

## **Devin The Dude "Sticky Green"**

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We finna smoke like it ain't no tomorrow

I grab a Swisher Sweet and use my fingernail to cut it  
Gut it, then I dump the droppin' out then stuff it full of  
coffee

And if you don't know by now coffee is kilo  
In other words weed a fat dime is a pillar

Now the buds on the stems are like trees in an orchid  
Anybody in the room who don't smoke weed is gettin'  
torch lit

By the smoke niggas, choke niggas, cough and they  
fart

Need to quit it but they still tryin' to hit it too hard  
It's the

Sticky green, frosty leaves  
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it  
Sticky green, frosty leaves  
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it

It seems to be a misunderstanding about the cheeba  
I see sign stating, "Cannabis will lead to"  
But I need a big fat jilla to get me lit  
I prefer to smoke the zigzags 'cause Philly's ain't shit  
And I done laced it up with the Bombay formaldehyde  
Anything with you can mix with the spinach I done tried  
I done damn near died till I realized straight dutches  
If you see me blowin' out smoke you can bet it's the

Sticky green, frosty leaves  
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it

Man goin' on, I don't see nothin' wrong with a little  
reefer

You got the weed I got the drank nigga just tell me  
where to meet you

I'm high you high let's try to get higher  
Here use my lighter set the ass on fire

We blowin' like a choir everybody's in line  
Hoping they can get they fingers on it one more time

Because there's nothing but a party over here that's  
how we do it  
Live music, plenty bitches, cold beer and oh yeah some

Sticky green, frosty leaves  
Oh so sweet, I love to blow it

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