

Eightball & MJG f/ Killer Mike

"Runnin Out of Bud"

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(Verse 1, MJG)

Break it down, straight outta the tip
Flockin to the 'rillo
Ain't no secret
Every month, I'ma 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'ma 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'ma touch it
See I'ma 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'ma 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 sattelite
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

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