

## Smoke DZA "Etc Etc"

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[Verse One: Big K.R.I.T.]

â€œDare I say, player?

Fuchsia alligators

Looking through my eyesight like looking at a skyline

Wi-fi my aura, I'm so online

I'm late enough to be on time

She dived yours and jumped on mine/It's pimp

pimpin', silk lining

Plush linens, hand stitching

I'm picture perfect, hieroglyphic

If she ain't down, her homegirl wit it

Turning heads, lock like dreads

Caution, no trickin', just excessive grain

grippin'

Cup full of drank, blunt rolled, I'm lane

switchin'

Me and King Tut had the same visions

Either stay home or come with it

Some dig, but most miss it

I'm droppin' presents for the ungifted

If you was in the lead, the momentum just shifted

A-team, 3 kings, 4 great feats

Name another Mississippian on a Ski beat

[Hook]

We are the best of the best player

Take you round the world and up like elevators

And they

They try to duplicate us but they could never be that's

between you and me

Etc Etc

But they could never be that's between you and me

[Verse Two: Curren\$y]

â€œYeah, unhh, I'm up now, so bitches break trees  
down

Coffee tables turn

Funny how funny style

Bitches come out niggas like they was pregnant with

em

Run with cleats on these beats, I am not slippin'

At your women, FeBreeze venom, I clean kill em

Green linen, weed so soft I go so hard

Think of new flows in my old school car  
Windex, no streaks on my glass house, and I know you  
won't rest that ass  
Bitch, don't get it twisted, hoe, not so fast  
Jets in the cut, niggas just collectin' like scabs  
I smash, brushing my Dickies free of the ash  
A 7 gram bag, ceramic one hitter in my stash  
Not a thread outta place, eyes red, outta space  
Drop bread, get out my face

[Hook]

[Verse Three: Smoke DZA]

No sucker shit, we G'd up, it's a boss  
movement  
Just Enjoy This Shit, fuck you thought, stupid?  
Rappers, as if, they all clueless  
Cook up skills like a culinary art student  
We, get it poppin' like we sposed to do  
Instead of kissing ass and sucking dick like most of  
you  
Living on your knees, you got no control  
Fucking haters, kick rocks with open toes  
Lil' mama wanna roll with some winners  
Cause we got more cheddar and the weed taste  
better  
Big bambooze pack, my vision stay blurry  
Weed purple like a Lakers away jersey  
Plethora flows, plethora hoes  
Down to do whatever I like, they don't never oppose  
Gold diggers tryna get their purse filled  
But I send 'em straight to voicemail  
DZA

[Hook]

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