

# Chill Bill (feat. J. Davi\$ & Spooks)

## Rob \$tone

[Verse 1: Rob \$tone]

Rob \$tone, two damn phones  
Babylons can't crack the code (no)  
Used to sip out styrofoam  
But figured I should stick to dro (Weed!)  
Backwoods overload  
Don't like to smoke them swishers, ho  
If you hit my liquor store  
It's 50 cents for single Ports

[Chorus: Rob \$tone]

Said she wanna roll with me and smoke up all my weed  
I said, "Baby just buy Dutches 'cause you can't smoke for free  
I got some loud but no money, babe, buy me a Fiji"  
She said, "You need a job", bitch, fuck a job, I still get cheese

[Verse 2: J. Davi\$]

Two cell phones, Mr. Mothafuck-A-Thot  
Mr. I-Be-On-That-Block, 12-07 fuck an op  
They hear my name, they see my squad  
Rolling dope up on the spot  
I'm with your bitch, she on my jock  
Ain't got no time to love a thot  
Got niggas mad, my flow so hot  
Got niggas mad, my squad won't stop  
We in the game, won't take no loss  
I'm sippin' water out the Voss  
Got lean all in my fuckin' Sprite  
Turnin' up on fuckin' sight  
Mr. Kenny Powers  
Bout to take your girlfriend home tonight, bitch

[Verse 3: Spooks]

And I'm smokin' on that widow when you see it out the window  
Got a dusty old tee, lookin' bummy, leave it simple  
Growin' up, I was always in the middle  
So I gotta hold it down for my older and my little  
And my brothas beside me so fuck it we mobbin' deep  
Always grimey, no findin' me but I be in LG  
If your lil' fuckboy lame ass wanna creep  
I live by the lemon 'cause that fucka chose me

[Chorus: Rob \$tone]

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She said, "You need a job", bitch, fuck a job, I still get cheese

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>