Smoke One

Mr. Pookie

I can feel it in the back of my mind
It's like Mary Jane came at the right time
While I'm feeling divine
I take a look at the sky to make me feel like a nigga wanna stay high
Take a look at my eyes
You'd probably think I was blind
When you see a nigga's eyes that low fool
The people crook a nigga so cool
I been high all day me and the niggas that I'm close to
Up in the glass house BLOW!
And I'm loving this shit
Mary Jane to the brain, I'm in love with ya bitch
Don't know what I'd do if you didn't exist
No better way to calm me down when I'm stressing and shit
See there's a blessing for this
Now where the Indo
Getting higher than I can go
Roll it up I wanna see it in the air let the wind blow
All I wanna see is big smoke

Chorus (2X)
Just smoke
And blow
A blunt with me
I like marijuana
You like marijuana
We like marijuana
legalize marijuana
Just smoke

[Mr. Lucci]
Sparking up the Mary Jane
Everyday in my own zone, gettin blowed
Holding down the place
Cuz when I'm chiefin' hay
Notice how my eyes lay when I'm so throwed
Kissing ya lips and inhalin ya soul
Ooo wee baby girl love the way that ya breaking me off
LIKING IT ROUGH WHEN ya making me cough, and easing my thoughts

Keeping G's with cheese cuz ya company costs
When we together we do nothing but floss
But when apart lord knows it gets too hard to maintain
The only bitch that I FAITHFULLY claim
Steadily massaging my brain
And keep a playa on top of my game
Calm and cool every time that we hang
Me and crooks always running a train
Sucking ya body, girl till nothing remains
Feel nothing but pleasure, when I'm watching you flames
Hoping that nothing will change
so I can steal a sac and chill back while I'm smoking the Jane

Chorus

[K-ROC]
See all I wanna do is smoke a sac with my real niggas
Coming up the block hitting hard
Smoking on treez
Got me dropping to my knees
So I gotta give the praise to the sky and the stars
So if I wanna get high tonite
Mr. Pookie just roll me a blunt
We can both get blowed
Coming out the crook
Smoking big fat Optimos
See the LAWS
But them hoes can't stop us though
Who the pRo's in this mutherfucker with the big weed
Coming up the block me and Mr. Pookie
Got no money but I'm still blowing treez
And I don't give a damn what you think about me
I'm a STONEY crook soldier
Never been a buster
Blowing on treez no matter what them others done told ya
Hitting the scene with a pocket full of green
And you know what that means
We all getting high

Lyrics submitted by ese.

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