Kush

Marcelo D2

Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it

Now its that puff puff pass shit
Cheech and Chong glass shit
Blunts to the head, kush feelin' no mattress
Speed boat traffic, bitches automatic
Cross that line, fuck around and get yo ass kicked
We roll shit that burn slow as fucking molasses
Probably won't pass it, smoke it till the last hit
Down to the ashes, Mary J. a bad bitch
Andre 3001 another classic
Go ahead ask 'em, bitches bout "how I be smokin' out"
Party all night, oh yea its goin' down
Order rounds, we smokin' quarter pounds of that good stuff
Oh yea we smokin' all night
Yea puff puff pass that shit right here
Nigga, better than my last batch, caramel complexion and her ass black
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

I know you tryna get high
Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways
Make her work for this suicide
Holla at me 'cause I got it all day
No need to fly to Jamaica
For the quarter ganja, we can get the same thing
You want that bom bom biggy,
Holla at my niggi, Right here in L.A.
inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

Hold up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Hold up, wait a minute

Let me put some kush up in it

Still I am
Tighter than the pants on Will.I.Am
Back throwback Steeler hat, pound in my backpack
Next to where the swishas at, smokin' presidential
Got some bubba, I gi' you that
Need it for my cataracts
Four hoes, and I'm the pimp, in my Cadillac
You can tell them Cali back
Matter fact, they'll know, this ain't Dro
Get a whiff of that
No it ain't no seeds in my sack
You ain't never gotta ask dog
What he smokin' on?
Shit kush till my mind gone
What you think I'm on
Eyes low, I'm blown
High as a motherfucker,
Yeah ain't no question bout it
Niggas say smoke me out,
Yea I really doubt it
I'm Bob Marley reincarnated, so faded
So If you want it
You know yo nigga homie,
You can put it in a zag or a blunt and get blunted

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

I know you tryna get high
Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways
Make her work for this suicide
Holla at me 'cause I got it all day
No need to fly to Jamaica
For the quarter ganja, we can get the same thing
You want that bom bom biggy,
Holla at my niggi
Right here in L.A.
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

We get that kush, we blow on the best smoke
Inhale slow, no choke
Make yo ass choke
Hold up wait a minute
You can go put it back

'Cause what you got in yo sack boy, it ain't that
Ain't that Kush, we blow on the best smoke
Inhale slow, no choke
Make yo ass choke (inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale)

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by YOUNG, ANDRE / JOHNSON, ANTHONY LA CARL / ABDUL-RAHMAN, KHALIL / BENTON, STANLEY BERNARD / BROADUS, CALVIN / HONEYCUTT, BRIAN / JONES, MARVIN / JORDAN, SYLVESTER / RANSOM, ANTHONY T. (BLACKTHOVEN) / TANNENBAUM, DANNY / THIAM, ALIAUNE
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/