

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

"Kush Remix"

Visit "[Kush Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it

[Dr Dre]

Now this that puff puff pass sh-t
That Cheech and Chong glass sh-t
Blunts to the head, kush spillin' no mattress
Speed boat traffic, b-tches automatic
Cross that line, f-ck around and get yo ass kicked
We roll sh-t that burn slow as f-cking malasis
Probably won't pass it, smoke it till the last hit
Down to the ashes, Mary J. a bad b-tch
Andre 3001 another classic
Go ahead ask him bitches, bout "how I be smokin' out"
Party all night, yea it's goin' down
Order rounds, we smokin' quarter pounds of that good
stuff
O yea we smokin' all night
Yea puff puff pass that sh-t right here
N-gga, better than my last batch, caramel complexion
and her ass black
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale,

[Akon]

I know you tryna get high
Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways
Make her work for this suicide
Holla at me cuz I got it all day
No need to fly to Jamaica
Quarter ganja, we can get the same thing
You want that bom bom biggy, holla at my niggi right
here in LA
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

Hold up, wait a minute
Let me put some beats up in it
Hold up, wait a minute
Let me put some beats up in it

[Snoop Dogg]

Still I am
Tighter than the pants on Will.I.Am
Backthrow, back still, I have a pound in my backpack
Next to where the swishas at, smokin' presidential
Got some bubba, I give me that
Need it for my cataracts
Four hoes, and I'm the pimp, in my Cadillac
You can tell them Cali back
Matter fact, they a know, this aint Dro
Get a whiff of that
No it aint no seeds in my sack
You aint never gotta ask dawg
What he smokin' on?
Sh-t kush till my mind gone
What you think I'm on
Eyes low, I'm blown
High as a muthaf-cka, aint no question bout it
N-ggas say smoke me out, yea I really doubt it
I'm Bob Marley reincarnated, so faded
So If you want it
You know yo n-gga homie,
You can put it in a zag or a blunt and get blunted

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

[Akon]

I know you tryna get high
Type of shit that have ya leaning sideways
Make her work for this suicide
Holla at me cuz I got it all day
No need to fly to Jamaica
Quarter ganja, we can get the same thing
You want that bom bom biggy, holla at my niggi right
here in LA
Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale

We get that kush, we blow on the best smoke
Inhale slow, no choke
Make yo ass choke
Hold up wait a minute
You can go put it back
Cuz what you got in yo sack boy, it aint that
Aint that Kush, we blow on the best smoke
Inhale slow, no choke
Make yo ass choke

(Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale)

[Game]

N-ggas put my face on the milk carton, take the shit off
Cause I've been home with the kids instead of breaking
shit off

I'm asthmatic, aftermath-matic, Dre want me in the
booth

The room better be padded cause I'm Loko

Psychotic, six hundred wide body

Lost a couple mill last year, but why cry about it

Westside got a n-gga back so I throw my dubs up,

Never leave without my strap, it's like that

Got palm tree's, we comin' through on three's

The A-F-T-E-R-M-A-T-H n-gga we got a army

Aftermath general, one love to fifty

Aint seen him in a minute yo, used to be my n-gga yo

Money changed n-ggas, but we the same n-ggas

Add fuel to the fire, that makes the flame bigger

But sometimes ego's clash with dessert eagles

And I stayed loyal to the city where the weed grow

(compton)

(Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale)

Visit [Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.