

# Kush Coma (feat. A\$AP Rocky & Zelooperz)

## Danny Brown

Close my eyes, feel like I'm going down  
In an elevator at 90 miles an hour  
And all I see is stars and they coming at me sort of like a meteor shower  
My forehead's sweaty, my eyelids heavy, feeling like I ain't goin' make it  
Cause inside my head's like a firework show in the 4th July in Las Vegas  
Said, I'm trippin', I'm slippin', feeling like I just can't move  
I done took me a couple more pills  
Next thing I know, I'm taking off my shoes  
And I'm on walking on these clouds like marshmallows  
Nodding off, smellin' like rose petals  
Zoning out, two-three like the fiend in hell fire and angel wings  
I'm conscious to that world, connin science 'bout that world  
All these drugs up in me, it's a miracle I ain't mirror Kurt  
I'm numb like a mortician, going dumb with Oakland bitches  
They say you hella boosie, roll a backwood up with them cookies  
I'm smoking, back to back, back to back, back to back  
It's the blunt after blunt rotation  
Now I'm in a kush coma off the OG aroma and my brain going on vacation  
Kush coma I'm smoking, back to back, back to back, back to back  
It's the blunt after blunt rotation  
Now I'm in a kush coma off the OG aroma and my brain going on vacation  
Kush coma Kush coma, I am in a kush coma  
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Kush coma, I am in a kush coma  
Get high, my niggas, smoke kush  
Get fly, my niggas, dope looks  
So many numbers in my phone book  
I could start a motherfucking phone book  
Know all the fly bitches gonna look  
Like I'm on something, tell 'em roll something  
I'm that one nigga, bumping two pots  
Be like three hoes, that's a foursome  
Fuck niggas always want to hold something  
Young hot nigga done froze on 'em  
Went cold on 'em, beat the golds on 'em  
And clothes on 'em, see the hoes on 'em?  
Only fear God, never sold on Him

Man, I swear to God, put my soul on Him  
Life's a bitch, but she chose on him  
Should've died in Hell, but I rose on 'em  
In big shades, fuck the hypocrites, die  
Time let the tats, for the tick, tock  
Clocks on the wall, fuck your wristwatch  
Pause, let it stop, hope we get by  
Bye when I zoom, let it vroom  
'Bout a hundred goons with a fume, better let it [?]  
A hundred miles an hour on the booth, better let it loose  
A hundred by the sour, molly, flower, and they love the shrooms  
That's real rap, I'm stating facts  
Contradictions, can't take it back  
Mommy's stripping, make it clap  
In a kush coma, finna take a nap  
I'm outKush coma, I am in a kush coma  
Kush coma, I am in a kush coma  
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Kush coma, I am in a kush coma  
Kush coma, I am in a kush coma  
Kush coma, I am in a kush coma  
Half asleep with that cotton mouth  
Weed grow house on plantation  
Nuggets the size of Rakim rings  
Got my head looking like a fatality screen  
Got my mind drippin'  
Gotta get away from all this bullshit in my way  
Knowing goddamn well when the high go away  
Same shit gon' be still in my way  
I'm a slave to the sticky icky  
So nigga roll somethin wit me  
Been smoking blunts since high school  
Now look at all the bullshit I been through  
Wanna pass out, but we stayin up  
Nigga gotta keep one eye open  
Cause nigga ain't tryna miss the next turn  
Nigga roll up, then we starting smoking  
I'm smoking on that ocho, got my mind on that cosmos  
Sippin' on that purple, got a nigga in slo-mo  
Dipping in that molly, feel like I'm doing 100 on a Harley  
Tell your baby mama sorry, that was one night and please don't call meI'm smoking, back to  
back, back to back, back to back  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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