

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>