

Oxygen

Trademark Da Skydiver

Please listen carefully...

[Laughs]

Yeah...

Supervillain in the building.

We smoked out on this one mother...

We all ready...

We smoke blunts nigger... light that shit!

Smoke doobies... light that shit!

And bongs... we smoke all that shit over here nigger...

I'm just laid back chilling

In the cut like a villain

Rollin up

Twistin goodies

I ain't smokin on em phillies

Growin kush by the ounce

Put up them 20s and them 50s

Rolling em quick

Need em swiftly

Took two pulls and then it hit me

Like an elevator lift me

In the sky I'm so high

I fly by on cloud 9

Looking down on my city

Really

I smoke til I'm silly

In the telli with these brisses white

Bitches spending greasy

Cause them blunts got em busy bro

Niggers trying to smoke ahead

I'm back like I'm too busy homie

You can keep that regiment

On the zone off this piffy

Feel me

Yeah my eyes watery

But I see this world so clearly

I'm a stoner sincerely

You don't smoke with me... that's eerie

Yeah my eyes red and watery
But I see this world so clearly
I'm a stoner sincerely
You don't smoke with me... that's eerie
Eerie
Just like from my brother
Got this OC for 350
Man this weed is so fine
I swear young roddy trying to kill me
Come on

[x2:]
So much smoke - need oxygen
The weed so fine can't comprehend
Take that puff and hold it in
Exhale -blow it in the wind
Ah nigger you should too
If you knew what this game will do to you
Steadily counting benjamins
I'm just sitting here trying to win

Yo I'm trade
I'm spaced out
I stay on another level
Get two cards
Pull the carboard out and roll em two leaves up together
Clever - I know
But these niggers can't do what I do
And these bitches can't go where I go
But still they try to follow
Sipping clicko out the bottle
I live my life full throttle
But that weed slowed me down
Like brakes on marcila-agos
Everything is chill
On cruise control
I'm just posted with my motto
And we roasted up this shipment that I just got in from tahoe
We just smoking and watching movies
Feeling like I hit the lotto
Little mama lighting up like she addicted to that pyro
I'm playing the rear view mirror close
I'm ducking from the 5-O
These niggers know how I roll
New whip with my eyes low

I'm smoking on that hydro
No choice -but to drive slow
I'm flying in the clouds
Will I ever land
I don't know
But for now
I'm just smoked out chilling
Steady
Rolling up them goodies
Plotting heavy on the millions
Come on

[x2:]

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Take that puff and hold it in
Exhale blow it in the wind
Ah nigger you should too
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Lyrics submitted by Giancarlo Cruz.

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