

Heard Dat

Smoke DZA & Harry Fraud

What we smoking on I know you heard that shit
Bust chops had to serve that shit
Now we in the drop and I swerve that shit
We on top ya you heard that shit I came in on my NASA shit
I ain't worried about you I got grass to twist
Kush God sermons got the chapel lit
This for all the shorties who gave me ass to kiss
One way cakes might raffle it
Harlem nigga fast talk might gaff a brick
Collegiate in the hood got my masters quick
Gave out more consignment than FAFSA did
Try to leave the game alone, I'm attached I got a knack
Supreme being when it come to these raps angelo Baque
Raf Simmons my footwear a rack, my crack catalog
Add another classic to that I need collateral What we smoking on I know you heard that shit
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We on top ya you heard that shit
We on top ya you heard that shit
We on top ya you heard that shit We on top ya you heard that shit
We on top ya we earned that shit All my homies wanted to be like you
Gosh what happened to you my man
Used to hop out of the latest shit
Now they just repoed your old caravan
Who am I to judge though
Used to be the plug though
Now you tryna ride that nigga wave like the tug boat
Its quiet
It ain't that type of party, side bar back to it
28 grams in a bottle of Poland Springs
Weed so strong feel like I struck oil [?]
George Kush back at it I'm flyer than all of them
Big face show and I rolled up a cardigan
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>