

# Smoke

## Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Peep the reprucussions, causing deep discussions  
Brothers that fight might only speak to cousins  
Rugged life but niggas in my fleet is stubborn  
Grandma's they turn to Stella's when they need some loving  
My name holds weight, bigger than a Saint Bernard  
Some think because it's rap that it ain't a job  
Think again, I try to sepearate my do's from don'ts  
Niggas be slittin' they wrist, losing they hoes  
Some dudes be confused when they broke  
Misrabale, looking death in the eye don't blink quick to smile  
My hoodrats be women now, [unverified] lot  
Yall'a always be my bitches lonely or not  
How much ass can I pass up? Tilt your glass up  
This one's for the kids in Arkansas that shot they class up  
When I smoke I like my hash crushed beleive it or not  
Q-B forever niggas keeping it locked  
Smoking cheeba, some supply it some'll grow it  
Reefer, some'll buy it some'll roll it  
The chronic, if you try'd it then you know it  
The toxic, I'm getting high when I roll it  
You know I wanna hit the chocolate  
Some brothers love to see them clouds  
The hydro, some brothers love to get aroused  
The la-la, in some paper or a dutch  
The ganja, I can't wait to get a rush, marijuana  
I play cards with Ray Charles, cheat for a grand  
Once I deal out the deck take a peak at his hand  
He got blackjacks but still losing is weak  
I write a hook and feel my beat  
Trayino, Mike G should read his feet  
Play these niggas, now in 98 no time to graze niggas  
'Cause they might tell, white judges, like the icegrill  
Hoes set you up the same way that Pac and Mike fell  
Private affairs if I know your wife well  
Switch to different subjects  
Some of the styles that I hit you up with  
I make it hard for you to kick your tough shit  
Major adjustments, I package a flame for all you bustas  
Wrapped up put on a shelf full of substance  
I drug clicks, anti-biotic, rarely spotted  
Niggas hear my name periodic

I feel we got it King of New York  
Only the real'll cop itSmoking cheeba, some supply it some'll grow it  
Reefer, some'll buy it some'll roll it  
The chronic, if you try'd it then you know it  
The toxic, I'm getting high when I roll itYou know I wanna hit the chocolate  
Some brothers love to see them clouds  
The hydro, some brothers love to get aroused  
The la-la, in some paper or a dutch  
The ganja, I can't wait to get a rush, marijuanaI been all across the world on my quest for some herb  
Spots be selling dirt keep the federal resevere  
Smoking in bongs, niggas know that its 'dro in the Bronx  
I like that stinky green shit that be growing in swampsHalf-Baked puff, puff, then you pass it to me  
Good weed'll make you eat the last shit on your plate  
Forget your songs sepearate stix from stones  
If your chronic come with stix leave that shit aloneSmoking cheeba, some supply it some'll grow it  
Reefer, some'll buy it some'll roll it  
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