Tryin' To Stop Smokin' (feat. Mystikal)

Trick Daddy

Mystikal, the joint on you nigga, hit this shit here
I heard about you Trick brah, I know what y'all smoke down yo' way
That bitch there smell dirty, dirty, that bitch filthy
It ain't gone kill you nigga
Say dog I smoke that, I smoke chronic, you need to stopI tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think so
I tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think soThis time I had to get physical
So I went and got that nigga Mystikal
He was like come from
I say I got pounds in this bitch to blowSmoke like it's yo's, nigga we'll go get some mo'
I know this dread named Fred next do' and I'm hitting' his ho
Got damn it, I'm blowed
Behind the wheel and I can't even see the road
Done smoked fo' Joe's and got three mo' already rolledI shouldn't drive my shit when I'm high, I might tear it up
Got my eyes all red up, nigga can't even hold they head up
Got my brain waves, elevating in a daze
But I ain't afraid 'cause I now see life from so many waysDone smoked up so many J's
Been high for so many days
So many [Incomprehensible] broke down
And we roll with brown weed for days, hay, hayI'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think so
I'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think soI'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think so
I'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think soI be puffing like a choo-choo train
Nigga with the bonafied smokers on my team
I got the urge for light green
The same way a fiend crave for ice creamSmoke that, what track that
Shit we ain't rollin' to be looking at
So much smoke becoming out the window
Bitches in the next car saying daddy what thatWe be smoking on the green
Give me fifty dollar [Incomprehensible] I be coming in the hood
But you ain't got to worry 'bout catching no motherfucking headache
Under stress I be smoking on the good shitNo matter where I'm at
In a ride or at home in the studio writing
Hold ya breathe if you can't take it

'Cause if ya with me and I got motherfucker I'm lightin'Not trying to say I'm no hype
But after killing 'gars then I know I be tight
And I been smoking all motherfucking day
And I'm bout to smoking for the rest of the nightThat's why my chest be hurting
And I sleep so much and I can't remember shit
I went to the emergency room already, I think I better quitI'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think so
I'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think soI'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
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I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think so
I'm tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'
I'm tryin' to stop smokin' but naw, I don't think so

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