

The Mood (feat. Joey Bada\$\$)

Smoke DZA

[Intro: Smoke DZA]

Yea

It's a really fucking cool era we in

Yea, uh [Verse 1: Smoke DZA]

It's a Bada\$\$, Kushed God colossal

We coming through and we hostile

47 deep so everything's getting toppled

Showtime nigga word to James word to goggles

Everybody's fucked like a high price brothel

You can't out-hustle a hustler so don't try to

Word to Steezy the tactic is still survival

Fuck humble nigga ride on your rivals

The hoes wanna hang like my peacoat toggles

Guess who's bizzack? Smokey and I'm here with the pack

After this you gon' need you a nap

They throw shots we don't even react

Like I ain't got Pedro on payroll to take care of that

Set it out where it's at

Nigga flow way in tact

The bag heavy scale off weigh it back

Lightyears ahead of niggas, not even laps

You can't compare them boys to us

Shit, that's not even rap

[Verse 2: Joey Bada\$\$]

Yeah, uh, and let me switch the mood

Gotta take a risk for your biggest wish to come true

I been in those shoes, had fifth-dimensional views

Where ain't shit to lose just more proving

Finally got my piece of the pecan

Me and momma moving no more staying out on weekends

Got no time for snoozing know I'm out for Benjamins

Representing me, repping for all my people dreaded in my family

I see a canopy of bars that's overhead

Thinking to self there can't be no one this hard, they all dead

Go and spar with the ghosts that's on my side

I'm a star momma look up in the sky

Son shine bright, don't I?

Only getting brighter I been closer every summer, winter, hour, minute

Like I am supposed to, very soon you will be out of minutes

You should let me coach ya, work the smoke

We keep a lot of spirit while lifting the culture from these vultures

[Verse 3: Smoke DZA]

It ain't for purchase gotta take the game in doses
The illest shit don't really get too much promotion
Children of the indigo protect the fortress
Trump got the whole world feeling hopeless
Still I got my chest pokin'
Too much headaches not enough Motrin
Life will have a nigga self frozen
Won't have my self stolen, dough rolling, head first dove in
The flow golden, the wave, the boat rowing
We here, they no-showers
Smoke blowing the OG in the wind
Had a bunch of losers tell me I couldn't win
See you taking off that's when the hating shit begins
Watch you walking on water they say it's cause you can't swim
Time to transcend, hands in, boss and [?]
Ben Franklin's, all across the globe my name ring
Airport, customs, walking through chain swing
You could tell I'm doing my damn thing
Ugh

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