

Etc Etc (feat. Curren\$y & Big K.R.I.T.)

Smoke DZA

[Verse One: Big K.R.I.T.]

"Dare I say, player?

Fuchsia alligators

Looking through my eyesight like looking at a skyline

Wi-fi my aura, I'm so online

I'm late enough to be on time

She dived yours and jumped on mine/It's pimpimpin', silk lining

Plush linens, hand stitching

I'm picture perfect, hieroglyphic

If she ain't down, her homegirl wit it

Turning heads, lock like dreads

Caution, no trickin', just excessive grain grippin'

Cup full of drank, blunt rolled, I'm lane switchin'

Me and King Tut had the same visions

Either stay home or come with it

Some dig, but most miss it

I'm droppin' presents for the ungifted

If you was in the lead, the momentum just shifted

A-team, 3 kings, 4 great feats

Name another Mississippian on a Ski beat"

[Hook]

We are the best of the best player

Take you round the world and up like elevators

And they

They try to duplicate us but they could never be that's between you and me

Etc Etc

But they could never be that's between you and me

[Verse Two: Curren\$y]

"Yeah, unhh, I'm up now, so bitches break trees down

Coffee tables turn

Funny how funny style

Bitches come out niggas like they was pregnant with 'emRun with cleats on these beats, I am
not slippin'

At your women, FeBreeze venom, I clean kill 'em

Green linen, weed so soft I go so hard

Think of new flows in my old school car

Windex, no streaks on my glass house, and I know you won't rest that ass

Bitch, don't get it twisted, hoe, not so fast

Jets in the cut, niggas just collectin' like scabs

I smash, brushing my Dickies free of the ash

A 7 gram bag, ceramic one hitter in my stash

Not a thread outta place, eyes red, outta space

Drop bread, get out my face..."[Hook]
[Verse Three: Smoke DZA]
"No sucker shit, we G'd up, it's a boss movement
Just Enjoy This Shit, fuck you thought, stupid?
Rappers, as if, they all clueless
Cook up skills like a culinary art student
We, get it poppin' like we 'sposed to do
Instead of kissing ass and sucking dick like most of you
Living on your knees, you got no control
Fucking haters, kick rocks with open toes
Lil' mama wanna roll with some winners
'Cause we got more cheddar and the weed taste better
Big bambooze pack, my vision stay blurry
Weed purple like a Lakers away jersey
Plethora flows, plethora hoes
Down to do whatever I like, they don't never oppose
Gold diggers tryna get their purse filled
But I send 'em straight to voicemail
DZA[Hook]

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