

Smoking On My Ex Pack-SZA Lyrics

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"Smoking On My Ex Pack"

Roll the clip and run it back, I'm really like that
I'm really not friendly, I need my credit, niggas hate that
I need the numbers
I need the data, got you talkin' crazy
Abracadabra, you niggas sideshow
I'm Bobbin' like psycho
You gassin' like Texaco
Infection like microbe
You test it, I might go
You push it, I might pop
I'm fuckin' on heartthrobs
I got your favorite rapper blocked
I heard the dick was whack
Your favorite athlete screamin', "Text me back"
I make no exception
The lesser part of me loves all the cap
He screamin', "Get back together"
I'm screamin', "Back of the bus, trick"
Hawaii for weather
Booty softer than leather
These hoes is featherweight
I wipe my phone and gave some dome, I beat the case
Them "ho" accusations weak
Them "bitch" accusations true

You hatin' from nosebleeds, I wish you well
Smokin' on my ex pack tonight
Smokin' on my ex pack tonight
Smokin' on my ex pack tonight
Smokin' on—
You can trust in me
I can, you said
"I can trust in you"
I can, I can
You can trust in me
You can, you can
Oh, oh

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