Blow Your Smoke

Jim Jones

This one is dedicated from Harlem to all ya'll

This goes out from the streets of Harlem to everywhere

Blow ya smoke

And if you ride high, puts your lighters up in the air

Blow ya smokeI'm blowin smoke with my top back

I got my gun on me top that

She started pressin buttons I told her stop that

Can't front I was watching where them cops at

The sun is out, my wrist rocked out

I miss all my niggas locked out So I roll a blunt for the good times

We was just in the slums like "Good Times"

Keep a bad bitch like Malona

Me and Dev was doing henny and coronas

Getting money hustle hard they was on us

And we still poor liqour for the goners

We blow smoke like we blow money

It's no joke but it's so funny

She ate me up and said "it's so yummy"

The niggas sho hate but the hoes love meSpend a couple G's on my bitches purse

Lookin at the screen as I hit reverse

Lightin up backin out of Neman's

My jewlery loud like it's screaming

And when the last time you seen him?

Shootin past, something fast, european

Capital B on the gear shifta

No breeze from the ceilin let the air hit ya

I'm god blessed like a Prayor scripture

Lord knows tryna make it up there with ya

Until then I light one up

Stay strapped in case a nigga wanna run up

I'm still watched by rap police

They still search me in the club like I'm strapped with heat

Might catch me pumpin out in backstreets

I might be diggin out yo broad in the backseat... fuckerI just wanna smoke trees in a safe place

But when I do that I get a court case

I get a P.O. who's an asshole

I get bum smokers, always low on doe

I get cussed out by my mom and them

Changin all the locks, won't let me in
I get cotton mouth, I get a bad rep,
I get a book tellin me to take twelve steps
Smokin on some refa, gettin on my Wiz khalifa
Had my teachers concerned real talk
But to preach what I was taught
Master your high and learn to skywalk
Life too short ain't got no reset
So do what you want, not what they expect
And in the meantime Clockin hella checks
While you fly real high on them paper jets fool
Real dreams come true

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