

Kush Drank Pills

Z-Ro

Kush, drank, pills
American drugs, behind a foreign steering wheel
King of the Ghetto what they call me, cause I rule this bitch
I'm bout bidness, I don't participate in foolishness
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American drugs, behind a foreign steering wheel
Talking down on me from a safe place, now I'm in your face
What you gon' do now

Ughhhh, my styrofoam too heavy
O.G. smoke, your young lungs ain't ready
I'm in that grey turtle top, you know the Chevy
Ain't nothing friendly bout what I'm hauling homie, this shit deadly
Drinking a black Sprite, yeah I said a black Sprite
Down South shit, y'all already know what we act like
The 40 and the five pointer diamonds, black keyed and black ice
Think I threw a dub in the strip club, last night
Showed up I was on dubs, at the strip club last night
Them hoes was like Z-Ro, come get your dick sucked last night
I was like naw baby girl, appreciate ya though
I'm on duty right now, you know I'm chasing do'

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Mo City motherfucker, you could find me there
I'm not a visitor, I'm home whenever I be there
Young people say hold up, old people say I declare
I already know who in your cd player, I'm in there
We don't fuck with that Reginald, only designer marijuana
Be so good, I call my hood Mo City California
Swisha sweet cookies, all you need is weed butter
Gram and a half and a rice krispie treat, I'm a weed lover
Man I'm so gone, in this bitch right now
Man I can't even see the stones, on my wrist right now
That's right my face real heavy, we done drunk about a ten
On my way back to the drank man house, to do it again

(2x):

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