

Dirty Curt

"In Weed We Trust"

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Dirty Curt:

In this life you gotta choose to live or die,
Six feet deep beneath or get high, no lie
This blunt that I pass with hash will get you stoned,
Relax with some hydro and get blown
Out ya mind to a spaceship, watch your step
High into orbit, puff til there's nothing left
Ya get checked just in time to catch your breath,
There's one thing about, is that you never have to
sweat
My technique is wild, now I'm put on trial for my hostile
words, what's absurd - my style
Wonder if my rhythm got you shook
Rather sippin brew with my crew than explain how it's
textbook
And don't look I'm gettin bigger
Had to check my vigor in the mirror, renamed the
grave digger
Knew that I could never kick a habit, not tragic
But you know I gotta smoke it when I have it
I live lavish but rap like a savage, who to smoke a
buddha when I puff puff and pass it
Who smokes blunts when they're placed in front of us,
some of us smokin cannibus risin up to ruckus
Girls they wanna fuck us and guys they play as suckas,
dirty curt to bring the hurt, I pass the mic you
muthafucka

(Bong Hit)

Nasty N8:

What a beautiful day, 40s and blunts the only suitable
way
It's indisputable hey, that's how I prefer to stay
I aint a fool I pack a bowl by the pool
My vision is nothin but clear skies it's do or die
Who knew that I, be gettin high as the birds fly
We rock the mic from august to july
Ladies, I aint got a six pack, but I got some sick tracks
So kick back on the track I attack oh yeah

I smoke the chronic, chuggin gin and tonic
Fuck with me, I'll make you disappear like the
Supersonics
Phony rappers think they hot, that shit just aint practical
I spit the sickest shit, now that's actually factual
Beats I fuckin kill it
Only spit the real shit, spit so hot the mic burns like
over cooked eggs in a skillet
My rhymes create memories that are sentimental
Lyrical campaigns put me in positions presidential
Start rhymin bitches be in disbelief and you can find
me in these pittsburgh streets,
Smokin reefer, bumpin wiz khalifa
Or at penn state university, part school ranked first see
Every day I'm fuckin thirsty, alcohol can come and
nurse me
So lets get classy, smoke the grassy, drink your drinks
fastly, bottoms up with dirty and nasty

(Bong Hit)

Dirty Curt:

Hold it in ya lungs tight til ya feel right
The light comes in time, while rhymes I ignite
So get blasted and laced, face bashed up from cases
Don't hesitate, bottoms up with a chaser
Spastic yes, reacted to the best
The facts is it's packed, feel the burn in ya chest
Hit up the green, it's my daily routine
My lungs used to just scream, now they act like smoke
machines
Mo money mo problems, mo money mo blunts
Least I'm up front when I'm on a manhunt
For crystalized, sticky green with no seeds,
To make my eyes bleed, now I'm high off the best
weed
Don't knock it til you try it, if u need green I supply it
Just to make u get higher
Fire burnin deep, the buddha isn't cheap,
Got a mad case of a munchies and I wanna go to sleep
My eyes close shut, a brain fries combust
Cotton mouth got my stuck, but in weed we trust

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