

# 1993 (feat. Smino & Buddy)

## Dreamville, J. Cole, JID, Cozz & EARTHGANG

Ayy  
These motherfuckers, man, yo  
(Elite, Elite, Elite)Check it  
Yo, check it out, ayySince 1993 I've been smoking weed, ask about me  
Niggas know not to, oh, wait, niggas know not to, oh, fuck, ayyRoll up and pour me a drink up,  
let's get fucked up  
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up  
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up  
Roll upUh, I'm drunk at a party, ain't put down my cup  
The fuck is my water? I pick this shit up  
Then drank all the water and threw this shit up  
It's ash in my cup, I'm mad as a muh', huh  
I push pack like USPS, you is a bitch  
Ayy, yo, yo, shut the fuck, ayy  
Don't even rap, nigga, you  
Ayy, hold on  
Hold the fuck up, niggaTell me why you wanna come get high tonight  
I only got one reason, I'm top dog tonight  
I let the broads borrow my room and I got caught tonight  
Drunken partying, slobbering, 'nother sloppy night  
Always fight with my mama, but look, on my leave night  
I'll call her, when I'm a baller, I promise that I'ma score you  
Until then, I'ma ignore you, it's nothing personal (Sorry)  
I'm just tryna fuck a couple girls and go  
Can't do that while I'm on the phone  
I'm not a mother's boy, I'm a motherfuckerAyy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, hold on, hold on, nigga  
Can I smoke? Can I smoke? Can I smoke, nigga?  
(Oh-oh-oh-oh)  
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up  
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up  
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up  
Roll upYeah  
Sittin' sideways, side steppin' side bitches  
Side eyes, light skin, need stitches, mind your business  
You're slurring, my baby, you're surfing, no turfing  
My girl drippin', dirty whispers in my ear  
I don't mumble  
ABC your way up out the convo  
Lookin' for sluts, oh?  
Oh, I know a coupleBro, bro, bro, bro  
Ayy, bro, bro, bro, bro  
Ayy, nigga, come on, like

Nigga, stop rapping, start passing  
(Oh-oh-oh-oh)  
Like can I? My nigga Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up (Bro, bro)  
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up  
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up  
Roll up Look, okay the weed so strong it got me stressed  
The stress so strong it got me weak  
I'm so on, it threw me off (Yeah)  
I'm throwed off, yes indeed  
I threw up after my threesome  
On my threads, had to leave the crime scene like criminals do  
She wanna come to my crib and give me a genital smooch  
Typical, typical, get the piccolo, skididdle, skedaddle  
I sling peen like Colossal  
That mean king save the queen from the castle  
I grab the saddle  
Prisoner to prescription, it's changed, jackal, Jack Daniels  
Shawty tryna tell me Motherfucker, ayy, didn't I say? Nigga, ayy  
We can't rap, nigga, we smoking weed  
Stop rappin', nigga, this is not a rap session  
We gettin' high If I smoke a blunt right now  
I'ma be on 285 with my pants pulled down  
Around my ankles  
Still no stranger to the blunt smoke, gun smoke  
You niggas don't want smoke  
No guts like that Swisher we just smoked  
We cutthroat, niggas... Hold, hold on, hold on  
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait,  
wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait  
Hold on, wait, wait, wait, wait, ayy, wait  
Shh, shh, shh  
Wait, wait, wait, okay  
Watson, Watson, stop  
'Cause this nigga J. Cole, he done grew some dreads  
He think he smoke now  
Pass the blunt, nigga, stop rappin'  
That's the end of the song, nigga  
This the end of the session, we goin' home  
I just called my Lyft  
I just wanna call the, I mean hit the blunt, I mean  
Let me try one more time  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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