

Wyle Out Year

Thundamentals

Y'all already know what it is
This is that wyle out shit
Yeah something to wyle out with
If you copping a brick then ride out quick, quick, quick
We top of the pile outchea
'Cause nobody dropping a style outchea
Homie pour me a vodka, let's do it up proper
This could be my wyle out year

Yeah we puffing the loud
Blood, I feel like this could be the year
That we bust out
Not particularly proud
'Cause they reserve me a permanent seat at the pub now
Fuck it I'm chucking it down
Chugging a stout, I'm a be brutally honest
This one ain't nothing profound, it's me fucking around
Sculling a schooner of orange
Mix it with vodka, me and the homies
Are totally flummoxed, it's four in the morning
They pushing me home in a trolley, I'm trolleyed
Looking all vertically challenged, I'm making a promise
That a year from today
I'll be stumbling sloppy, picture the squad
Getting totally bolloxed and murdering sonnets
Slurping the bourbon while choofing the purplest chronic

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Homie pour me a vodka, let's do it up proper
This could be my wyle out year (Run, run, run it)
Y'all already know what it is
This is that wyle out shit (That shit)
Yeah something to wyle out with
If you copping a brick then ride out quick, quick, quick
We top of the pile outchea (Outchea)
'Cause nobody dropping a style outchea
Homie pour me a vodka, let's do it up proper
This could be my wyle out year

Got the whole squad busy living before we die
Until we kick the bucket say fuck it, we getting live
Got the whole squad busy living before we die
Until we kick the bucket say fuck it, we getting live

But another beggar with a pan
Looking for a dollar wanna spend it on a gram (4: 20)
Chop a session for the fam, holla at me, not a problem
We the freshest in the land (Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop)
You can tell them in advance, help them get across it
While I tell it to the tonic in my hand like a modern Aristotle
We already got it popping, put a message in the bottle
And address it to your man (Whoop, whoop)

This is what I am, this is what I live
Call it philosophic I ain't bothered by a profit
Prophecy is what I give, cop it on the chin
Like a boxer in the ring (Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop)
I'm not stressing on a thing, bring a bada bing
Bring a bada boom, I'm blotto on the piss
You already know what it is
Stuff the chronic in the spliff, get lit like a motherfucking wolf

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Fuck it this could be my wyle out year

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This could be my wyle out year

Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Fuck it this could be my wyle out year
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Fuck it this could be my wyle out year (Run it)
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Fuck it this could be my wyle out year
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Whoop, whoop, whoop
Fuck it this could be my wyle out year