

I Smell Smoke

Mystikal

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm in the land, L.A, land of the sticky
Sup? What ch'all niggaz know bout that purple weed nigga?
Show y'all niggaz some shit, it's that sticky, that bud
Indo, hydro, open up the window, I'm bout to blow
That fire shit, nigga what ch'all, what ch'all got?
What ch'all got to roll 'em up?
Pack woods? Garcia Vegas? Straight chocolate Phillies?
Nigga straight? Nigga I'll twist it in the Black 'n' Milds?
Y'all niggaz don't know nuttin' about them Coronas
Cognac, J.O.B., one point five Break it up, chop it up, cut it up, tuck the end
Take the Phillie out and roll it up
Light it, hit it, hold it, pass puff puff blow it up
See some of y'all niggaz be talkin' about blowin'
But can't handle the doja
Gettin' sleepy 'n' shit, quittin' all early, bitch you ain't no smoker
Y'all must think used to hittin' that dirt
The sticks with the brown buds
Me, I ain't got shit else to do
Nigga I'm 'bout to get fucked up Two cases of green optimos burned away
A.M. done turned to P.M.
And night time done turned back to day, I'm still smokin'
Feelin' sporty in my hotel, spent the whole day gettin' loaded
It's nothin' but smoke 'til there's nothin' to smoke
It's nothin' but sticky and nothin' but doja
Disconnect the smoke detector and put a wet towel up under the door
Nobody around me mo' dope for me, I got the whole tree
Leftovers for me, this bitch off the hee
Button up 'cause suck 'em up is a pet peeve First don't put my lighter in your pocket
Second don't wet my God damn weed
That's just two, before I could get to three and fo'
Five and six, I heard a dum, dum, dum, dum at the do'
Evidence all over, I've been doin' somethin' serious

Gotta hide this shit, 'cause I know that's hotel security
I played it off, I said, "Come back later I ain't got on no clothes"
He said, "Sorry sir, I don't mean to disturb ya, but I smell smoke" Fuck it just went to jail for that shit, I ain't
goin' back
I done ate an ounce and I'ma flush the rest
'Cause I ain't goin' out like that
Sprayin' cologne and cuttin' on the shower, tryin' to clear it up
Workin' like a dog but I gotta open the do, fukkit here go nuthin'
The do' swung open and some young nigga talkin' 'bout
"What's happenin'?"
He said, "I know you got that fire, sell your boy a sack!" Ain't that a bitch, boy you betta get your bitch ass up
outta here
Nigga I'd think you the motherfuckin' police
I done threw all my motherfuckin' weed away
Fuckin' with you old bitch ass nigga
Nigga, get your motherfuckin' hoe ass up outta here
Bitch before I stomp your bitch ass, fuck
Boy this nigga done blew my motherfuckin' high

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