

Three 6 Mafia f/ Lil Wyte "Stanky, Stanky"

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(Coughing, child laughing)

Child: said your smokin', that's stanky!

(Hook)

Roll it up, smoke it up

We call it stanky, stanky

Cough it up, choke it up

We call it stanky, stanky

(Repeat)

(Verse 1, Lil Wyte)

I got plenty stanky stanky, ounces back to twanky
twankies

Once I'm on that dro, I'm in the zone and you can't stop
my thinkin'

Representin' Tennessee, where folks be on that latin
weed

And if you want a Cutie of that stanky then get up with
me

Pushin' products 'cross the planet, bitch my shit is
choke-a-lactic

Soon as you fuckin hit it, got'chu itchin' breakin' out in
rashes

Hold on to that dope and do not choke, I know its
potent potent

Hit repeat on this song, that's what I did whenever I
smoked n' rolled it

So I quote it, best go get it, weasles, will not be no
bitchin'

Once you taste it, can not waste it, so it will be in your
wishes

So you found it, and you bought it, now you gonna have
to pass it

Ask me if I feel it, yea I feel it, I'm immune to scratchin'

(Hook)

(Verse 2, Frayser Boy)

Get the dro, break it down, fill the 'gar with the weed

Seal it up, get the fire, lighters are a bigger need

Choke it up, pass it 'round, cloud of smoke fill the room

Da heavy dope, 'bout to choke, so dizzy, who can feel it too?

Frasyer Boy love to smoke, don't like it bitch? sue me!

Nigga I've been smokin' that ohhhhweeee!

(Backround repeat ohhhhweeee through verse 3)

(Verse 3, Juicy J)

I was down in California smokin' on some chronic

Man this shit is killa, had me spendin' all my money

I wanted to get in the playboy mansion, probably meet a bunny

And get some fire ass dro 'n release some semen in her stomach

We smoked up all the green all weekend, til' today is sunday

It had me dancin' 'round the room just like my nigga Crunchy

(Hook)

(Verse 4, DJ Paul)

Now I'm a weed smoker, mang fuck what'chu talkin' 'bout!

A dro choker, boy put this in yo' fuckin' mouth!

We rolled the Rovers mang all the way to L.A.

'Cuz L.A. got some of the best in the U.S.A

Me, bein' a king, I can't smoke it if it ain't light green

Or a matter of fact I can't even be on the fuckin' scene

(Echo Fade, roll it up)

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