

# I Smell Smoke

## Mystikal

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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