

## **B. Reith**

### **"Down 4"**

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Uhh speakers up, loud weed  
Rollin in the back seat  
Smokin on that loud seed  
The clouds in my back seat  
I just want that  
I just want that  
Money like an athlete  
Say that I'm the realest nigga  
Here if you ask me

Uhh, yea I'm on fire  
Come and ash me  
Just crept in feelin  
Greater than your gatsby  
You aint gotta  
You aint gotta, gas me  
High out the galaxy

No gravity

But I can feel her grabbin me  
Shawtty wanna little bit  
Yea uhh take her home  
Homicide  
Kill that shit temperpidic  
I spill that shit still baby  
You can feel that shit  
Drippin down your legs  
I'm about to go in I hope you  
Ready for it

Uhhhh it aint hard to tell  
I gotta question for you  
I aint really in to guessing  
So just tell me  
What you down for  
Tell me what you down for  
Tell me what you down for  
Tell me what you down for  
This aint nothin new

Baby you should come around more  
We could have a good time  
That's what she around for  
Tell me what you down for  
Tell me what you down for  
Tell me what you down  
Foooooorrrr, yeaaaahhh  
We can get into it

Tell'er I said turn the speakers up  
Now we don't give a fuck  
Blunt lit one hit go me on some good shit  
Bat tat tat batgang what it is bitch  
Four B's up you can tellem big business

But I can feel her grabbin me  
Shawtty wanna little bit  
Yeaa uhh take her home  
Homicide  
Kill that shit temperpidic  
I spill that shit still baby  
You can feel that shit  
Drippin down your legs  
I'm about to go in I hope you  
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