

# Front Porch

## Donna the Buffalo

On the porch, on the porch

Smoking reefa

Yeah

Yeah I woke up early Saturday morning, sick off Rhemy and brews

Wit a hang over from blues

Hurl on my clothes and shoes stomach on wooz

From this killer weed that's so fired it made your nose bleed

I had me so high, my brain was fried movin' at slow speed This thick bitch chose me and was stickin' like liquor

She look to tight that bodies right my heart and mind was like dick her

But wit my body aching from hurl sensation that's got me shaken

I swiftly took the number and passed on ass that was for the taken I remember wakin' up at the flat, fucked up in the back

Checkin' on my weed and scratch I damn near fell out the lat

I hit the sack to sleep it off, woke up woozy and still smoking

Twista's wishes thinking about last night and the bitch that was scopin' Fuck it let's get 'em on, I grabbed the phone, girl call your friends

Then I hit Twista and Maze and them 'bout the bitch in the Benz

Nigga push only 'cause I see them already been in the block

You know the lit niggas you'll find us in my favorite spot And that's on the front porch smoking reefa

The weed got 'em feelin'

On the front porch getting deeper

Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah On the front porch smoking reefa

The weed got 'em feelin'

On the front porch getting deeper

Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah In the summer I hit the front porch

Wit a morning B

Sippin' on the duce duce OZ

And I be killin' me how many thick fees I see Getting bubbly waitin' for Stokes and T

I spit a little game at three

Tryin' to talk up on the shoppin' spree

Or a B of that stinky green free Straight getting, to puff puff pass

And drive up my gas hittin' all the hot blocks

Bumpin' legit ballers to rock y'all spot

And everybody know the shit 'bout to drop See from Northbound to Ten Row

Everybody in it go tryin' to get they props

Pollutin' the air wit squares, blunts, and tops

Settin' up shops for lots comin' back nots Each and everyday of the week

The Mobsta Elites be on somebody porch dumpin' heat

Bustin' flows in the cipher getting' deep

While we cheat something sweet to Legendary beats 'Til we reached our peak  
Scummy aloud attractin' crowds to the street  
Then it's time to retreat grab something to eat  
And head to the late front to get up wit some freaks Wit a treat under the seat  
For the cats who get the sudden urge and wanna try to jack  
'Cause when your pockets is fat  
It seems like all the haters and hood-rats want to attack And when the park close we hit the liquor store  
For a box of sitches and a fifth of yak  
South on the corner and get a few sacks  
Or betta yet the whole pack so we can get back On the the front porch smoking reefa  
The weed got 'em feelin'  
On the front porch getting deeper  
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah On the front porch smoking reefa  
The weed got 'em feelin'  
On the front porch getting deeper  
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah One morning, I woke up next to a chocolate fee and a red bone  
My dick was hard I started stroking and poking  
After toppin' I tell them to role the blunt  
'Cause on the front I hear them niggas steady smoking and jokin' I heard it's gonna be hot outside  
Gotta get up and lay my clothes out  
It's gonna be too many hoes out  
Before my ladies rolled out I got 'em to clean up the whole house Then I threw my fit on look in the mirror get  
on gone  
Nigga, you looking dope because you got a knot  
Ain't no cruising up out the hop  
I'm hangin' by the spot 'cause I had to put the Lexus off up in the shop But it's all to good it's a hood thang  
Never too bogus notice the love on the block that nigga coolin'  
Aiming the radio out the window steady grooving  
Tip by the corner store wit the indo steady movin' Niggas who flippin' new 98's is steady cruising  
Bumpin' up the block, flossin' for the chicks 'cause they rich  
But I ain't leavin' off the front with the blunt  
Set a switch just to pull in all the thickest bitches At the crib, I can't get caught wit heat  
If it's some static I shall chalk and sweep  
I go and get the B's up off but chief  
Come get me if the phone for me I'm at the party across the street I'm enjoying the breeze high degreez and no  
ease  
Pockets be full of G's smoking B's hiding the fees  
Making no enemies the po P's yellin' out, "Freeze"  
Serving niggas wit ease staking cheese so nigga please Tell me 'bout some ghetto love  
Homies around smoking Newports 'til the brew drunk short  
You can travel the world can't find a place like home  
With a crib on the front with a skunk torch, ain't nothing lie On the front porch smoking reefa  
The weed got 'em feelin'  
On the front porch getting deeper  
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah On the front porch smoking reefa

The weed got 'em feelin'  
On the front porch getting deeper  
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah I am smoking, I am smoke  
Sittin' in the [Incomprehensible] and smoking weed  
I am smoking weed, I am smoking weed, ooh yeah

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>