

Extreme

"Smokin' & Rollin'"

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Chorus (uncredited): repeat 2X

Smokin'....and rollin'
Up in a ride that ain't even much paid for
And you can tell by the smell in my clothes what I've
been doin'
And ain't no secret dogg the ghetto got me ruined
lookin' for the hoes

[First Verse]

Tryin' to stack my chips and made a quick lick
Tryin' to hit a quick lick and stack chips for life,
you my bitch tonight
Go on and graze the head and try to raise the dead
And bring a nigga dick back to life
It's called sacrifice
Now girl do what you must
Tell me who do you trust with a dub set of your keys?
With a dub set of your keys now tell me who do you
trust?
Go head and do what you must,
I had to bust your bubble, you ain't no better than these
And like the Vietnamese
I got the same eyes ready to ride for mine down to roll
I got a pound of goat, down to smoke it down
Sippin' a crown and coke
Tryin' to focus dogg, tryin' to focus dogg
Sippin' a crown and coke
Ready to ride for mine, lovin' the ghetto amen
Duckin' the federal pen
You fuck around with niggas down to level your chin
How many medals you win
For gettin' shot to death?
For gettin' shot to death, how many medals you win?
You fuck around with niggas down to level your chin
Duckin' the federal pen, lovin' the ghetto amen
Promisin' never to bend
Cuz I'm a soldier, told ya what the camp be like
Don't forget me Dogg and these bitch made niggas is
behind me
Still tryin' to find me

Up in the midst of fog, I'm up against the wall, and
still....
Smokin'

Chorus

[Second Verse]

In the middle got a little bit more than I'm supposed to
have
Lookin' for hoes to grab, I hit the club with the hen in
my cup
A quarter pound of bud, I come around with thugs,
callin' my enemy bluff
You wanna pretend to be tough?
You wanna pretend to be tough? Callin' my enemy bluff
Even though a nigga bailin' with thugs, lookin' for hoes
to grab
I'm runnin' game like a sociopath
I flash a lil' cash,
every now and then I can ask for them hoes to laugh
Nigga supposed to mash, I put the mack down
Put the mack down, nigga supposed to mash
And like a sociopath I run game, never go unchanged
Nigga know they hate to see me for some cash
Want me to flow so bad
I gotta watch my back
Cuz niggas plot to jack
And on the slick I gotta be up on my P's and Q's
Before you get up in the game, better read the blues
And what'cha need to do is take out and pay your dues
Because the paper stack'll get deep dogg,
but how deep the paper stack get?
When the gat spit, I can dump a many assassin
Duckin' when I blast
And came back with a plastic hip
Go on and pass the fifth
Of one fifty one, so I can sip me some
And get bent, tryin' to get bent sippin' a fifth of one
fifty one
I gotta do what I got, to pay rent
I'm only fuckin' with bitches who got potential to grow
And eventually gross a lil' more than more than me
And if she eventually gross a lil' more than me
Then I'ma take the bitch and go home with me
Game consists of mix of more truth than lies
Come here superthighs, you got the cutest eyes
And on top of that, got a brand new Benz with the
droopy eyes
And let's ride

Chorus

[Third Verse]

How the fuck I'ma live life broke?
I gotta get my blazin' L raised in Hell with stripes
I gotta keep the mail tight and gel at night
For tryin' to smoke the green up and sell the white
Picture me rollin' again, soon as you lock me in
I'm on the stroll again, lookin' for hoes again
Up on the dude with the lake
Get the herb and herb
My nigga pull to the curb to get the blue and the papas
Go get the blue and the papas
You better pull to the curb, and get the herb and herb
So we can blaze a sack
And try to fade the black
And I ain't paid to act
You gotta face the fact that I was made to mack
And I ain't afraid to ask
To get my back rubbed in the Black lacka tub
Gettin' head and all
Gettin' head and all
In a black lacka tub, with a fat sack of bud, drinkin' a
red dog
I'm in the ghetto forever,
I'm tryin' to make the loot and still shake the troops
Tryin' to shake the troops and still make the loot
With a lil' taste of brew and a whole case of gooch
Ready to face the truth with a whole case of gooch
And a taste of brew, bout to bend the block and get
blowed tonight
My nigga, show ya right
For life, is what the Camp Soldiers like
If you ready to ride, let's roll

Chorus

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