

## Voices Of Theory

### "40 & A Blunt"

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Intro:

Ha ha yeah, huh, uhh  
Uhh yeah, huh, ha ha ha  
Skunk hash in the house  
Uhh uhh, skunk hash representin  
Sess sess on the sack, uhh uhh

Verse 1:

Well biggity bang boom bamma, your robbly, bustin my  
grandmother like  
cherries  
Niggas wanna follow but they know my style varies  
I smoke like a fire and I drink like a fish  
I be the rapper junkie gettin funky, never miss a diss  
(boy)  
Now is it just me or is it you too?  
But all I wanna do is spark a blunt and drink some  
fuckin brew (Me too  
nigga)  
The weed smoker, MC provoker  
No joker, my style be dooper cos it fat like Oprah  
Take a toke and blow the smoke like a dragon  
Timberland boots'll keep my fuckin jeans saggin  
Pour out my liquor, bust some niggas that we missin  
It's just a tradition, the 40 keep me drunk and pissin  
This ain't the mission, easy rider's got to go (c'mon)  
We're only smokin phillies, white owls or optimols  
We've got the flows that are better with every letter  
I keep it wetter, niggas better get they shit together  
To raise the lever cos we're never goin out  
So if you didn't know when, nigga this what we about  
(boy)  
We about uhh

Chorus:

A 40 and a blunt (You know my steelo)  
A 40 and a blunt (You know, you know my steelo)  
A 40 and a blunt (You know my steelo)

A 40 and a blunt (You know my stee, you know my steelo)

\*repeat\*

Verse 2:

Ashes to ashes and blunt to blunt  
See I fill em with thai or I fill em with skunk (punk)  
I keeps it on lock but son I gots to come correct (what?)  
The shit that I be smokin get'cha open like a Tek  
Check the glaze in my eyes, no disguise  
and I smoke so much boom that I should win a fuckin  
Heisman and wise like  
the wise  
I buys ten bags for dolo (and yo)  
Sick of niggas askin "Yo what up with K Solo?"  
Well I'ma fuckin bastard when it comes to gettin  
blasted  
If it's the hashish then fuck that ole two-in-passion  
Cos oh my God, I hog the blunt like a boss  
Baby sip the 'orty til the 'orty get me source  
Court forcin down with no shorts and no laws  
When it's down to the spit like Tela rocks and it's yours  
Just take a hit a'time or wacked raps in your slits  
So peep the cracks in my lips to the black fingertips  
Nigga cos I crack you up like the Riddler (word up)  
Plus I come to get higher than Hitler  
Lay sessions with the skunk, keep my tape stretchin  
from A section to niggas on lock in State Correction  
So when I'm in your town at a club near you (aiyo)  
If you got the bomb. mtherfuckers bring it thru  
How we do

Chorus to fade

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