

Fantasy (feat. Lil Flash)

Yung Lean

I don't want to hurt you
Movin' 'round in circles
Will do if I have to
All I do is work you
I got Gs on Gs like burgers
Move it 'round like lurkers
I lost all my urges
Pink polo, paint a circus
Insert money, insert through
Life is like a drive thru
I guess I could die soon
I feel like a typhoon
Smell like weed and perfume
Smurf, blue pills like swirls
All I smoke is herbal
Pradas them be purple
Mail box clean, Donald Duck lungs
I need a million dollars, not some bucks, son
Duck 1, duck 2, paint a truck, son
When we roll up, Gucci mats on my truck, son
We'll come from pop anthrax
Air Max, we got 10 stacks
I be smokin' tear gas
Percocet, that's a fear fact
Yeah, I got my gear back Don't hold tears from years back
Talking, we don't hear that
Fallin' off we don't fear that
I'm smokin' on nitrous oxide
Holdin' shit down, I got mine
My eyes red just like a stop sign
I'm number 1, not no top 5
I'm blood gang, cap gang, 4l
Pills, weed, molly, xanax for sale
Got shooters out South, you don't know well
They'll pull up right to your doorbell
I'm too iced out, I'm a snowman
Oh, ride in the foreign get low ragged
I'm out in Chiraq where it's cold at
Went two nights and blow caps
Yea, Glo Gang I own that
Pull up on your block, blow your skull cap
And I ain't really with no romance

Cause I'm too busy callin' up the dope man
Shooters all on my roster
The whole team tryna get sponsored
I'm jumpin' shit, Travis Barker
Your blunt is like a pencil, mines a marker, whaa
And I see you're a talker
So to shut ya ass up will be a motherfuckin' honor
It's me and Yung Lean overseas
Smoking dope, eating on some shrimp and lobster, whaa

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