

Kid Ink**"Blowin' Swishers"**

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Yeah, uh,
Come in where I wanna,
Eyes wide shut,
Clothes reek of marijuana.
It's stuffy up in here,
Got it lookin' like a sauna.
Smokin' kills terminator,
You can call it Sarah Connor.
Got you coughin',
Like you got a cold n*gga.
F*ck you doin'?
Blowin' swishers.

Man and I'm high as hell.
Yeah my life is like a movie,
Hope you got it still.
I'm ill muthaf*cka I don't need a mill,
But my pockets got the munchies and I feed 'em well.
Why your money lookin' like it's on a diet pill.
I can eyeball that, I ain't got a scale.
Split it down, dump it n*gga, c'mon
F*ck you doin'?
Blowin' swishers.

And I'm tryin' to smoke with all y'all.
Rollin' papers man, I feel like a ball hog.
I can't pass that, the way I hit.
That's only one round, Mike Tyson.
It ain't no papers in my house,
I don't write sh*t.
But yo b*tch is probably here on the night shift.
Baby, stop by the store, but I don't need liquor.
F*ck you want?
Pack of swishers.

Cause I'ma get you high tonight.
Once you learn how to roll it's like ridin' a bike.
Said I'm over n*ggas heads on cloud nine.
F*ck what you got, my n*gga smell mine.
This ain't a art gallery,
Why everybody starin'?

Got a house full of bunnies,
Where the f*ck is Anna Farris?
I'm in the cut,
You can keep ya Rizlas.
F*ck you doin'?
Blowin' swishers.

And I don't wanna hear that it tastes good.
One hit of this you feel it in your face good.
We cookin' baby, you can meet me over there.
Got everybody's eyes lookin' medium rare.
How I come in on the beat is f*ckin' really unfair.
See the haters talkin' sh*t, but I really don't care.
You can all suck a d*ck,
And feel it in your throat n*gga.
F*ck you doin'?
Blowin' swishers.

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