

# OG Kush Diet

## 2 Chainz

Sunbathing with a Rollie on, tan all on my tattoos  
All my 16s cashews, V12 when I pass you  
Reminiscing about the Motorollas  
Weed stronger than a Coca-Cola  
Wait up, bitch, hold up, hold up  
You ain't there to hold the pole up OG kush diet, OG kush diet  
OG kush diet, OG kush diet  
My partna just died, my partna just died  
Nothin' else to do but get high, fuck  
I'm 'bout to pour out some liquor  
I'm 'bout to pour out some lean  
I got blue cheese in my jeans  
I bought my queen Celine  
I got my team Supreme  
It ain't no in between  
You either in or you out, I took a different route  
I had to figure it out, I went to picking them out, you, you Fuck what you thinking, fuck what  
you thinking  
Come to the bank, come through like Brinks  
I might take a can of paint and go paint the white house  
I might take a can of paint and go paint the white house  
Presidential proly tickled, laughing 'bout who popped the pistol  
That's the issue, just got a rental, just for instrumentals  
I'ma keep the bitch 'til December  
And park it on Broadway, away from the hallway  
Away from the 'partments, away from the arcades  
We don't play games with them boys  
We bring the pain to them boys  
I caught a plane with them boys  
I taught the game to them boys  
I am ashamed of them boys  
Blame it on fame, blame it on whatever you wanna blame  
I'm smart and insane, imagine a genius that don't have a brain  
That live off of resources, that learned off of geek sources  
I do play with 3 persons, I got it from researching  
I'm fresher than detergent, I'm fresher than each person  
I walk out and eat Church's, gig without rehearsing  
Watch how I resurface, watch how I rework it, gas  
Im fresher than detergent, I'm fresher than each person  
I walk out and eat churches, gig without rehearsing  
Watch how I resurface, watch how i rework it, Gas OG kush diet, OG kush diet  
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I might take a can of paint and go paint the white house  
I might take a can of paint and go paint the white house Yeah, your favorite rapper's got no talent  
Homeboy got coke habits  
Used to drive a Porsche 'til I found out it was made by Volkswagen  
This here is a toe tag 'em, Tity Boi gon' and toe tag 'em  
Go ahead, hook they ass up to the tow truck  
Let them know this a throat slashing  
Your baby mama got no passion  
Her best friend act old fashioned  
Tell her take them panties off when she walk around my boat laughing  
I'm V.I.P. at the yacht club, nigga you look like you not loved  
Stars in my double R so clean I drive in white gloves  
Sea bass with the white sauce, hopped out, get wiped off  
Presence been felt everywhere  
Except let me see, yeah the White House  
Space age like 8 ball, MJG, Nate Dogg  
Sippin' quavo, ridin' offsets, guess I'm 'bout to take off OG kush diet, OG kush diet  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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