

Archer (feat. Larry Susan)

Mike G

1: Mike G

Peep game, I come through in every street lane
Roll my wheels more than major stoners do their favorite strain
And the one i'm with can drink until all bottles are drained
With me, she feel like she dancing on the wings of a plane
Things will never be the same, homie my whole home team are household names, and still with
so much to gain
My flow is so golden, you can put it in a chain
Aim for more than a name, how you think we live the same
When you not flossin, hardly
I drink Hennessey, she on Bacardi
We don't mind starting problems as long as we start a party
Call your job, tell em to schedule a replacement
Cause these pills will get you so high, they might send you to the matrix
Let's ride, side to side as my eyes arise at Half past nine, watch me like halftime, I mastered this
So slick I could prolly smash your chick
Because of Mike, they put the G in the alphabet
Find me riding in a foreign and I don't know where I'm going
And we ain't getting in til ten in the morning
If I'm on it, then she on it, if she got it, then I want it
If you looking to tomorrow, but you living for the moment
Fist pump it, hell yeah
If you bout it, show me something
Rockstar, I'ma keep it going if I see you jumping
Fist pumping, hell yeah
If you bout it, show me something
Rockstar, I'ma keep it going if I see you jumping

2: Larry Susan

Smoking like a rasta in a flying saucer
Mix between Jamey Jasta and Kevin Costner
Eating mushrooms on lasagna pasta, I'm a monster
Illegal funds, that's my foster, keep your posture
Or you'll scratched from the roster, drugs in school lockers
Blondes with big knockers, what's for dinner? Lobster
Smoking blunts in the outfield with Holden Caulfield
On that real kill, making money turn like a windmill
Flip the intel in the rental, back to grinding banging instrumentals
Your girlfriend says hello
She gags so well though, she ate my Larry Jell-O
Oh well, bitch don't kill my mellow, Susan
Find me riding in a foreign and I don't know where I'm going
And we ain't getting in til ten in the morning

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3: Mike G
I love living lavish
When I was young, I'd rock the hat backwards like Ash
Gotta catch all the cash
And I spent it when I had it, thought I was so fly
I forget my flight status every time someone would ask
But that's nothing new if you knew this particular individual
Situation critical, when citizens get uncivil
So stress less, especially if I'm in your concerns
I could repeat myself, they still wouldn't learn
So you may find me riding in a business whip through business districts
Around suits and business men but I don't feel like one of them
And once again, nothing without progression
You feel like screaming to the heavens every time that you win
So fist pump, hell yeah
If you bout it, show me something
For all my brothers and cousins riding down the block busting
For all my sisters, sh-shawty hope you never stop hustling
Haters can stand in the way but we ain't stopping for nothing
Left Brain:
I feel you, my nigga

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