

Blowing Smoke

Bryson Tiller

Ayy

It's 7AM in the morning, I been out since 3

Fuck it, I'ma keep going

Yeah Young Pen Griffy

I go to, I got to back for my niggas

The pun was intended, nigga

Wow, look how I'm livin', nigga

Angels say watch how you spendin', nigga

Devil say cop a new Bentley, nigga

Might as well, quick as you get it, nigga

Made a prediction, nigga

Fortune teller, nigga

Ayy, I got it, yeah, I get it, nigga

You a rappin' contradiction, nigga

Hunnid racks on a sticker

New whip and I'm in it with her

Set it off, this a stick up

'Til they came and shut shit up

Shakin' that shit up

Then I go put a check in the bank, nigga

Got a lot up on my plate, nigga

Grandma need a new estate, nigga

You a fraud, you a fake, nigga

Can't keep up with the pace, nigga

Keep the fuck up out the race, nigga

Yeah, pump your brakes, go slow

Pump your brakes, go slow

Just like my shawty, she like it slow

Yeah, and just like her, I heard it all before

Don't let 'em fool you, they blowing smoke

Yeah, they blowing smoke, yeah

Yeah, I heard it all before

Don't let 'em lie to you anymore

Hey, don't let 'em lie to you anymore Ayy, don't let 'em fool you, baby

Gene Snyder, get shifty, nigga

Need a lighter for the spliff, nigga

I pull up in a street fighter chain, hit a nigga Now that I got your attention, nigga

Keep my name off your lips, nigga

Hey, just like her, I don't take you serious, nigga

No you can't be serious, nigga

You can't be serious, nigga

I can't even hear it, nigga

Gotta be up on my tire, nigga
You ain't nowhere near, nigga
Young Tiller don't fear a nigga
Ayy, this no joke, no smoke, no mirrors, nigga Know you seen me last year, nigga
All at Cleveland Cavaliers, nigga
Thoroughbred, I'm a winner
D'USSE in my cup, I feel like Jigga
Wins got me hittin' liquor (faded)
And I got you niggas feelin' bitter (you mad) Bitch, I been a heavy hitter
But you barely makin' plays, nigga
Fuck it, let me demonstrate, nigga
Home runnin', not safe, nigga
Guess I got what it takes, nigga
Can't keep up with the pace, nigga
Get the fuck up out the race, nigga Yeah, pump your brakes, go slow
Pump your brakes, go slow
Just like my shawty, she like it slow
Yeah, and just like her, I heard it all before
Don't let 'em fool you, they blowing smoke
Yeah, they blowing smoke, yeah
Yeah, I heard it all before
Don't let 'em lie to you anymore
Hey, don't let 'em lie to you anymore

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