

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' purty See 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 apartment See 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 Decatur See 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 attic Stackin' 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 up I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
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Ridin' dirty, candy paint, lookin' purty You 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' Tity On 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 scales Blowin' 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 nigga I'm smokin' dro, choppin' O's
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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
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