

1993 (feat. Smino & Buddy)

Dreamville, J. Cole, JID, Cozz & EARTHGANG

Ayy
These motherfuckers, man, yo
(Elite, Elite, Elite) Check it
Yo, check it out, ayy Since 1993 I've been smoking weed, ask about me
Niggas know not to, oh, wait, niggas know not to, oh, fuck, ayy Roll up and pour me a drink up,
let's get fucked up
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
Roll up Uh, I'm drunk at a party, ain't put down my cup
The fuck is my water? I pick this shit up
Then drank all the water and threw this shit up
It's ash in my cup, I'm mad as a muh', huh
I push pack like USPS, you is a bitch
Ayy, yo, yo, shut the fuck, ayy
Don't even rap, nigga, you
Ayy, hold on
Hold the fuck up, nigga Tell me why you wanna come get high tonight
I only got one reason, I'm top dog tonight
I let the broads borrow my room and I got caught tonight
Drunken partying, slobbering, 'nother sloppy night
Always fight with my mama, but look, on my leave night
I'll call her, when I'm a baller, I promise that I'ma score you
Until then, I'ma ignore you, it's nothing personal (Sorry)
I'm just tryna fuck a couple girls and go
Can't do that while I'm on the phone
I'm not a mother's boy, I'm a motherfucker Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, hold on, hold on, nigga
Can I smoke? Can I smoke? Can I smoke, nigga?
(Oh-oh-oh-oh)
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
Roll up Yeah
Sittin' sideways, side steppin' side bitches
Side eyes, light skin, need stitches, mind your business
You're slurring, my baby, you're surfing, no turfing
My girl drippin', dirty whispers in my ear
I don't mumble
ABC your way up out the convo
Lookin' for sluts, oh?
Oh, I know a couple Bro, bro, bro, bro
Ayy, bro, bro, bro, bro
Ayy, nigga, come on, like

Nigga, stop rapping, start passing
 (Oh-oh-oh-oh)
 Like can I? My nigga Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up (Bro, bro)
 Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
 Roll up and pour me a drink up, let's get fucked up
 Roll up Look, okay the weed so strong it got me stressed
 The stress so strong it got me weak
 I'm so on, it threw me off (Yeah)
 I'm throwed off, yes indeed
 I threw up after my threesome
 On my threads, had to leave the crime scene like criminals do
 She wanna come to my crib and give me a genital smooch
 Typical, typical, get the piccolo, skididdle, skedaddle
 I sling peen like Colossal
 That mean king save the queen from the castle
 I grab the saddle
 Prisoner to prescription, it's changed, jackal, Jack Daniels
 Shawty tryna tell me Motherfucker, ayy, didn't I say? Nigga, ayy
 We can't rap, nigga, we smoking weed
 Stop rappin', nigga, this is not a rap session
 We gettin' high If I smoke a blunt right now
 I'ma be on 285 with my pants pulled down
 Around my ankles
 Still no stranger to the blunt smoke, gun smoke
 You niggas don't want smoke
 No guts like that Swisher we just smoked
 We cutthroat, niggas... Hold, hold on, hold on
 Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait,
 wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
 Hold on, wait, wait, wait, wait, ayy, wait
 Shh, shh, shh
 Wait, wait, wait, okay
 Watson, Watson, stop
 'Cause this nigga J. Cole, he done grew some dreads
 He think he smoke now
 Pass the blunt, nigga, stop rappin'
 That's the end of the song, nigga
 This the end of the session, we goin' home
 I just called my Lyft
 I just wanna call the, I mean hit the blunt, I mean
 Let me try one more time

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