

# Kush

## Mindset

Roll up, wait a minute  
Let me put some kush up in it  
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Let me put some kush up in it  
Roll up, wait a minute  
Let me put some kush up in it

Now its that puff puff pass shit  
Cheech and Chong glass shit  
Blunts to the head, kush feelin' no mattress  
Speed boat traffic, bitches automatic  
Cross that line, fuck around and get yo ass kicked  
We roll shit that burn slow as fucking molasses  
Probably won't pass it, smoke it till the last hit  
Down to the ashes, Mary J. a bad bitch  
Andre 3001 another classic  
Go ahead ask 'em, bitches bout "how I be smokin' out"  
Party all night, oh yea its goin' down  
Order rounds, we smokin' quarter pounds of that good stuff  
Oh yea we smokin' all night  
Yea puff puff pass that shit right here  
Nigga, better than my last batch, caramel complexion and her ass black  
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

I know you tryna get high  
Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways  
Make her work for this suicide  
Holla at me 'cause I got it all day  
No need to fly to Jamaica  
For the quarter ganja, we can get the same thing  
You want that bom bom biggy,  
Holla at my niggi, Right here in L.A.  
inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

Hold up, wait a minute  
Let me put some kush up in it  
Hold up, wait a minute

Let me put some kush up in it

Still I am

Tighter than the pants on Will.I.Am

Back throwback Steeler hat, pound in my backpack

Next to where the swishas at, smokin' presidential

Got some bubba, I gi' you that

Need it for my cataracts

Four hoes, and I'm the pimp, in my Cadillac

You can tell them Cali back

Matter fact, they'll know, this ain't Dro

Get a whiff of that

No it ain't no seeds in my sack

You ain't never gotta ask dog

What he smokin' on?

Shit kush till my mind gone

What you think I'm on

Eyes low, I'm blown

High as a motherfucker,

Yeah ain't no question bout it

Niggas say smoke me out,

Yea I really doubt it

I'm Bob Marley reincarnated, so faded

So If you want it

You know yo nigga homie,

You can put it in a zag or a blunt and get blunted

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

I know you tryna get high

Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways

Make her work for this suicide

Holla at me 'cause I got it all day

No need to fly to Jamaica

For the quarter ganja, we can get the same thing

You want that bom bom biggy,

Holla at my niggi

Right here in L.A.

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

We get that kush, we blow on the best smoke

Inhale slow, no choke

Make yo ass choke

Hold up wait a minute

You can go put it back

'Cause what you got in yo sack boy, it ain't that  
Ain't that Kush, we blow on the best smoke  
Inhale slow, no choke  
Make yo ass choke (inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale)

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