

Sticky Green

Devin the Dude

We finna smoke like it ain't no tomorrow I grab a Swisher Sweet and use my fingernail to cut it
Gut it, then I dump the droppin' out then stuff it full of coffee
And if you don't know by now coffee is kilo
In other words weed a fat dime is a pillar Now the buds on the stems are like trees in an orchid
Anybody in the room who don't smoke weed is gettin' torch lit
By the smoke niggas, choke niggas, cough and they fart
Need to quit it but they still tryin' to hit it too hard
It's the Sticky green, frosty leaves
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it
Sticky green, frosty leaves
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it It seems to be a misunderstanding about the cheeba
I see sign stating, "Cannabis will lead to"
But I need a big fat jilla to get me lit
I prefer to smoke the zigzags 'cause Philly's ain't shit And I done laced it up with the Bombay formaldehyde
Anything with you can mix with the spinach I done tried
I done damn near died till I realized straight dutches
If you see me blowin' out smoke you can bet it's the Sticky green, frosty leaves
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it Man goin' on, I don't see nothin' wrong with a little reefer
You got the weed I got the drank nigga just tell me where to meet you
I'm high you high let's try to get higher
Here use my lighter set the ass on fire We blowin' like a choir everybody's in line
Hoping they can get they fingers on it one more time
Because there's nothing but a party over here that's how we do it
Live music, plenty bitches, cold beer and oh yeah some Sticky green, frosty leaves
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it

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