

All da Smoke

Future & Young Thug

You it, I'm it, everybody it
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke
We want, I want smoke
We want all the smoke Yeah he just, he just breaking up the ice
We leaning, facts
Yeah
Slatt Stackin' it tall
Every nigga out my city became a boss
Though she roll it, holy moly, no days off
Pyrex, cook it up like Kyrie, trade you off
Green and white like Celtics, don't play with me, play with a fork
I'm superior, I'm imperial, I ain't feelin' ya
I been eatin' me some heroin, oh about a brick
I got Barry Bonds on my wrist
Blowed your college fund on my bitch
Out the slums, taking a chance, toting tommy guns
Left out of school, start smelling rocks, bought me a drop
Cartier frames, Cartier rings, Cartier socks
Homicide gang, they gon' put you on Fox
Putang ran up a whole M sittin' in the box
My dog rock a Rollie in the feds nigga, and still move blocks
We had the bando goin' crazy in the SWATs
Ten-four, they runnin' up on all the opps
We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke
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We want all the smoke, we want all the smoke
We want all the smoke This money turning me on, ayy
This money turning me on (turn me on)
I'm thinkin' out loud, but these hundreds got a nigga gone
Woo, far gone, I'm so gone on it
300 racks on a Bentley truck, yeah yeah
Take the factories off and go and lift it up, yeah yeah
Lift it up, cash all on your bitch, she on the living room floor, yeah
Having a private party, you know how that go
Music all in my ears (yeah), instruments in my ears
I'm in the backyard feeding deers, I'm in a penthouse poppin' seals
I got pom-poms in my rear, Chanel CoCo in my kill
I missed a couple shows for my deal (if I could take it back I will)
And don't you take that to the hat
You know I got you in my will
So big dog bring them bricks in, got a hundred more in the crib
Make the dope do the windmill

Nigga swing through Actavis
In a corner too, I'm killed
And I was in Miami countin' a mil, ayy
I told my bitch, no more ass shots
She stopped all the way like a stop sign when it's traffic time
My diamonds go around like Budweiser
Count a half a mil with my bitch, now her feelings sloppy
Came out of the projects, ain't have shit
I wiped a nigga's nose for a tick
Hit it from the back
Make her say slime, say Slatt
How you dig that?
Whip up the fishscale, K and got racks, ayy
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We want all the smoke

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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