

Lil Durk, Smoking & Thinking

I'm different
Me, I'ma grow up a dog
Go through Securus, I slow up the call
Off two Addies, I tore up the 'Hawk
Rapper friends, they pull up and all
Killers and witness, they show up and all
Wish you was here to go pull up and talk
All of your jewelry gon' go in the vault
The barber snitched, no talkin' to ahk
You sneakin' and giggin' until you get caught
The niggas you praise, they really be soft
The Voice, I'ma just give you the sauce
Loyalty somethin' can never be bought
I miss you, wish your murder was false
Christian, really seen niggas get crossed
I seen niggas turn shit to a boss
Suck dick smokin', it's turnin' me off
Three hundred a show, Ethereum bought
Pussy, that's a serious fault
Tootsie's, I'm in this bitch with my dawgs
Lookin', nigga be pissin' me off
I done fucked two or three strippers in stalls
Trenches, stickin' my dick through the draws
Spendin', DThang was hittin' the mall
Bitches, Von was fuckin' 'em all
Ain't talked to my sister, I give her a call
I was in jail, I stare at the wall
Duckin' the D.A., the feds, and all
I went through your statement, I read it all
I done gave my last, y'all, why I miss your last call?
I was left for dead, y'all, know them niggas dead wrong

I'm just smokin', thinkin' to myself, damn, I need y'all
I'm just smokin', writin' 'bout myself, damn, I need y'all
I'm just smokin', I'm just-
I'm just smokin', thinkin' 'bout my-, need
I'm just smokin', thinkin' 'bout my kids, man, I need y'all
I'm just smokin', thinkin' 'bout my life like damn, I'm T'd, y'all
I'm just smokin', why y'all let him die? I can't believe y'all
I'm just smokin', I'm just ridin', smokin'

I could sell a show out, no promotion, just go ask promoters
I got two, three felonies, I feel bogus, I can't get down with votin'
Why this nigga askin' me to take time? I wanted to stab the lawyer
I was in prison fuckin' a lady guard, I couldn't get down with lotion
Big mouth, always talkin' shit, that bitch got halitosis
Fentanyl, takin' all them Percs, them niggas overdosin'
Lil' bro ran off with a Glock and weed, that lil' boy know he bogus
I come from the bottom, smokin' top notch, you know I'm chokin'

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