass, dick in the throat ass
Wake up in the morning, hundred joints rolled ass
Rich muhfucka, wit no class

Bitch I'm from the land, you don't wanna go there
Bitch you talkin grams, I be smokin' O's, yeah
Hotbox whip, I don't need the Ozium
I ain't hiding my shit, I'm a fuckin grown man

If the cops come, then oh well, uh huh
I'm still smoking my Blu Cantrell
Yeah, I might fuck around and blow a zip
Have both my lungs like oh shit

I'ma show them how a Cleveland muhfucka do
Bitch, went straight to the league from the public school
Shit, ya'll know it's no struggle, no progress
Hmmm, so I told the bitch work, go topless

Church, I'm a muhfuckin asshole
Tattooed to the sandals, fuck a bitch while I stand though
Burn a little wax, no candle
I'm buying Cubans by the pack, no Castro

They know I never try to hide like Camo
We in the mothafuckin field like Rambo
And you know I will steal a rich boy Lambo
And drive that mothafucka straight to a bando

24/7 get work, I grew up around them Hot Boyz, Lil Turk
Ay, I'm 25 gotta get turnt, I'm a young rockstar like Lil' Kurt
Ay, 20 after 4 get burnt, everyday's Friday, no Big Worm
30 more days till the first and the hood gets paid, you better learn, bitch

I been around like a merry-go
I swear a year ago, I told myself to piss on every hater like a urinal
I ain't tryna hear no, not gon fear no
We ain't really have to tell cause niggas still tellin on

Name ring ring like a telephone, DUB-O!
I don't know ya, EST, I'm a soldier
All we do is smoke doja, still make 'em say uhhh
Master my P's so cut the head off a cobra

I'm in tip-top shape, yup
If I want it, I could get ya taste girl
Play the cut, how the cut should be played yup
Everything about me going way up

I sit back and watch you talk a lot while you talk a lot
Got to keep it pimpin, so I take the pimpin back to the parking lot
I'm a G wit it, OD wit it, nigga if we talkin money then you know we get it
Your face lookin hella mad, yeah you hella mad doing hella bad, I'm seeing t
hat

And me, I'm eating hella crabs, yeah hella crabs, getting hella fat, by the

pocket yeah
Bitch don't get it twisted, I been poppin on the low
I'm underground wit it, nigga you ain't got a clue
I been had the Juice like Q on the roof
And you can dig up Bishop if you ever want the truth
Young nigga got

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I am from the land till I D-I-E
If you getting right you need a Hum-vee
And a big bag of that OG
Price so low you would swear I wit the police

If she come wit me, she ain't comin back
Tell her put it on my lap, clap it like a jumping jack
Run up on me if you want I'll tell you to, I'll run it back
I wonder can he handle that, naw he can't handle that

I got 10 freaky bitches tryna lick a nigga nuts
100 crooked cops tryna get a nigga luck
God bless the track niggas
I can see the future and it come wit hella racks wit it

Like I'm up at Saks wit it
Young Kyrie with the shot
Young Don Juan, what you thought?
Take her up top, then I let her drop
I'ma B-A Double L until they put me in a box, Ball

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