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 itI 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 SoundviewNow, 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 RedmanWhomever 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 chokeBitch, 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, noopCheck 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 flatSo 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 SomaliaCheck 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 smokeJust 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 shitI 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 KasemI 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 thatTwo 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 buffI 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 maxStop, 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 scriptYou 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 shitStop 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 dieRelax 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, brokeI 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 seedSo 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 canI 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 bondI 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 gatSlap, 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 shitKurious 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' shitWord up, yeah, yeah, smokin' that shit
Smokin' that motherfuckin' shit, you're motherfuckin' right
Put the fuckin' pipe down

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