

Gavin Rossdale

"Smuggler's Blues"

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[B-Real]

I got the sawed off shotgun
hand on the pump
with the fucking red bastard
snitching like a punk
I had the operation tight the flaws
faded doors
there's no growin room on the basement floor
I'm holding weight every 30 days
business pays
so many ways
many methods of moving my white haze
I got the cellophane, get this money tonite
I got the shipment goin out
got to be air tight
so when you fuck around
no time for me to fuck around
I got the ballin niggaz waitin on me
at the compound
so get the trucks ready, and let's hit the back roads
to scam this motherfuckin' ass border patrol
I got my cousin Huey paid
for lookin away
back on the 405 on the way to LA

talking

I'm multiplying in my head
just how much stash it's gonna take for me
to double and triple up all my cash
I hit the city limits, time for me to check myself
cause I don't wanna sit inside no fuckin cell
slope the rolls down, hold down, I see the gate
so I'm pulling up, and I hope these fools ain't late
or I'm outta here, wait, no, I see them in the rear
with 3 or 4 fools holding 2's in the real
I got the double barrel shit, hidden under my coat
for any crazy eyed motherfucker rockin the boat
I got the big boss hoss, just sippin the sauce
you got the shit? you got the money?
then break the shit off

(sang reggae style)

check out the herb man smugglin'
bright and early in the mornin'
this is for the herb man smugglin'
I know the DEA is waitin'
take out the herb man smugglin'
It's my ass that I'm risking
this is for the herb man sumgglin'
I know it's your daily livin'

I came a long, long way from slangin the herb
sometimes I think about when I was kickin it to the curb
now it's dirt in my pocket
but shit done changed
tatoos on my body and fat gold chains
got the mega shipment that must go out
on the same route me and my cousins started out
head back to Mexico for a friend of mine
we're gonna bring this shit load back, 4-0 pounds
it's like crack rock, cause we done this shit before
now I loaded up the stash on the hollow floor
double checkin everything, now it all looks cool
now we rollin to the border like we used to do
we pulled up at the border, but something was wrong
I began to realize that the swoop was on
I had the DEA and immigration closin' in
they had dogs all around my shit, no way to win
they lookin in the truck, now I know the shit's for blast
DEA agent sayin "now I got your ass"
it's been a long time smugglin, now I'm done
it's all over now, it's lookin' like I'm Audi, son

Now I'm headed up the river with the boat and no
paddle
and they got me in lock down..

(reggae)

big up to the herb man smugglin'
... now they got me in lock down
peace to the herb man smugglin'
... now they got me in lock down
respect to the herb man smugglin'
... now they got me in lock down
what's up to the herb man smugglin'
... now they got me in lock down

shootouts to Method Man, Redman, Bob Marley
2pac keep ya head up

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