

## Sixfeetdeep

### "Wrap Sumden"

Visit "[Wrap Sumden](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Hey this is no lie  
Me and my niggas gettin high  
Yo if you look up in the sky  
You might see us floating by

You see Biggie be like "What's Beef?"  
Me I'm like what's weed?  
Weed is actually a medicine for me, you know  
Every 4 hours like a prescription I smoke  
And I'm thanking my reefer chief for making me choke  
I'm like one of those half-baked thugs, I'm in love  
Then after that roll cool "J's" I mean bud  
Cause I still piss stems and still shit seeds,  
I spit residue smoke on my way to buy weed  
Wrap Sumden, always I smoke more then Cheech and  
Chong  
My best friend's a bong and my homies is smokers only  
I know one day, I'm gone stop,  
but that'll be the day when my seeds don't pop  
You see weed helps me get my thoughts together  
quick  
But on the other hand, as soon as I'm sober I forget  
Shit, I'm still stuck at point "A" ya dig,  
and my momma think that I should quit

[Chorus]

Ya I get high  
You might see me stroll by  
in the Bob Marley tie die with the red eye  
I'm sick now, I think I'm catching glaucoma  
Standing on the corner, looking for weed donors

You know how we do it kid. We get that good herb and  
swerve  
Till the gas run out, the way we smokes absurd  
That's my word, Wrap Sumden (Wrap Sumden),  
make a nigga clap somthing, get all mad and slap  
somthing

Yo grab the towels cover the smoke alarms and doors  
See I smoke alone, I need grass like lawn mowers  
Say dutch time, roll up it's clutch time,  
and I burn mine, don't you ever ever touch mine

Fire it up dog, but watch out for 5-0  
Eyes low from plenty Henny and hydro  
Fuck a bitch and some clothes, I gotta get rich  
Go platinum and do some shows, and get  
bloooowwwwwed

[Chorus]

All I know, is money making hoes and smoking endo  
If I wasn't high I'd probably know a little more,  
but since I don't some might consider me slow  
Don't worry though  
I keep the pants sag. Bubble eye hands rag  
Eyes glassed smoking fill from the hash  
Choking after that but don't the blunt pass  
"What we doin' today" Same shit we did last week  
Wake up in the morning and yawn and roll up  
Bag up and make some runs and roll up  
5-0 behind me my niggas so hold up  
Ok made a left so continue to roll up  
Don't get me wrong police, yo I stop for them,  
But guaranteed when they leave I'll be smoking again  
Catch my second wind and start in on my next bag  
The type of nigga smoke on the way to his rehab

[Chorus]

Fade

[Chorus]

Visit [Sixfeetdeep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.