

# Smokin' Dro

## Disturbing Tha Peace

[Chorus: I-20]

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[Tity Boi]  
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[Chorus x2][I-20]  
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 (loud) they call the cops on me  
Ladies show that ass proud (proud) and make it drop for me  
This is how a nigga ride (ride) in A.T.L.  
And if the twelve drop pull me over (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, when they in ya  
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[Chorus x2][Ludacris]  
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 rapture RELAX.. sir  
It's like cataracts to me, actually it HAS to be  
A factory of SMOKE and clouds I'm chokin proud  
And rhapsody, the SACK of trees is WROTE and now  
So potent now the TRACK is squeezed  
So CLAP and be happy to be nappy and snappin  
Just keep on rappin but nobody comes after me  
POP...one hit from the blunt then I stop drop, ROLL!!  
Really really want to 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!![Chorus x2]

Songwriters

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