2nd Hand Smoke (remix)

Twiztid

I represent the East side, no peace Fuck the police We tell you to increase the deceased at least A grown man tellin you something that he believe Practice to deceive, no more tricks up my sleeve What the fuck bitch, chuck bitch Why you talkin shit? Better duck bitch. Before your dome get hit. This shit is Twiztid deeper than that Old French braid. Stickier than jam and jelly phased, kick it Everybody else real talkin bout something. What you thought you heard bitch, Can it, cause your frontin. Dead wrong. Dinner table conversations. Leavin' you pistol-whipped in the corner with abrasions. Call it a contamination of Mind State. Sleep in a dream, hopin it's gone when I awake. Mama think I'm a play on play serial killa Fruitlooped outta my mind like Godzilla We survive like catipillas in cocoons and caskets Stretch the industry like elastic So fantastic, like the Newport cigarette that I smoke. Hit the motherfucka till I choke I brag and I boast about nothin Death, dying, and hoes fuckin So understand that he's saying something. Never be heard I'm underground with the dirt and grime Smashin heads be my reason for rhyme I'm on time like a motherfucka Leavin you hangin in the forest Standin in some comfortable shifts like Chuck Norris Check the chorus Second hand smoke when you breath. Remember what I told you always believe. You relieve on the Monoxide Child and wild. Travel the world on nine cloud screaming loud.

Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke

You phony bitches wanna shut me down Pullin plugs on the microphones. Hatin on the individual handle Mr. Bones Hope your speaker's eight ohms or they dead blown If they aren't turn this motherfucka up and mash on As we blast off bitch ass niggas at fast rates Growin at a fast pace made my heart race. Lookin death in the face and I don't even shudder. If my woman starts cheatin motherfuck her, bitch I'm out for self, green weed, fame and wealth So take your hopes and dreams, And put that shit back on the shelf Cause we rollin in a ride far from stolen Cigarette lighters, power windows, wood grade motors and Takin curbs with ease, blowin trees, lookin Chinese Hopen that the cops ain't tailin me. Tryin to violate the glass house Nigga pass the blunt before you pass out Cause now it's on, pushin hubcaps Patrollin the hood, so fuck that. Heard the shit and the shit is all wack Plannin the attack, cause we move when it's dark at night Believe the rumors, cause they probably all right. Outta sight like concealed weapons and drug trades Barricading your door for the raid And in the shade is a sawed off double-barreled pump Lookin for mothafuckas who wanna jump. Cause I got 13 bullets in my pocket I'm a mad man My trigger finger turnin suckers to sand

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Distraught from head trauma You can't even see the drama I get the persona from marijuana At night I lay stressed with no place to go All by my lonely screamin out fuck that show Cigarettes, blunt smoke I love the smell Player hate me cause I smoke, burn in hell Cause it ain't for everybody I live to sever bodies so melancholy Suicide is just a folly and I'm out

Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke (what, what) Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke (what) Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke Second hand smoke, second hand smoke, What Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke (yeah) Free your mind Breath it in second hand smoke (right) Free your mind Breath it in

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