

# Hellucination (Instrumental)

## Smif-N-Wessun

Sittin' on the toilet, shittin', puffin the dough  
Strobe light affect, everything's movin' slow  
Slip into a deep zone, the sound let the phone bring me home  
Stagger to my feet, emotion toward the walk talk  
(Aiyo Ripper what up nigga, check out this proposition  
There's money to bait and I'm in the mood to go fishing)  
Whatever nigga, give me time to wash my ass  
My habit at your norm' day, fiendin' for the cash  
(Do what you gotta do, 'cause I'm on my way in the car  
'cause when I get there, yo we outie like Tamar) Right right easy  
(Now I'm off to the south to get more info on this dough I heard about  
Gotta make sure everything secure  
Can't let me and my man let these grants slip past our hands  
The man's out heavy today  
I hope they don't try to get in the way of our pay)  
Damn, I'm ready, high noon, the man's out  
Gotta take a quick shower, get dressed and bounce  
Grabbed a fatigue, strapped out the generals  
Proper attire for all criminals  
Blazed up the clip, loads up the 4/5th  
If a boy riff, leave a body their stiff  
Who dem man there gon' rap on my door  
Disturb me at work, on the low dub four (Yo it's me)  
Who that (ST, what up) Aight hold up son, let me put it back on safety  
(Aiyo kid it smells like fresh grown cess, lets  
Twist up some trees before we jet)  
True, you know we keep a fat pack of sense  
Even though you know it make our pockets go empty  
(But no less about to starved into free men  
So whenever we finish we gon' bag up this spinach)  
Easier said than done, peep the 4-1-1  
The dred around the corner, just try to blast Ruck and Dunn  
(I knew it, bad vibes flowin' like fluid  
Forget about the dough, let's do it  
I see you already strapped pa, so I'll meet you  
Outside, 'cause my gats back in the car  
How far must one go  
Before he throw his whole entire life right out the window) And a dead boy, and I don't even know  
(Aiyo he looks like the dred, that hooked us up on the low)

What you say fly?  
(Thinkin' out loud, just caught me in the zone  
I'll tell you all about it on the way home)  
Whatever, I'mma send this nigga to his essence  
Fuckin' wit' the family, know he gotta learn a lesson  
And you know he ain't yardy right  
Some boy gon get dead tonight  
As we strap on the gloves, feel the buzz from cannabis  
Niggas bout to get scandalous  
Gotta be gon' the double, I think I seen them all tumble  
But on the left there's trouble  
Undercover had to spill staked out  
Watchin' the whole thing go down, yo it's time to brake out  
The 4/5th as I shift and drive  
'cause every mind right here might not leave alive  
Son why you stallin'? Hop on the ballin'  
Get us outta here before we be the next fallin'  
Right now, this whole shit is bug, we the thugs  
Yet the beast comin' up showin' niggas love  
Took our burners, gave us dap, let us bounce  
Now it's back to the dog house, to smoke the next ounce  
Who could believe them beats left us alone  
And took the chrome that's in one of our own back home  
And not only that kid, check  
How money that we just did, was that connect  
For the cash, them pigs must of had dips for the stash  
That ain't that some shit for ya ass  
Troops say, ya never liked this pretty ass anyway  
But that shit wit the pigs CO-made my day  
Gave me a whole new outlook on the beast  
Even watched out for the ones so called the beast  
But anyway, you know we high right now  
Doin' it like this, the original crook style

Songwriters

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