

# Kush Ups (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

## Snoop Dogg

[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]

My weed man got the hook up  
Rolling up another pound every time you look up  
Big ass joints, them ones that leave you shook up  
So much weight that now I'm doing kush ups  
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up  
Looking for me, I was at the crib doing kush ups  
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up  
Looking for me, I was at the crib doing Don't stop! [Verse 1: Snoop Dogg]

Tae Bo, five, four, three, two, one  
Working out, chiefting up, creeping up, keeping up  
With the Joneses, smoke a zone with my pen pals  
In my neighborhood, flavor's good, roll up, put some papers to it  
Straight into it, gon' make him do it, that thing can do it fo sho  
Get my lift on, while get my spliff on, fo sho  
Break bad, stay cool, way cool, roll a doob  
Old school, paid my dues, spray these fools, ladies drool  
Cause they know what I got  
I got a bag of the Saturday pot  
And it'll keep you up from Thursday to Saturday night  
What do you like?

When you smoke with the Dogg, you had the time of your life  
Now light... the fatty, jump in my Cadi  
Pull your seat back, yup, I know you need that  
Let it flow, set it go, incredible  
That ain't gold, laying low like 10 to 4, on the floor [Hook: Wiz Khalifa]

My weed man got the hook up  
Rolling up another pound every time you look up  
Big ass joints, them ones that leave you shook up  
So much weight that now I'm doing kush ups  
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up  
Looking for me, I was at the crib doing kush ups  
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up  
Looking for me, I was at the crib doing  
Don't stop! [Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]  
Don't even trip  
Ain't really gotta use a scale, I could eyeball a zip  
So much weight you thinkin', Why this ain't for sale?•  
Weed in my lungs, weed in my nails

She coning joints, I'm rolling weed up myself  
Don't ever get my weed from off the shelf or my clothes  
I heard Polillo 'bout to drop some shit, order those  
Pounds, I got more of those, why my eyes sorta low  
Not too many when I roll, more arms than [Goro] though  
Boys hating, I'm just counting up the money I just made  
And what I'm making make a nigga make a million dollars later  
Smoking getting high pays  
I like my eyes glazed  
Ain't empty out my ashtray in days  
At my house playing pool in some HUF socks and Joyrich sweats  
I roll a joint, you roll another one next  
Can't even name a nigga colder than  
Ain't pay for game that mean you stole it then  
Know it's the bomb when you hold it in[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]  
My weed man got the hook up  
Rolling up another pound every time you look up  
Big ass joints, them ones that leave you shook up  
So much weight that now I'm doin' kush ups  
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up  
Looking for me, I was at the crib doing kush ups  
Kush ups, 'bout to roll a whole book up  
Looking for me, I was at the crib doing  
Don't stop!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>