

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Let Me Smoke With Ya"

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Let Me Smoke With Ya (x2)

Let Me Smoke

Let Me Smoke With Ya (x3)

Let Me Smoke

Blaze it (Blaze it) [x8]

[Chorus]

When your feeling like you own one... smoke

(Can I smoke with Ya) [x2]

Sweet ole Mary Jane come and take me home

(Take me home with ya) [x2]

When your feeling like you own one... smoke

(Let I smoke with Ya)

(Can I smoke with Ya)

Sweet ole Mary Jane come and take me home

(Take me home with ya) [x2]

When your feeling like you own one... smoke

(Let I smoke with Ya)

(Can I smoke with Ya)

[Verse 1: Layzie Bone]

Mary Jane is my main thang,

My main line,

Everyday I wake,

With a Blueberry, Acapulco Gold,

And that new shit they called purple way,

And we make it, through my worst days,

Hoildays and Birthdays,

If I'm down and out and I'm hurtin',

I know one thing is for certain,

I can roll it up in a cigarillos,

Pack it up in a pipe,

I can smoke it up with my niggaroles,

When my girl aint actin' right,

But if she's coolin', she's chillen,

I rather smoke with her,

In the bed or watchin' a movie

You know it's next to her cut,

And when I called her Mary Jane,

She's gets mad again,

Pull out the blunt once again,

And we can laugh again,
I loved it to smoke it (x2)
I gotta get high,
Til the day I die (x2)
Even though I own supply,
I've been high since the last song,
Hustlin' gettin my cash on,
20 stacks don't last long,
5 pounders and get my stash on.

[Chorus]

When your feeling like you own one... smoke
(Can I smoke with Ya) [x2]
Sweet ole Mary Jane come and take me home
(Take me home with ya) [x2]
When your feeling like you own one... smoke
(Let I smoke with Ya)
(Can I smoke with Ya)
Sweet ole Mary Jane come and take me home
(Take me home with ya) [x2]
When your feeling like you own one... smoke
(Let I smoke with Ya)
(Can I smoke with Ya)

[Verse 2: Bizzy Bone]

Sticky lcky in the system how we do it,
Oh, I said hey don't wheel with my buzz,
Cuz I need some fluid,
Roll ya blunts,
So I can run it up like zig-zag,
Put Tobacco,
Crazy horses in the bottle, I'm Funa go waco,
Yeah... Jamaica splits,
Now roll it, that's that shit,
That's that get, all ima need an armer creep
I said you... you don't know what I've been through
today,
I've been working all night,
And I need some weed for my brain,
Plus some drank up in the cup,
Whatz Up,
Let's get crunk, drunk,
Naw I'm tipsy now flipsy,
Weed need some pimpin',
Come On,
Roll it on up,
Let's get high,
Let's get wild,
Not to tired,
The only one,
Jesus Christ,

Plus the lives,
So precise,
Roll it on up,
Let's get high,
Let's get wild,
Not to tired,
The only one,
Jesus Christ,
Plus the lives,
So precise.

[Chorus]

When your feeling like you own one... smoke
(Can I smoke with Ya) [x2]
Sweet ole Mary Jane come and take me home
(Take me home with ya) [x2]
When your feeling like you own one... smoke
(Let I smoke with Ya)
(Can I smoke with Ya)
Sweet ole Mary Jane come and take me home
(Take me home with ya) [x2]
When your feeling like you own one... smoke
(Let I smoke with Ya)
(Can I smoke with Ya)

When your feeling like you own one... smoke

Sweet ole Mary Jane come and take me home

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