

2nd Hand Smoke

Twiztid

Free your mind
I represent the East side, no peace
Fuck the police
We tell you to increase the deceased at least
A grown man tellin you something that he believe
Practice to deceive, no more tricks up my sleeve
What the fuck bitch, chuck bitch
Why you talkin shit?
Better duck bitch.
Before your dome get hit.
This shit is Twiztid deeper than that Old French braid.
Stickier than jam and jelly phased, kick it
Everybody else real talkin bout something.
What you thought you heard bitch,
Can it, cause your frontin.
Dead wrong.
Dinner table conversations.
Leavin' you pistol-whipped in the corner with abrasions.
Part of the contamination of Mind State.
Sleep in a dream, hopin it's gone when I awake.
Mama think I'm a play on play serial killa
Fruitloop biting my mind like Godzilla
We survive like catipillas in cocoons and caskets
Stretch the industry like elastic
So fantastic, like the Newport cigarette that I smoke.
Hit the motherfucka till I choke
I brag and I boast about nothin
Death, dying, and hoes fuckin
So understand that he's saying something.
Never be heard I'm underground with the dirt and grime
Smashin heads be my reason for rhyme
I'm on time like a motherfucka
Leavin you hangin in the forest
Standin in some comfortable shifts like Chuck Norris
Check the chorus
Second hand smoke when you breath.
Remember what I told you always believe.
You relieve on the Monoxide Child and wild.
Travel the world on nine cloud screaming loud.Free your mind

Breath it in second hand smoke
Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke You phony bitches wanna shut me down
Pullin plugs on the microphones.
Hatin on the individual handle Mr.Bones
Hope your speaker's ain't ohms or they dead blown
If they aren't turn this motherfucka up and mash on
As we blast off bitch ass niggas at fast rates
Growin at a fast pace made my heart race.
Lookin death in the face and I don't even shudder.
If my woman starts cheatin motherfuck her, bitch
I'm out my cell
Seen weed, fame and wealth
So take your hopes and dreams,
And put that shit back on the shelf
Cause we rollin in a ride far from stolen
Cigarette lighters, power windows, wood grade motors and
Takin curbs with ease, blowin trees, lookin Chinese
Hopin that the cops ain't tailin me.
Tryin to violate the glass house
Nigga pass the blunt before you pass out
Cause now it's on, pushin hubcaps
Patrollin the hood, so fuck that.
Heard the shit and the shit is all wack
Plannin the attack, cause we move when it's dark at night
Believe the rumors, cause they probably all right.
Outta sight like concealed weapons and drug trades
Barricading your door for the raid
And in the shade is a sawed off double-barreled pump
Lookin for mothafuckas who wanna jump.
Cause I got 13 bullets in my pocket I'm a mad man
My trigger finger turnin suckers to sand Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke
Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke Distraught from head trauma
You can't even see the drama
I get the persona from marijuana
At night I lay stressed with no place to go
All by my lonely screamin out fuck that show
Cigarettes, blunt smoke I love the smell
Player hate me cause I smoke, burn in hell
Cause it ain't for everybody
I live to sever bodies so melancholy
Suicide is just a folly and I'm out Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke (what, what)

Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke
Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke (what)
Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke
Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke
Second hand smoke, second hand smoke, What
Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke (yeah)
Free your mind
Breath it in second hand smoke (right)
Free your mind
Breath it in

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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