

The Alchemist f/ Evidence, Styles P "Calmly Smoke"

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[Alchemist] I want to smoke til my brain is numb til I cant feel nothing and the pain is done take the good from the bad thats how the game is won cause the sun only comes out when the rain is done and when I exhale the smoke I let the problems float when I blow out a cloud I let the drama go all the bullshit, the issues, all the gossip goes all the rumors, all the whispers, all the talk just goes all this money in my pocket and I still feel broke I let go of all the nonsense and I calmly smoke {*light that up, light that up*} theres nothing that can make me angry so take it up with God thats the way that he made me or take it up with pops thats the way that he raised me or blame it on the game for the way that it paved me then blame it on the money for the way that it changed me and blame it on my lifestyle and say that I'm crazy and blame it on the {*hitting herb sound*} trying to say that I'm lazy theres nothing that you can say thats makin or breakin me and when I blow the smoke out it takes all the problems away from me let go of all the nonsense and I calmly smoke [Evidence] I want to smoke so my eyes bleed so they don't see my pain they just think its weed use the trees so they don't see my game they just think I'm green inhale deep my problem shrink away God forgive my sins tomorrows another a new day its like the smoke is novacane easin my brain from the world going on outside I stay sane {*hitting sound*} WAY OUT! I don't smoke to forget before I hit this hold my head God bless the dead and I don't hold regrets and after I hit this I don't listen, fuck what you said! hahaha, you know greed was never part of my weed plan its fire blame the life of murder he wrote I let go of all the nonsense and calmly smoke [Styles P] I take long tokes c'mon folks Ain't in the world like strong smoke we only blowing green shit at least when you know a pope youd know what I mean if you was born broke raised in the ghetto where theres nothing but torn folks what, torn house, torn heart, torn clothes I just blew 4 got another 4 rolled what I got today shit only Lord knows so I exhale inhale again did it for my little man cause he's in jail again, need bail

again got to get rid of this shitty feelin alchemist get
your niggas higher than a new york city building
{*ROLL ANOTHER ONE AND ANOTHER ONE*} soul
diesel haze, kush mixed with the bubble gum call it
troublesome cause the only thing that calms the ghost
is a deep beat zone out and calmly smoke what what
{*smoke smoke*}

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