

Front Porch

Matt Coleman

On the porch, on the porch
Smoking reeфа
Yeah

Yeah I woke up early Saturday morning, sick off Rhemy and brews

Wit a hang over from blues

Hurl on my clothes and shoes stomach on wooz

From this killer weed that's so fired it made your nose bleed

I had me so high, my brain was fried movin' at slow speed This thick bitch chose me and was stickin' like liquor
She look to tight that bodies right my heart and mind was like dick her

But wit my body aching from hurl sensation that's got me shaken

I swiftly took the number and passed on ass that was for the taken I remember wakin' up at the flat, fucked up in
the back

Checkin' on my weed and scratch I damn near fell out the lat
I hit the sack to sleep it off, woke up woozy and still smoking

Twista's wishes thinking about last night and the bitch that was scoping' Fuck it let's get 'em on, I grabbed the
phone, girl call your friends

Then I hit Twista and Maze and them 'bout the bitch in the Benz
Nigga push only 'cause I see them already been in the block

You know the lit niggas you'll find us in my favorite spot And that's on the front porch smoking reeфа
The weed got 'em feelin'

On the front porch getting deeper

Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah On the front porch smoking reeфа
The weed got 'em feelin'

On the front porch getting deeper

Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah In the summer I hit the front porch
Wit a morning B

Sippin' on the duce duce OZ

And I be killin' me how many thick fees I see Getting bubbly waitin' for Stokes and T
I spit a little game at three

Tryin' to talk up on the shoppin' spree

Or a B of that stinky green free Straight getting, to puff puff pass
And drive up my gas hittin' all the hot blocks

Bumpin' legit ballers to rock y'all spot

And everybody know the shit 'bout to drop See from Northbound to Ten Row
Everybody in it go tryin' to get they props

Pollutin' the air wit squares, blunts, and tops

Settin' up shops for lots comin' back nots Each and everyday of the week
The Mobsta Elites be on somebody porch dumpin' heat
Bustin' flows in the cipher getting' deep

While we cheat something sweet to Legendary beats 'Til we reached our peak
Scummy aloud attractin' crowds to the street
Then it's time to retreat grab something to eat
And head to the late front to get up wit some freaks Wit a treat under the seat
For the cats who get the sudden urge and wanna try to jack
'Cause when your pockets is fat

It seems like all the haters and hood-rats want to attack And when the park close we hit the liquor store
For a box of sitches and a fifth of yak
South on the corner and get a few sacks

Or betta yet the whole pack so we can get back On the the front porch smoking reeфа
The weed got 'em feelin'
On the front porch getting deeper
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah On the front porch smoking reeфа
The weed got 'em feelin'
On the front porch getting deeper

Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah One morning, I woke up next to a chocolate fee and a red bone
My dick was hard I started stroking and poking
After toppin' I tell them to role the blunt
'Cause on the front I hear them niggas steady smoking and jokin' I heard it's gonna be hot outside
Gotta get up and lay my clothes out
It's gonna be too many hoes out

Before my ladies rolled out I got 'em to clean up the whole house Then I threw my fit on look in the mirror get
on gone
Nigga, you looking dope because you got a knot
Ain't no cruising up out the hop

I'm hangin' by the spot 'cause I had to put the Lexus off up in the shop But it's all to good it's a hood thang
Never too bogus notice the love on the block that nigga coolin'

Aiming the radio out the window steady grooving
Tip by the corner store wit the indo steady movin' Niggas who flippin' new 98's is steady cruising
Bumpin' up the block, flossin' for the chicks 'cause they rich
But I ain't leavin' off the front with the blunt

Set a switch just to pull in all the thickest bitches At the crib, I can't get caught wit heat
If it's some static I shall chalk and sweep
I go and get the B's up off but chief

Come get me if the phone for me I'm at the party across the street I'm enjoying the breeze high degrezz and no
ease

Pockets be full of G's smoking B's hiding the fees
Making no enemies the po P's yellin' out, "Freeze"

Serving niggas wit ease staking cheese so nigga please Tell me 'bout some ghetto love
Homies around smoking Newports 'til the brew drunk short
You can travel the world can't find a place like home

With a crib on the front with a skunk torch, ain't nothing lie On the front porch smoking reeфа
The weed got 'em feelin'
On the front porch getting deeper
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah On the front porch smoking reeфа

The weed got 'em feelin'
On the front porch getting deeper
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeahI am smoking, I am smoke
Sittin' in the [Incomprehensible] and smoking weed
I am smoking weed, I am smoking weed, ooh yeah

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