

# Free Smoke (feat. C3)

Elly Elz

(C3)

Free smoke I ain't talking drake I'm talking Glizzy & dem them 38's

Red dot hit his head boy BOOM make his ass fade away

Free black out da fucking cage told my nigga we'll see better days

Any nigga standing in da way I'm at his head like a fucking fade

We da face of da DMV elly chelly yea & C3

Once da city hear dis fucking track dey gone had dis one repeat

Free smoke free smoke Lil boy uza joke fuck u bumped ur head or took a line of dat coke

I feel like Wayne wit da punch lines eating beats like it's lunch time lebron James wit da 3 rings

shit on curry wen its crunch time

Free tez out da fucking Feds

Hope da young boy hold head

Do ur time like a real man

& you'll be home in a couple years

A lotta niggas like 2 ride dicks be urself do ur own shit dis trap life ain't 4 errbody no wonder

why ur ass ah damn lick

Posting pics witch a man gun den got robbed 4 ur damn funds how da fuck ah street nigga better

go cop a hand gun

Da internet made niggas tough walking round like dey got nuts bet not catch u on my side my

young nigga dey ah line up

Bitch niggas like 2 talk beef

Get smoked like a game leaf

Why u think dey made sidewalks

Cuz bitch niggas ain't inna streets

Free smoke free smoke

Free smoke free smoke

SMG' s only hope free smoke free smoke

(Elly Elz)

Free smoke free smoke (aye)

Don't trip off hoes (aye)

Yo bitch give throat (aye)

Go get my dough (aye)

All about my dough (aye)

Counting up eyes closed (aye)

Gettin rich off white (aye)

U sniffing coke (aye)

Scrape up some change out the yayo...

(Pull up in a spaceship trappin)

She'll give it up if I say so...

(But I ain't gone fcuk she too ratchet)  
Drop a 4 up in a faygo...  
(Even remix I'm taxin)  
Lil show money that just some playdough...  
(Broke nigga he just be rappin)  
Fly nigga got his cash up  
Sucka nigga better back up  
L3 April fools (aye)  
Bitch the jokes on you (aye)  
I caught the head in this coupe (aye)  
Made a lot bread in this coupe (aye)  
Watch me get rich in this coupe (aye)  
I fcuk yo bitch in this coupe (aye)  
That bitch she ain't want me but now that I'm on she suck me till I reach the roof (aye)  
I won't touch that pussy even if its gushy  
Cuz idk who done ran thru (aye)  
Gold grillin these niggas sneak dissin my dick in ya mouth boy go get some loot (aye)  
These niggas be talkin I just let talk I'll  
Have Truk beat the shit outta you (tonka)  
Lil elly fcuked the game up  
Now they do wat I do (what?)  
I got rich off t shirts (trap)  
I get rich off you (god damn)  
Niggas talkin conspiracy (hey)  
Don't hate on my eww (no no)  
Louie wallet got some weight to it (Big Bandz)  
& my pockets full of shit blue (elly bae)  
(...blue cheese no ranch big Bandz)  
My flow sick yea I need some soup  
(No idk him he is not my mans)  
SMG yea that is my crew  
(U packin the 30 but yet you still ran?)  
U lied we ain't hatin on u  
(U niggas on dicks y'all just fans)  
Cuz I'll put ya neck in a noose  
(Elly)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>