Chronic Song

The Holdup

And if you comin up on my spot
Then you just better keep movin on
Cause when we smoke it we choke on it
And we only roll the chronic
One little dab of only ten
Well they got more than you be on it
If you wanna bring some friends
Then they better bring some chronic
Cause everybody wants it
No one gon gets on it
They come'n with that bud
Gonna blow some blunts and get retarted
And if nobody want the roach
We gonna pack it in a bong
Get a flame and then we gonna torch it
And ad it to my lungs
Ad it to my lungs, ad it to my lungs
They come'n in with that bud
Gonna blow some blunts and go get some
And then i once met a man who told me
The best bud he ever smoked
Is the shit he be gettin from Cali
Said man this ain't no joke
And if u really do want it baby
You better come into Cali
Buy these kids with a royal blunt
Would have been trees up in the body.....HoldupGonna take it from here, thier dead
Thier gonna bring the cash
Better be no pinchin or skempin
A little nuggie out my sack
And if you kickin it in the park
Baby it's cool to lite a blunt
Better not be any postman runnin up
Cause i'm just to stoned to run
And if you want this
All you got to do is ask me super chronic
I'm wrappin the bud in baggie Supersonic
You know we dont smoke no crap we get retarded
Police gonna ask me if I'm on it

Tryin to keep me happy so I bought it
Bought it, bought it, bought it
I feel my brain inside my head
Roll it, toke it, smoke it, choke it until I'm dead
I'm on my mission to get my bread
Ain't gonna fuck my life up get money insteadI feel that bass line droppin
And we out of control
We bumpin them up the music
And you feel it in the soul
And if you comin up on the spot
Just to pack a fuckin bowl
While we watchin all them girlies
As they grind on the poll
You goin to a party
You comin to my show
When The Holdup be leavin
Then girlies will go

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