Young Stoner, Came And Saw (feat. Rowdy Rebe

(Wheezy outta here)
Huh? Come on
Wait, huh? Uh

I do this shit with no pressure (No pressure)
Run up the back ends and put up the extra
You cannot step with the steppers (Steppers)
You can't put dirt on a nigga that's clean
You cannot run up and check us (Check us)
I'm with the slime, my twin, he bleed
Got twenty-five shooters in a Sprinter (Grrra)
Brought brand new TECs, big Glocks and beams
I could make a movie, make a scene (Yeah)
I put the Glock on repeat (Yeah)
Only Amiri the jeans (Yeah)
It hurt my Glock when I lean (Oh yeah)
Come here, lil' bitch, don't talk (Don't talk)
Come here, lil' bitch, don't speak (Don't speak)
Look at my drip when I walk (Walk)
Slimey like Thugger and Wheez', uh

I left that bitch in the bed, then jumped in the 'Rari, then hopped in these streets (Skrrt)
I'm on my way to the stu', I'm geekin' off meds like who wanna lean? (Huh?)
Lil' nigga get to the breesh (To the breesh)
Can't fuck with that bitch 'cause she treesh (She treesh)
In three weeks we took back the streets (Ha)
Fuck all the opps and police

Slime, yeah, yeah (Woo), yeah (Stop), yeah (That's spider)
Yeah (Huh), pills, yeah (Shmoney), yeah (Slime), yeah
Bentley ashtray and it's just for the guts (Uh)
Don't you try cum in it slut (Uh, uh, uh)
I put a four in a A and a W and I've been sippin' on suds (Uh, uh, uh)
All three of my Carti's got ice on the bezels (Yeah)
Shit came from the trenches (Woo)
You speak on my name and it came with the pressure (And what?) We started destruction (Yeah)
I flew the bitch in way out from Australia (Yeah), the global express (On God)
I told the lil' nigga don't come with them messages, 'cause we kill the messenger (Huh)
My bitch got the Drac' with the beam (Huh, huh)
Four-hundred K large on her rings (That's right)
Half a mil', don't you tell what you seen (Huh, huh)
I'ma boss up the street, ho, you shittin' me?
How your jet land at John F. Kennedy? (Shmoney)
It's a sixteen passenger genie (Yeah)
Hold it down with this ho, bro, you're killing me
Shawty belong to the street-neet-neets (whoa)
We gonna make us a scene
I send my dawg, check out the scene (whoa)
I can't even hide from the ho
All of this motherfuckin' ice on my ring (whoa)
Don't get beside yourself
When you see king, pussy ho speak (Uh)
I rock designer belts
Not neither one of them wrestling things

I do this shit with no pressure (No pressure)
Run up the back ends and put up the extra
You cannot step with the steppers (Steppers)
You can't put dirt on a nigga that's clean
You cannot run up and check us (Check us)
I'm with the slime, my twin, he bleed
Got twenty-five shooters in a Sprinter (Grrra)
Brought brand new TECs, big Glocks and beams
I could make a movie, make a scene (Yeah)

I put the Glock on repeat (Yeah)
Only Amiri the jeans (Yeah)
It hurt my Glock when I lean (Oh yeah)
Come here, lil' bitch, don't talk (Don't talk)
Come here, lil' bitch, don't speak (Don't speak)
Look at my drip when I walk (Walk)
Slimey like Thugger and Wheez', uh

Wheezy outta here