

Chill Bill (feat. J. Davi\$ & Spooks)

Rob \$tone

[Verse 1: Rob \$tone]

Rob \$tone, two damn phones
Babylons can't crack the code (no)
Used to sip out styrofoam
But figured I should stick to dro (Weed!)
Backwoods overload
Don't like to smoke them swishers, ho
If you hit my liquor store
It's 50 cents for single Ports

[Chorus: Rob \$tone]

Said she wanna roll with me and smoke up all my weed
I said, "Baby just buy Dutches 'cause you can't smoke for free
I got some loud but no money, babe, buy me a Fiji"
She said, "You need a job", bitch, fuck a job, I still get cheese

[Verse 2: J. Davi\$]

Two cell phones, Mr. Mothafuck-A-Thot
Mr. I-Be-On-That-Block, 12-07 fuck an op
They hear my name, they see my squad
Rolling dope up on the spot
I'm with your bitch, she on my jock
Ain't got no time to love a thot
Got niggas mad, my flow so hot
Got niggas mad, my squad won't stop
We in the game, won't take no loss
I'm sippin' water out the Voss
Got lean all in my fuckin' Sprite
Turnin' up on fuckin' sight
Mr. Kenny Powers
Bout to take your girlfriend home tonight, bitch

[Verse 3: Spooks]

And I'm smokin' on that widow when you see it out the window
Got a dusty old tee, lookin' bummy, leave it simple
Growin' up, I was always in the middle
So I gotta hold it down for my older and my little
And my brothas beside me so fuck it we mobbin' deep
Always grimey, no findin' me but I be in LG
If your lil' fuckboy lame ass wanna creep
I live by the lemon 'cause that fucka chose me

[Chorus: Rob \$tone]

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>