

# Stop Smoking That Shit

KMD

"Why do you keep smoking that shit?  
Why will you keep smoking that shit?  
Why? Why?  
Why do you keep smoking that shit?" Aight, check it out yo, check it out yo  
I'ma flip yo, check it out, bust it I connect the spots like connect the dots  
From the lower Eastside, to way up top  
I got a map to express on the six, I found  
Where they got the raw, dog, smoke at Soundview Now, two licks damnit, do you understand?  
Nuff respect to the dread man or I'ma dead man  
I ain't no fake man for the red hand  
It's just my warmth and with instructions from Redman Whomever I step to, remove the Phillie Phoonta  
'Cause I used to know this bitch and it killed her, that bitch is dead  
I'm smokin' that shit 'cause I got a thousand jokes  
Like puttin' your moms in the yoke 'cause she broke some choke Bitch, you're blowin' up the spot, be out  
Yo, either get some dough or get the fuck down South  
With your bitch ass son and tell him throw up his dukes  
So I can spend his lunch loot at noop, noop Check it, I do the hip, hip, hop, the hibby, the hibby dibby  
Kurious the too fly magician, never givin'  
These niggaz a piece of my pie 'cause yo my shit is fat  
Just like my pockets, your girl's titties is flat So when the bitch slid in correct with the funk from the big bra  
I kindly reply, with a smile, aiyyo, chill hot, damn  
Uh, uh, uh, I'm so sorry  
Umm, eat your tits 'cause them shits is from Somalia Check it out, on the one to the two  
It's some shit from the zoo, it's the CM crew  
Now from the cocks with the blocks, on the street or the goat  
With the forty, the glocks, the Phillie and the smoke Just like George Bush, is the type to drop bombs  
George Kemprias will smoke scarm wit'cha moms  
Throw a fifty yard pass, with a Afro pick  
To Steve, Earthquake, stop smokin' that shit I keep my gun out my holster, I'm wanted on the poster  
'Cause I shot the sheriff, who knocked the cherry off my shoulder  
He tried to get cute, so Earthquake had to erase him  
And place him in America's Top Ten, like Casey Kasem I tracked him, an actor with no sense of humor  
If you heard, I fell off nigga, it's only just a rumor  
So step the fuck back, 'fore you get your shit cracked  
I had to think up a plan, so now I'm fat like that Two hundred and eighty pounds of pure funk and no junk  
I snatch a ho, bitch up, just like Dave did, The Chipmunks  
Kid, I'm rough tough, strong enough to call your bluff  
Handcuff your wife up while your bitch, give me a buff I do run, run, run, I do run the MC's  
The king of rap, you don't believe me? Believe these

Def rhymes on wax, don't call me, send a fax  
 I slam hard like Anthrax, so turn it up to the max  
 Stop, you're pinchin' my nerves with rap slurs  
 I do my best herb, now it's time to get served  
 So, suck my dick, I don't smoke that shit  
 I don't want this shit, so you flip the script  
 You know I'm on that shit, stop smokin' that shit  
 You know I'm on that shit, stop smokin' that shit  
 I'm always, always on that shit, stop smokin' that shit  
 Yeah, I'm on that shit, stop smokin' that shit  
 Stop smokin' that shit, 'fore you get killed  
 You know the flavor, my man, so just chill  
 Now hold your head up and hold your head high  
 Stop smokin' the dust, you just might die  
 Relax your mainframe, the bolder gets paid  
 And you won't have no motherfuckin' gain  
 As you know, I'm on the microphone to make you all know  
 That shit that you smoke will make you mad, broke  
 I don't give a fuck about you and your crew  
 I'm not too lovesick, drink that brew, I'm a nasty Jew  
 I don't solve mysteries, never wearin' Lees  
 I got the motherfuckin' S I to be, where it seed  
 So pack up, my man I went out of breath  
 I got asthma on the side, take it on to the left  
 So stop smokin' that shit my man  
 And I'm out, see ya later, so kick the can  
 I drink Colt forty-five and talk in mad jive  
 You know I stay alive, my niggaz stay alive  
 Easy on the smoke, I don't really feel like tokin'  
 I gotta save some breath for this bitch I be strokin'  
 Everyday, I make a nigga get right  
 Jealous ass, pussy ass nigga, can't fight  
 I'm in my new disguise, feedin' pigeons  
 Ducks, any bird and bond's my word, word is bond  
 I make gadgets, illy, ill toys that kill  
 Sleep on me, you'll get a sleepin' pill  
 Pin that nigga, down right on the mat  
 If you ain't my nigga, don't reach for no gat  
 Slap, right to the head  
 I'm blitzed to whip that ass, Moabo style, dead  
 You know what I'm sayin'? Smokin' that shit  
 Yeah, c'mon, smokin' that shit  
 You see a nigga, you know, smokin' that shit  
 Real quick, my man, you're cold, smokin' that shit  
 Kurious Jorge, I know you're not, smokin' that shit  
 Zev Love, what you doin'? Smokin' that shit  
 Stop smokin' that shit, stop smokin' that shit  
 Hahaha, smokin' that motherfuckin' shit  
 Word up, yeah, yeah, smokin' that shit  
 Smokin' that motherfuckin' shit, you're motherfuckin' right  
 Put the fuckin' pipe down

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