

## **Pyro Methane**

### **"Weed & Brews"**

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[Verse 1: Pyro Methane]

Hot fudge Sunday on a cold afternoon  
Flows to rude, used to get kicked out of Sunday School  
Now I kick that 91 raw, flava in ya ear  
Retro 7's on my feet  
This be the year, yeah  
Pump pump the fear  
Yeah yeah, pump pump the fear  
Nigga yeah yeah, pump pump the fear  
Pump pump the fear, pump pump the fear  
Vanilla bitches on my dick, tryna get that creme filling  
Toy-yo my key in, like oh what a feeling  
How? This young nigga be killing it  
From the clothes to the scenes man  
I be killing it  
Dressed to impress, lyricism virgin tight  
What would you do for a flow colder than a Klondike?  
Olive green? your money be too basic  
I'm counting different color notes hanging with the  
young  
Elizabeth Taylors, they be Zac Posen  
Grab some weed and some brews man  
We be chilling lowkey  
We be chilling lowkey

[Verse 2: Pyro Methane]

Yo, Funnel cake bitches gone off the powered sugar  
Hate feeling like I didn't do what I shoulda  
If it was just me and you then I coulda  
Give me one more cup, than I would of  
Man your girls too pressed, they need sex  
I was just playing when I sent that late text  
But you got me thinking, Not you, who else?  
Best I keep the thoughts I be thinking to myself

[Vamp: Girl Speaks]

Girl, what the fuck did he just send me?  
Fuck, should I call him?  
I'm a call him

Hello? you can't be sending me shit like that  
Like I got a man  
But uh  
Hows your mom  
I miss you too  
Ok  
I got to go  
I-I got to go  
Bye

[Outro: Pyro Methane]  
To myself  
To myself  
To myself

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