

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 proolly 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
OG kush diet, OG kush diet

My partna just died, my partna just died
Nothin' else to do but get high, fuckFuck 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 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
OG kush diet, OG kush diet
My partna just died, my partna just died
Nothin' else to do but get high, fuckFuck 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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