

Smoke With Me

Terrace Martin

[Chorus: Shima]

Come and smoke, with me
Let me put my lips around you, and there's ec-stasy
And I'm oh so glad I found you, each and e-veryday
Gotta have that smoke around me, always want you near me
Cause I can't go on, living without you

[Lil' Keke]

Ride in the Bentley with the, top low
Puffing on Afghan, and not hydro
What the deal, I'm working my wheel and showing skills
Sipping hen on the rocks, floss in the drought
I'm ripping up my chest, cause I'm choking on the best
Smoking endo nothing less, oh yes I confess
Guess what's next, I'm squashing the plex, I'm in the Lex
Bought your girl a new dress, just to give me some sex
Cause I'm ripping up the mic, and I dress so fly
Some people they wonder why, that I stay so high
Cause I'm a O.G., I know you know me
You got some drank up in the glass, go on po' me
We getting gone baby, cause we got it that way
And we gone fire something up, with no time to play
And its me you see, on the call at three
Grab your sack out the car, come and smoke with me

[Chorus: Shima]

[Lil' Keke]

Come and smoke with me, cause you know its going down
Oakland to H-Town, hennessy and the crown
Smoking on a blunt, ain't no time to front
Watch Commission, Avarice pull a whole nother stunt
Lil' Keke the Don, Poetic 1 its all good
Money coast to coast fa sho, its understood
Can't nobody stop this thang, that we do
And the world slowed up baby, thanks to Screw
We some trend setters, focus on the chedda
Paying dues in the game, its gots to get better
Watch the smoke just erupt, let the roof back
When we roll in the trunk

Roll em up fat, and squash the chit chat
Three piece suit, with matching dob hat
I'ma get throwed, and let the game be
Twist one playa, the smoke is on me

[Chorus: Shima]

[Lil' Keke]

I feel like ecstasy, when you take control of me
Cause we rolling strolling hard, and you know its holding me
Getting high, just like the stars in the sky
Floating on cloud nine, when I pass you by
Cause we ride and slide, until the sun come up
And if you got something to do, then you shit out of luck
Cause this the episode, we just waiting to explode
And breaking the microphone, cause my game is cold
Go hard in the paint, when I bump the dank
Its gonna be a little bit better, when I mix the drank
Let's get it cracking, pimping and macking with no jacking
Keep the smoke going, and keep the cash stacking
For real, we smoke the best and feel right
Purple crushed, blue berry and a dash of flight
Its going down, and it ain't for free
Everybody in the place, come and smoke with me

[Chorus: Shima]

(*Shima singing*)

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