

**8ball****"Runnin' Out Of Bud"**

Visit "[Runnin' Out Of Bud](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1: MJG]

Break it down, straight outta the tip  
Flockin to the 'rillo  
Ain't no secret  
Every month, I'm a smoke a pillow  
(M-J! ) G, I keeps it real potent  
Green-sticky that'll keep a buffalo chokin  
Come and go with me, creep off in my Chevy thang  
Doin 45, twistin somethin steady mayn  
Headed to my low-key, safe-and-sound house  
Call up the fellas, hit the spot, and pull a pound out  
I used to have a secret spot up in my Range Rover  
Where I kept me somethin rolled, I'm a chain smoker  
No discrimination my nigga, if you broke  
But they still ain't attributed to good smoke  
B.Y.O.B, bring ya own bud  
Contribute to the pot, or do ya own drugs  
But then I looked around and noticed all the folks was  
gone  
I shoulda known that they would leave when all the  
smoke was gone

[Hook: singing]

Man, my weed is smoked up  
Man, my weed is smoked up  
Man, my weed is smoked up  
Man, my weed is smoked up  
There ain't nobody left around  
Nobody left around  
Nobody left around  
Nobody left around  
And I'm runnin outta bud  
I'm runnin outta bud  
I'm runnin outta bud  
I'm runnin outta bud  
I'm runnin outta bud  
I gotta go to the corner sto'  
Go to the corner sto'  
Go to the corner sto'  
Go to the corner sto'

[Verse 2: Eightball]

Keep a fat bag, boys know I got that choker  
Part-time rap nigga, full-time weed smoker  
Wake up, before I wash the crust up out my eyes  
I'm splittin a cigarillo, fiendin for my morning high  
Break that sticky down, roll it up, let it dry  
Strike my lighter, put it to the tip, then I  
Inhale, and let the smoke smoke fill up in my lungs

Hold it for a second, blow it out and get numb  
A drug-addict, I'm a junkie for that Marijuana  
No mid-grade, or no regular, just straight chronic  
At least four-hundred, for a zip, if I'm a touch it  
See I'm a smoke it if I like it, I ain't got no budget  
Now mama with me, wanna hit, better take it slow  
Seen it befo', I'm a be gettin this bitch up off the flo'  
Burn it all til' the whole bag empty  
Now err'body gone, ain't nobody here but me

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Killer Mike]

Yeah I smoke, and I drank  
Yeah I pop, and I lean  
Might see me on M.L. King  
Burnin rubber, burnin green  
Might see me, envisions with some pretty bitches,  
ballin g  
Might see me, on T.V., live on stage with Ball and G  
Ridin heavy in the Chevy, cruisin with a pound of purp'  
This here is my personal nigga  
This here is not for work  
Years ago, I was broke  
Couldn't smoke it, couldn't ride  
Now I smoke that foreign weed  
Now I push them foreign rides  
Flyin in that G-4  
Goin to do them foreign shows  
Givin 'em my foreign clothes  
Fuckin with them foreign hoes  
Catch ya man at Amsterdam  
Burnin grams of that kush  
Purple Haze and Indica  
Now I'm drinkin vinegar  
Scared as hell my P.O. gon' pull me and make me piss  
in cups  
But fuck the man, I'm the man  
Right now I'm in Amsterdam  
Spendin cash, burnin hash  
High like a satellite

I might get locked up tomorrow  
But bitch, I'm gettin high tonight

[Hook]

[Outro:]

I wanna get high  
I'm gonna get high  
I wanna get high  
I'm gonna get high  
I wanna get high  
I'm gonna get high

Visit [8ball](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.