

# Blueberry Chills (feat. Honey Cocaine)

## Chanel West Coast

Let's be hip-hop, like Nellys, 24 light karats  
I still smoking on organics  
Like a chainsaw, trees vanish.  
Tell me your name, so I can forget it  
I'm in the fast lane  
And you by the exit  
Blow past you bitches  
Why you blow all bitches?  
I ball hard like bitches  
You holding on like stitches  
I'm taking off, no ledges,  
You behind me like itches  
Stay grind in like bitches  
Eye lens like snitches  
Cocaine white, Sees in it much clearer  
Up all night  
These people glaring  
Keep it clean  
Like it's my parents  
This my life  
So you can stop staring Strawberry fields,  
Cranberry bills  
Raspberry hills  
Blueberry Chills  
Bitch, I got some blow  
Ay yeah I got some rat  
Oh, you ain't got my money  
Well, bitch, I got your hat  
And I got the heater on my back  
Two seaters and I got debts  
I don't wanna talk about numbers, 'cause it just might call up FEDs  
I know you outta your mind  
And you know my pockets looking like lime  
You only wasting your time  
You a gangster, you lying  
What you gonna do?  
Tweet at me?  
Take it to the hood, bitch  
Let the streets deal  
Step up, I got a down bitch  
I'mma call her,  
Tell my baller, they can talk high money

Then ball up  
Little fish get 8 holes  
I'm drunk as shit,  
But I'm capable  
I see a dog in your face, ho!  
You ain't high, You fake, ho! I don't need your opinion on  
You suffer vermillion  
For lay, they bail  
Fake hommies get shitted on  
Bossing, my flows beat and tie this  
Flossing, like I have gingivitis Push back them hoes  
Release their folks  
They on their toes,  
Like trying to see the show  
Get in line  
Like you wet the BMW It's my time, YMC and B Hommies need some checking,  
Like they carrying no weapon  
Ain't no disrespecting.  
But your clothes look like they wetting  
Today you should have slept in

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