

Sir Michael Rocks

"In A Minute"

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[Verse 1: Da\$h]

I pull a Porsche Turbo through the wormhole
Get the bitch to snort the disco inferno
And then she please me wit a organ made for verbal
I lit the herbal, top of the coupe look like the back of a
turtle
I smoked a rat pack of backwoods, that got em' high
as hell
Chef the shit, Supreme Clientele
Around the well look how my title felt
I parked the whip up on Orion's Belt
Invest in self to get the weath
Niggas rapping asking for a shelf
Jump in your casket I will actually help
This shit I'm crafting actually hell
Bitch

[Hook]

Roll wit this pimpin', you ain't seen this in a minute
Roll that splidiff, bitch I need that in a minute
Right with the digits bitch I got that in a minute
I said I need that in a minute, bitch
I said I need that in a minute
Roll wit this pimpin', you ain't seen this in a minute
Go get them digits bitch I need that in a minute
Roll up that splidiff, bitch I need that in a minute
In a minute, bitch

[Verse 2: Ab-Soul]

Soulo ho, alpha and omega
Rolling wit the blues, I play Sonic on Sega
Knuckled up and put a couple niggas on their tails
Interesting I got em' turning heads from telling tales
Ab-Soul don't forget the dash
My nigga Da\$h, Michael Rocks, that's cooked crack
Toast to the Most Dope Family
Jimmy think that I should slow down wit em' rapidly
Climbing to the highest title I'm the future ain't no
limits
Ya I'm on that Miley Cyrus, ain't nobody business
Wait a minute, am I saying too much

I gotta slip this, did this, display it too much

[Hook]

Iâ'm the illest nigga you seen in a minute
Shine my light and illuminate in a minute
Bring the house down everytime Iâ'm in it
Time is money bitch I only got a minute
Got a minute, bitch
Bitch I only got a minute
Time is money bitch I only got a minute
Iâ'm the illest nigga you seen in a minute
Shine my light and illuminate in a minute

[Verse 3: Sir Michael Rocks]

Smoking the weed in Indian scrolls
Eating tilapia out of their skulls
Blood start dripping, dropping up out of my nose
It got on my clothes
Demons be handing me shit, where should I tell them
to go
I got the candles lit, pencil in hand
Fucking a random bitch, triple the 6, you understand
this shit
Starting to question the room
Iâ'm obsessed wit the xans, obsessed wit the moon
Possessive wit bitches too soon, bitch you get back in
the room
Cigarettes is feeling foreign to my diaphragm
G wagon seats from the skin of leviathan
And now we down in the abyss getting high again
Da\$h give me another strip so I can die again

[Outro]

All you need is a minute
My brother coming with the lean in a minute
Itâ'll kill you in between of a minute
Heart jumping out my chest any minute
And Iâ'm in it, really in it
Win the lotto all you need is a minute
My brother coming with the lean in a minute
Itâ'll kill you in between of a minute

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