

## HOOK

I miss when rap was bout  
 Drugs and bitches,  
 Not fashion brands, or the gram,  
 Or your riches  
 Back to when thugs  
 Was givin' hugs in the club  
 Bout to show you all how  
 To give bitches some love

## VERSE ONE (ERINEM)

I've... been sniffin' chloroform,  
 Up here in North Dearborn,  
 Never been in rarer form,  
 Ain't a soul I won't outperform  
 At Biz's crib party,  
 Holdin' up this Bacardi,  
 I'm batshit, can't trust you,  
 Too much magic in mushrooms!  
 Just a massive masochist,  
 Walk all over bars like gymnastics,  
 It's climatic, like a climb-up attic,  
 Snap an start static,  
 Cuz I'm cheap fabric!  
 I'm bombastic and graphic

When I rap shit,  
 Erratic tactics, think I've had it!  
 Pill addict, ill an' still at it,  
 Turn Thee Stallion to  
 A pony in a paddock!  
 Hitting up Bizarre's bash,  
 Hitting hard like tar hash,  
 Using no caution, while watchin'  
 Kim Kardash',  
 That's a rear-view,  
 Like a cam on a car-dash.  
 Bitch is doing side-kicks, spastic!  
 In skin tight elastics,  
 Acting like it's magic,  
 Bitch you're like the title of M\*A\*S\*H:  
 All ass-tricks! (asterix)  
 Ratchet trash!  
 Can't get my mind right, but  
 Looking back, that would be hind-sight.

HOOK

I miss when rap was bout  
 Drugs and bitches,  
 Not fashion brands, or the gram,  
 Or your riches

## HOOK

I miss when rap was bout  
 Drugs and bitches,  
 Not fashion brands, or the gram,  
 Or your riches  
 Back to when thugs  
 Was givin' hugs in the club  
 Bout to show you all how  
 To give bitches some love

## VERSE TWO (BIZARRE)

Xannies OxyContin  
 I be on some shrimpin' shit  
 Four, four, in the morning  
 Got your sister suckin' dick!  
 Leanin' leanin' leanin'  
 Gleanin off the Adderall  
 Leanin' leanin' leanin',  
 I'm poppin Tylenol  
 Percocet, get her wet  
 Gone off the Xanax  
 High as hell, high as hell  
 Let's have some dirty sex  
 Poppin' pills, poppin' spills,  
 Smoking on the best weed  
 Sippin' lean, sippin' lean,  
 I think I'm bout to O.D.

## OUTRO

I miss when rap was bout  
 Drugs and bitches,  
 Not fashion brands, or the gram,  
 Or your riches  
 Back to when thugs  
 Was givin' hugs in the club  
 Goin' back to spittin' bout  
 Bitches and drugs