

Smoked Out (feat. Twista)

Tear Da Club Up Thugs

I'm smoked out, snorted out
Drunken and I'm blown
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I'm smoked out, snorted out
Drunken and I'm blown Get the dope, chop it up
Get the plate, I can't wait
Fifth of Henn in my hand
Ask for some, you too late Now, I'm high, really high
Man, I'm about to shout
I see you over there talking
But what the fuck you talking about? Oh, I'm blazed in a daze
Purple haze and ash trays
Mac Mike, you got the light
We green this ain't no fucking day Black Havana
Craving the vapors of chronic
DJ P with no weed and know what
This shit is so fucking ironic I got them blood shot red eyes
Look into my eyes
Did you see a big surprise?
Can't you tell a nigga high? I can fly, I can float
Meet your boy up on the boat
Watch me dive into the water
Like titanic when it broke Yo, keep the weed coming
Keep them drinks coming
Niggas walking around
In that daze like they need something Cream bumming, lighters flicking
On the road their ain't no finish
Send them back, stop in the kitchen
Nigga, this is just the beginning I'm smoked out, snorted out
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Drunken and I'm blownHearses circling my house
With wack ass rappers in the rear
Hella lame in my ear
I come to ruin your careerVocal cords swords
Side board more souvenir
Skins of belly body
Smelly death is in the atmospherePeace is extinct, bloody street
Make them steal
Planes crash ships sink
Every poison gets sweetEvery enemy see
Feel the nuclear nigga heat
May I propose a toast?
It's coming close to World War IIIFear night under moonlight
Memphis picture
Mutilating torture pressure
Till the Satan took ya'll beat ya till there's nothing left but slop
Feed you to the swamp
Running through the forest like gunk
Bloody tree trunkBitch, you want a piece of this
Might as well take the heart
There was no love from the start
Sprinkle body partsWoe onto you, my foe
'Cause you just don't know
Smoked out snorted drunk blownI'm smoked out, snorted out
Drunken and I'm blown
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I'm smoked out, snorted out
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I'm smoked out, snorted out
Drunken and I'm blownGot me gone off herb

And I earn when I swerve to the curb
For the derb and the bourbon
Fresh out early and
Hanging with the soldiers Still got the feelings that we pearling
Show me where they working
From the bank dawg
Noney on a fifth of Henn Tell the motherfucker drink up
Why the skunk weed starting to stank, dawg?
Bitch, go and get some gin
We gonna get the party cranked up Put your bank up
We gonna need more
Weefer chain 'cause our
Cryptic addicted to weed smoke Get incisions of pure seeded snow
Take a puff, choke shit of this weed dope
And I'm off my square now
Went and yelled out Where the nigga trying to get sloppier?
Dropping ya if you trying to get us
While we using them
Rolling with the Three 6 mafia Popping ya popular
Buck at niggas with the rock
Close encounters of the herb kind
Leave you sitting on the curb crying South side getting bucked up
In a party with a burb mind
We gonna tear this bitch up
'Cause we fucked up Gone off that sticky
When I zone off can't hit me
Have me going in illusions
Trying to get me Infatuated with drugs
Smoked out, snorted out
Drunken and blown Getting crunk in that mode
Twista gotta stay high
Smoke a skunk till I'm old
Now, chucking like I'm sea sick
On the front porch with the mob And we be thick
Roll when you see Twista and Three 6
Who can bog the motherfucking mind?
Like an eclipse on the weed tip

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