

SUICIDEBOYS, Ashes Of Luxury

Smoked out, smoked out, smoked out
Smoked out, smoked out, smoked out
(Sit back, relax and chillin' man)
Smoked out, smoked out, smoked out
(Rollin' in my city, makin' cheese, feelin' string)
Ayy

It's that north north player
Boy these pills ain't no bayer and this weed like an onion
You can smell it in the air
Cut throat van gogh
Slicky the picture painter
My hoe want me to save her but at best I might betray her
I was never one to fit in
Why would I bring a kid in this world fucked up and hard enough to just exist in
Riding around with that glock thinking "should I blow my tizzop?"
One last way to ball
Kill myself while getting mizzouth

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Scrim is fucking sober but I smoke enough weed for the both of us
Honey games
My lungs are stained
Must numb my brain
I can't focus
Suppressing my emotions
Turn 'em into concrete
Let 'em sink to the bottom of the ocean
Matter fact I'll turn 'em into raw meat
Let the sharks eat
Gut the gar please
I need to smoke
Fuck
Again I'm losing focus
Hit the weed
So I can go to sleep
I hate having dreams
They're always fucked up and I wake up trying to breathe

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