

Off da Zoinkys

JID

Ya ya ya ya ya ya

Ah

Alright, J.I.D and Christo

Y'all niggas need to lay off the drugs

Some of y'all need to lay off the dope

My niggas getting it straight off the boat

Pure cut, put it straight to your nose

I ain't nosy, but I know what I know

Mr. Know It All, oh here he go

I'm the GOAT, I never go with the flow

Throwing shots boy, blow for a blow

I'm the nigga kick the do' with the dough

I'm the nigga fuck the hoe with the hoe

I'm the nigga lit the blunt with the blunt

I'ma get it 'cause I want what I want

I'ma say this shit again and again

I'ma go and put the shit to an end

I'm the sickest with the pencil and pen

Hit the blunt and mix the Hen' with the wait

I'ma go ahead and lay off the xans

I'ma fall back sipping the lean

I gotta make sure my vision is clear

Oh God, no, it's not what it seems

Six, five, four, one, two, three

.45 toe, you know me

You don't what smoke, so what it's gon' be?

Gotta watch what you say when you looking at me

Looking at God, looking for leaders

Looking for keys, look at the pain in your eyes

Nigga, look where we been

Look at our wins, look at our sins, and look at our skin

I've been on a frenzy binge trying to get me a Benz

Your fuzzy ass dance won't fuck up the ends

Oh God, no, where are my friends?

Lord forgive me yeah, I need to repent

My blood need to lay off the drugs

Yeah God, they ain't praying enough

Niggas dying, we ain't saying enough

Cops fire, stockpiling rottweilers

Tell my little niggas lay off the stuff

Ronald Reagan, I can't thank him enough

Nah, I'm playing, nigga racist as fuck

Told my nigga if leave a pack of ports
Around me, I'ma take em'
And throw em' away
Smoke em' around me, I'ma break em'
And we almost had got into
Fighting and I'm talking
My dead dad finna fade him, shit
Maybe I did too much, but fuck it
I love my nigga, I'ma say it
And he probably thinkin' I'm a player hater
I don't hate a player, I just need
All my niggas to wake up
And take a real good look
We along way from Decatur
Long day still ahead of us
Grown dads still scared of us
I'm just working my incredibles
Stick my dick into the inevitable
So fuck whatever happen, fucking cinematic
Sins of the father, I'ma fucking addict
Understand the diction, so I'm sympathetic
But I know, I know, I know that I gotta be strong
I ain't trying to be where I don't belong
Little syrup sipping out of a foam
Little powder put the pot in the bong
I ain't tripping, I ain't saying it's wrong
But, it's some other shit, we can be on

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