

Future, All Da Smoke

(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 (Thugger)
Every nigga out my city became a boss (became)
Know she rollin', holy moly, no days off (woo, woo)
Pyrex, cook it up like Kyrie, trade you off (let's go)
Green and white like Celtics, don't play with me, play with a fork (play with a woo)
I'm superior, I'm imperial, I ain't feelin' ya (ooh)
I been eatin' me some heroin, oh about a brick (yeah yeah)
I got Barry Bonds on my wrist (yeah)
Blowed your college fund on my bitch (where, woo)
Out the slums, taking a chance, toting tommy guns (brrrt)
Left out of school, start selling rocks, bought me a drop (skrt)
Cartier frames, Cartier rings, Cartier socks (on God)
Homicide gang, they gon' put you on Fox (homicide, homicide)
Putang ran up a whole M sittin' in the box (facts)
My dog rock a Rollie in the feds nigga, and still move blocks (racks)
We had the bando goin' crazy in the SWATs (in the what?)
Ten-four, they runnin' up on all the opps

We want all the smoke (yeah), we want all the smoke (yeah)
We want all the smoke (yeah), we want all the smoke (aw yeah)
We want all the smoke (yeah), we want all the smoke (yeah)
We want all the smoke (huh)

This money turning me on, ayy
This money turning me on (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
Three hundred 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
Told 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 up out the projects, ain't have shit (on God)
I wiped a nigga's nose for a ticket (slime)
Hit it from the back (kill it)
Make her say slime, say Slatt (get it, get it)
How you dig that?
Whip up the fishscale, K and got racks, ayy

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