

Smokin' Dro'

Disturbing Tha Peace

I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
Beat knockin' with the big blaze choppin' nigga
I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's

Ridin' dirty, candy paint, lookin' purtySee I'm addicted to this fast life, it's hard to slow me down
When ya, momma on the crack pipe and ya daddy ain't around
You hear the sounds of the wildest gunshots from a large clip

When we started choppin' O's off in this empty apartmentSee I was, standin' in the track, and my back is the target
With a hammer on my side lookin' like I'm layin' carpets
See you flip it 'til you get it nigga, we hangin' like this cable

On my way, to I-20 nigga I gotta play in DecaturSee I'm ridin' and I'm blowin' on twenty dollar bills
'Cause we, only got that gold; you can't buy regular around here
Stayin' true to the prestige and the economic status

I still stacked 100 G's stayin' in my momma's atticStackin' under Kraft-matics, Willie sleepin' on the cheese
See we got ki's and the D's and the P's and TV's
And I'm ridin' in C.P. with a glock-40 as my tooley

On the block, with the top back, blowin' out that booty upI'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
Beat knockin' with the big blaze choppin' nigga
I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's

Ridin' dirty, candy paint, lookin' purtyI'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
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Ridin' dirty, candy paint, lookin' purtyYou know I-20 ridin' Regal's - cuttin' cutters
Since my wood grains got no stains; be in some other shit
A big body Chevy on the, chrome lookin' pretty

If it's dro, or the sticky I need, I'm hittin' TityOn my system knock so loud, they call the cops on me
Ladies show that ass proud, and make it drop for me
This is how a nigga ride, in A.T.L.

And if the twelve drop pull me over, I hide the scalesBlowin' dro out the song booth, with windows tinted
Ridin' clean down Old Campbellton Road, y'all know who in it
Got my seat pushed way back, arm out the window

Niggaz quick to pull a car-jack, armed when they in [Incomprehensible]I push a Range and my brother Fate in
S.S. Impala
Ludacris, with the Escalade, and Tit' quickly follow
Gettin ready for the summer get your cars out and fix it

When it comes to that ridin' and smoke, look I'm addicted niggalI'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
Beat knockin' with the big blaze choppin' nigga
I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's

Ridin' dirty, candy paint, lookin' purtyI'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's

Beat knockin' with the big blaze choppin' nigga
I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
Ridin' dirty, candy paint, lookin' purty Yo, gotta get that monkey off my back, sir
I'm smokin' dro and choppin' O's up in my 'llac, sir
Where the fuck you at when them little bitty animals attack, sir?
I'm in the trap and when I get caught up in a rap-ture relax, sir It's like cata-racts to me, ac-tually it has to be
A fac-tory of smoke and clouds I'm chok-in proud
And Rhap-sody, the sack of trees is wrote and now
So pot-ent now the track is squeezed So clap and be happy to be nappy and snappin'
Just keep on rappin' but nobody comes af-ter me
One hit from the blunt then I stop drop, roll
Really really wanna fuck with the glock, glock? No They so simple better hit that block, slow
On yo' mark, get get ready, set, go
You could watch this Georgia tech' blow
If I don't get some of that wet wet wet wet dro I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
Beat knockin' with the big blaze choppin' nigga
I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
Ridin' dirty, candy paint, lookin' purty I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
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