

Baby Bash

"Killa"

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Feat Cousin Fik & The Stooie Bros

Killa, killa, killa, killa I smoke
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Now don't ... when I don't shoot high
All I do is smoke key eryday non stop
On top, ... you gonna catch me with a bad bitch, goose
in the fridge
Like a marijuana union, smokers anonymous
Call on my stack, couple hip...
Pass the wood in the could nigga, what's happening
All you mofos...
Stage ride up, keep it l.i.t.,
He claim to do the same, but you l.i.e.
He claim to do the same, but you l.i.e.

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I smoke killa that green gorilla
But you can't smoke yeah, got no strilla
Way out in Dallas smoking weed with...
... I'm walking, cause I'm flipping a vanilla
Roll big boy blunts like a real drug dealer
Straight to the pain, certified ...
Going bamboo sticks overseas in manilla
Black hoe yellow bitch, Pittsburg stillers
Purp is the best, let the rest dispute it
I'm zapped like I just got electrocuted
But I don't just use it, homie I abuse it
You can tell by my raps when you hear my music

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We be smokin on killa, murder death rockets
Lightning rod blood veins in my eye sockets
Break it down and chop it
Rub her don't choke her
Over the Pacific with a whole boat motor
She give it all to us, and we don't never owe her
We never let her bar, and we never lend a ...
Zig zag bottles lighters and the swishers
All you need now is some killa
Well, I left my lung in a backwood package
Kush by the bush burn down to ashes
A thousand ashes and some dope fiend strikers
Zig Zags bottles and lighters,
Hard on purp...brother... brother bitch and it's you
That magic window...and I'm beating on my
motherfucking chest like this

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