

Devin the Dude "Funky Lil Freestyle"

Visit "[Funky Lil Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Freestyle)

D.E.V- I.N, tryin, my luck, tryin to see what I can do see what I can come up with. Shits in my head, eyes red I'm high. The weed I have is like the weed back in the day times five.

And you see that's all I need yup a brotha get high. Score a zip, roll a splif and pass that other shit by. I'm smoking while I'm creeping, before I get there, when I'm leaving. The only time that I'm not cheifing is when I'm eating or I'm sleeping.

While the bitch next door at the motel room. Calling downstairs talking bout that hoe smell fumes. But the manager gets high he told her that he'll go check, damn near broke his neck running up to the room to smoke this shit.

When I'm stable it's on the table don't take it when I travel they love me when I get there, there's plenty gifts to unravel.

I baffle the minds of workers at the laundry mat. They think my clothes been worn by a walking ganja plant, but my job requires me to smoke all day and if I'm caught with no weed they'll let me go with no pay. So I lay out on the couch scratch my nuts on my days off. Hoping I don't get laid off.

Cause I'm kinda short a weed can I please buy a quarter. I oughta by a whole fuckin pound need to bring the price down on that shit yea hit it just a lil' bit and get my dooby out the ash tray smoke like it's my last day breathing.

Indeed I lead by example. Hit the cannabis cup to see what weed I can sample. Let me look at the menu nigga throw a dime to me, damn that got some shit they call porcupine pussy. (Let me smell that shit)

Get the torch, head to the porch, light it up and hit it till it's down to a roach.

My seventeen year old son I told him leave it alone, but when he's eighteen he grown we might go half on a zone. But he choose not to use and I'm, glad, I hope at last, so he won't be, poking in my stash.

Smoking grass since the tender age of thirteen, it was dirt green but still in the morning first thing we would,

spark it up. Get high , everybody, spark it up.
Especially on Fridays I'd be higher than the muthafucka
walking through the halls. See niggas on speed, niggas
bouncing off the walls. I pause for a minute nah nigga
keep dipping, keep flipping got some more (cough)
cough and sipping to do.
Holla at you muthafuckas in a few.
To catch him it might just take awhile, it's hard to hate
his style, as he glides through the crowd making the
ladies smile.

Visit [Devin the Dude](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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