Hay

Eet

Sittin on a quarter 'P of hay, thangs is feelin' good today
I'm tore up from the floor up, sippin' on some crown royal
Trippin' in a circle of wood where everybody smoke they own bud
Good ol' hay, how you feel today?
Fine, blowed and dandy, silly like I'm hype off candy
Gotta big, thick chic named Sandy
In the farm, in the middle of the barn
Where everybody's feelin' crazy
I went to visit granny's house, now I see why don't nobody leave
We constantly, constantly, constantly smokin' B's
Too blitzed to even shake it off but I still got my head up
Cold hard finna go in the back of the barn
And get my big black peter sucked, pass the hay
You silly slut, blaze it up so I can hit that bud
Git me zoned and I'll be on 'cuz I love to smoke upon hay
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn
The hay got me goin' through a stage
And i just can't get enough, smokin' everyday
I got some hay and you know I'm finna roll it up
Make a cloud, I'm gonna take my mind away from all the bull crap
Bump my sounds, lay back and roll
Mack to the freaks that's on the road
Sometimes I wonder when I was blowed on the streets
Anybody wanna step to me, I'ma see how rough they be
In this session, manifesting on my P's and Q's
Never snooze 'cause I refuse, inhale, exhale the smell
Smokin' hay all by myself, wildstle, laughin' loud
Wit my homies by my side, if somethin' jump off let it ride
On my square when time is live, everybody throw it up
Go to the barn and get some hay when I get my choke on
Fool you know I'm smokin' on
Hay, now hay, we smokin' up hay in the middle of the barn
And I'm lit up, can't get up, my eyes are red
And my head is spinnin', took another pull
Ridin' red bull, got the goofies, can't stop grinnin'
Got a posse full of hoes playin' in my braids
And we 'bout to get in 'em
Over yonder is the barn where the pals be at

And everything funny
Gotta pause some nigga tryin' to blow my high
Smokin' all that hay with no money
Now truly this bitch wanna do me
So I hit the 151 Bacardi
She high like the sun, thick like cornbread
And I'm ready to party, that hay got me so goddamn horny
But I don't like that tramp, the only reason I'm poppin' that coochie
'Cause the hoe had a book of food stamps and I got the munchies
I need soul food
Collard greens or pinto beans
If you smoke hay like the conflict do
Then you know what the hell i mean
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn
Rollin' down the block, car full of flies
And the flies tried to rise up out dat door crack
Got my niggas in the barn smokin' on that hay stack
Back up on the scene from smokin herb
I creeped up on the wall and all I heard
Was a bud of mine who dropped a needle in the hay
With a funky dime word, couldn't be myself
Couldn't smoke wit nobody else if I didn't pass it to the left
Nigga would have lost my breath
Open up the window 'fore I fall and faint
But I can't 'cause I roll around in dat barn ride
Rollin' up the hootie hoo, roughest skin roller on dat west side
Nigga come on in, I got some hay
Won't you close dat barn door
Nigga what you let them flies out for?
Ain't nobody to rich, we poor
Lettin' all the contact smoke up in the barn
The flies keep us chokin' thank You, Jesus Christ
For all the hay you're givin us
'Cause we'll keep on smokin'
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn
Smokin' on hay in the middle of the barn

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/