

Kush

D-Pryde

Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
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Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it

Now its that puff puff pass shit
Cheech and Chong glass shit
Blunts to the head, kush feelin' no mattress
Speed boat traffic, bitches automatic
Cross that line, fuck around and get yo ass kicked
We roll shit that burn slow as fucking molasses
Probably won't pass it, smoke it till the last hit
Down to the ashes, Mary J. a bad bitch
Andre 3001 another classic
Go ahead ask 'em, bitches bout "how I be smokin' out"
Party all night, oh yea its goin' down
Order rounds, we smokin' quarter pounds of that good stuff
Oh yea we smokin' all night
Yea puff puff pass that shit right here
Nigga, better than my last batch, caramel complexion and her ass black
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

I know you tryna get high
Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways
Make her work for this suicide
Holla at me 'cause I got it all day
No need to fly to Jamaica
For the quarter ganja, we can get the same thing
You want that bom bom biggy,
Holla at my niggi, Right here in L.A.
inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

Hold up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Hold up, wait a minute

Let me put some kush up in it

Still I am

Tighter than the pants on Will.I.Am

Back throwback Steeler hat, pound in my backpack

Next to where the swishas at, smokin' presidential

Got some bubba, I gi' you that

Need it for my cataracts

Four hoes, and I'm the pimp, in my Cadillac

You can tell them Cali back

Matter fact, they'll know, this ain't Dro

Get a whiff of that

No it ain't no seeds in my sack

You ain't never gotta ask dog

What he smokin' on?

Shit kush till my mind gone

What you think I'm on

Eyes low, I'm blown

High as a motherfucker,

Yeah ain't no question bout it

Niggas say smoke me out,

Yea I really doubt it

I'm Bob Marley reincarnated, so faded

So If you want it

You know yo nigga homie,

You can put it in a zag or a blunt and get blunted

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

I know you tryna get high

Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways

Make her work for this suicide

Holla at me 'cause I got it all day

No need to fly to Jamaica

For the quarter ganja, we can get the same thing

You want that bom bom biggy,

Holla at my niggi

Right here in L.A.

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

We get that kush, we blow on the best smoke

Inhale slow, no choke

Make yo ass choke

Hold up wait a minute

You can go put it back

'Cause what you got in yo sack boy, it ain't that
Ain't that Kush, we blow on the best smoke
Inhale slow, no choke
Make yo ass choke (inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale)

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