

Still Smokin'

Trouble Funk

Still smokin' bud, still smokin' weed
King Edward, Philly Blunt, Swisha, keep groovin'
Tampa Sweet, good ol' Optimo
Easy water, jokerMy lips get black and my fingertips burn
And my eyes half way open
Cough cough and Im chokin'
But bitch, Im still smokin'I wanna be puffin' this like I aint be worryin' 'bout nothin'
If you gonna get the cigar, nigga Ill do the stuffin'
I roll 'em swoll like broken arms
But I sure hate when they come aroundThis bitch I dont know talkin' 'bout
What chall smokin' on
'Cause niggas like that, we call 'em Hoovers
They try to get cool with yaTo smoke your weed up is what they do ya
Puff, puff, puff, puff, goddammit
Nigga, you aint chip in no shit here
Bitch, whats happenin'But if you did, then it's good and it goin' down
Get rid of them nickels and them dimes
Bitch, we throwin' pounds
Tenth through 11th to the 12th ward boundBut P said one of my niggas
I heard somebody say one time
But I paid it no mind and I kept rollin'
But that was the Po PosI gotta get rid of this fat ass Optimo that Im holdin'
Excellerate and I made that left on line center
I hit that bitch one more time, then threw it out the window
Young niggas in a big white truckYou know what's up, theyre lookin' to catch you fuckin' up
It just so happened that I was hot
They looked in the back on the floor
And the silver canon and they found the potI cant believe that I got popped
It took me 2 hours and 1500 dollars to get unlocked
Straight from jail to the weed spot
Shit I took that as a minor setbackHell no, I aint stop
And Im still smokin' bud
Still smokin' weed

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