

Tricky F/ Terry Hall "All They Wanna Do"

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[Hook]

All they wanna do is smoke ya weed up
Smoke ya weed up, smoke ya weed up
All they wanna do is smoke ya weed up
Smoke ya weed up, smoke ya weed up

[Verse 1]

What's up with these hoes these days, they with that
shit
If they know a nigga got some fire weed, they on his
dick
You askin' for some pussy, now you know they gon'
clown
Comin' around with the Swisher Sweets already broke
down
In the Mound with some bad bitches, they chose us
Cause they see we clockin' mad riches, them hoes bust
Out the box of Optimos, I started to roll
Up a couple of blunts while they took off they clothes
They be guns up my nose, we smoke a whole sack
Every time I pass a blunt, another one's comin' back
We smoked until it was all gone, they want some mo'
Hear that, they put they clothes on
Talkin' bout, we'll be back, we fixin' to go to the store
I knew we was gonna see them triflin' hoes no mo'
It's all good cause that shit there happens all the time
Yes indeed, as soon as the weed gone they ready to
leave, cause see...

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I got a page on my beeper from Kiesha, she gotta room
Mess of friends and a dime of niggas, we comin'
through
And the weed man call me back
Ya know I can't even move without that chronic sack
and that's a fact
My nigga hit me and we dropped an ounce
Stopped by the store, got some Swishers now it's time
to bounce

When we got to the room them hoes was half naked
I'm seein' t-shirts and panties thinkin' I got some
records
I pulled an ounce of that green and them hoes said
ahhh
Started flockin' and jockin' me like I was a star
I started smokin' and chokin' them hoes was lookin'
good
And see this shit make me horny, my dick was hard as
wood
We smoked up an ounce now the weed is gone
So I turned out the lights, it's time to get it on
I'm tryin' to hop in the bed with something super status
Soon as we asked for some pussy them hoes would
have zapped us
And no doubt, cause see...

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

That's why a nigga like me ain't fixin' to do shit for
these hoes
But that's alright cause see I got a lil' trick for these
hoes
I keep two kinds a weed, one's the ink then ones the
babbage
My niggas gon' smoke the chronic, these hoes gon'
smoke this cabbage
Now we up in the studio droppin' some tracks
Got bitches off in the back, my nigga rollin' the sack
Twist that babbage for them hoes nigga
And take it back to them stupids and gold diggers
Let em' smoke all night, see how that make them feel
They could have been blowin' chronic if they kept it real
Now I hear em' complainin' sayin' they can't get high,
they still sober
But that shit be smokin' lil' mama ain't never seen that
much doja
I told them to the front like
I'm on that ink so you know I feel kind of slight
I told them bitches get the fuck out and don't come
back
Unless you bring ya own motherfuckin' chronic sack
And that's a fact, cause see...

[Hook repeated to end]

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