

Staring at the Sun

Riff Raff

Collect jewels, I collect jewels, I collect jewels
Must have pirate in my veins? Why? Why?

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I am not your son, you're staring at the sun
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Yeah, I am not your son, I am not your father
Jumping out the Charger or the kiwi Aston Martin
Kobe Bryant jewels, Kobe steak for brunch
I done got drunk of Versace berry punch
Punch drunk sober switching lanes in Bugatti
Big body blunts, trunk doing karate
Fifth do Jin-jits, I can set pick
Watch me screen and roll with narcotics in your system
Got cocaine in my system, seats hieroglyphin'
I ain't even tripping, got my name in the stitches

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Pull up at the light, syrup up in a Sprite
Medusas in my sight, that's just off slight
You think I'm your son, I'm more like your dad
Choppin' down the ave., balling like the Cavs
Might just pull up in a droptop
Like it's fresh out the chop shop
So cold, but the block's hot
Heating up just like a crock pot
Stare at the sun with 'Sace's on
Speeding like I'm on the Autobahn
Getting it and I got it gone
I'm balling so hard on you mighty Hey, yeah, robins hanging on my ass
Out here chasing all this cash
Yeah, just to add it to my stash
Yeah, aye, but I might just drop scream
Drop trip Whoopi
Ball like Hakeem, wow

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Staring at the sun, Versace shades cool me down
Swear to God I'm the king, I think I deserve me a crown
Smoke go to my lungs, xanny dancing on my tongue
I don't even do it often, but right now I'm having fun
I just copped me some new Ye
Contemplated on some new J's
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, dressing all white like an angel
Diamonds dancing like they tango
Drippin paint like a paint show
My neck shine like a rainbow
Versace vision, I'm a visionary
Wait, God, I'm a missionary
Rollie saying it's my time, that's the word in the dictionary
Homie really got me high rolling
Burning gas get my eyes swollen
I told my nigga RiFF drive the wave of drought told me to blindfold 'em

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