

El Gran Silencio "Weed Fiends"

Visit "[Weed Fiends](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lokee]

Skee make my heart beat, doochie make me duck
But give me a big fat goo and nigga I'm cool as fuck
Buck, buck, I steal niggaz like Randy Polo, with low
blows
Well worth the weight, in the 8-98, straight kickin' it
With some brick niggaz out that Eastside
Bout to take you all on this hellafied sweet ride I
Gotsta have it when I rides in the A.L.
Shotguns to the brain, nigga never strain, nigga never
say when
Nickels don't do nothin' but tickle the real smoker, I'm
bout it
I be blowing zones with my chauffeur, pull over, I need
another optimal posse
So I can my lil' thing, while me smokes weed up my
nostril
There go Jekyl & Hyde, take my guns from the side
Motherfuckers seem to make a nigga do ya
Motherfucker ???????? that nigga's eye, alright, heart
bussa
Don't back up nigga, who suffer
Cause thats the only way a real soulja get enough of
Tryin' to twerk somethin', tryin' to hurt somethin'
Bump somethin', dump somethin', nigga, hunt
somethin'
Fuck, so my ?????? stop runnin' track, say dog
Pass that fuckin' dollar back and watch me pull a
vicious act
Speed ballin', all in, torture, look what the bundle man
brought ya, torture

[Chorus-Magnolia Slim]

Weed fiends, and dope fiends, and coke fiends
Weed fiends, and dope fiends, and coke fiends
Nuthin' but the weed fiends, the dope fiends, and coke
fiends
Nuthin' but the weed fiends, the dope fiends, and coke
fiends
Nuthin' but the weed fiends, the dope fiends, and coke
fiends

Nuthin' but the weed fiends, the dope fiends, and coke
fiends
Nuthin' but the weed fiends, the dope fiends, and coke
fiends
Nuthin' but the weed fiends, know what I mean

[Magnolia Slim talking]

Pass the weed whodi, don't be hoggin' the weed and
shit
Nigga hit, nigga, nigga, nigga, 2 nigga, not 3, stop
countin'

[Magnolia Slim]

Pass me the weed and give me this dollar so I can snort
this dope
And when you roll it right, roll it so it can go up my
nostrils
Shit I get hostile, change my whole fuckin' way
Walkin' through the whole project with a AK
But ya can't see me, I'm camouflaged down
When I shoot bloody bodies, they fall to the ground
You facin' death, when you fuckin' 'round with my kind
Shit I can't die, soulja sign stuck up on my mind
Shit I be duckin', and I be ready to be uppin' on any
nigga
That girl be havin' me spooked so how ya figga
Magnolia Slim ain't gone kill ya, bitch you must be
trippin' (I feel ya)
Nigga I be smokin' weed, and I be snortin' dope
Yo I'm a man, fuck doin' my thang on the down low
I be gettin' full, and about that cream
This for the weed fiends, the dope fiends, and the coke
fiends

[Chorus]

[Lokee and Magnolia Slim talking]

Visit [El Gran Silencio](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.