

Cosmos (feat. Q*Jones)

[Pre-Chorus]

Bitch I'm out the Ozone, somewhere in the Cosmos
Get my dro in bulk like I bought that shit at Costco
I'm smoking out the O, you know that it got my eyes low
Sipping on Patrón 'til shit look like a Picasso

[Chorus]

And I don't know exactly where I'm going but
It's somewhere in the Cosmos
Oh oh, how could I be on the wrong foot
If I just go wherever I float?

[Verse 1: Trip REXX]

(Yeah yeah yeah) Pop a molly & I'm seeing stars
Keep narcotics on me like a EMT, no CPR
All these rappers watch my every move, I'm on they DVR
They like: "How he do it? We ain't never seen this shit before..."
REXX been the hardest, ain't no other artist
Doing shit this raw so they all want take my sauce from me
Go ahead it's all yours, you could go run off with it
I'm already off that and up in Neiman Marcus
With your hoe playing dress-up, y'all boys can't catch up
Must hurt, get it? Only if you let it
I just go where the bread is, I'm just getting that cheddar
I'm just hitting this lettuce, got a cannabis fetish

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[Verse 2: Q*Jones]

Hola, Hello, I just flew in from the moon
And I got a lifted mood, conversating with the shrooms
I'm trying to pull up to the function holler at me, what's the move?
Got my own drip head to toe, they wanna put me on the mood board
Them boys come up too short, in the bay like too short
Clean, gym, tan, and laundry like I came from jersey shore
They want smoke like hookah, I only do Juul bruv
Catch me off a piece of paper doing laps 'round Saturn
I got spice like Zatarain's, ain't nobody badder than

Prince Gatonegro, the shit is fascinating
Me and Trippy blasting at light speed in the space taxi baby
Know a young nigga so wavy they can't take it, yeah

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