

## Hootie & The Blowfish

### "Smoked Out, Loced Out"

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Chorus x3

Smoked out, loced out  
Loced out lo-loced out loced out  
(Triple ss triple six mafia mafia)

Nigga but you know but you can't  
Rob the power hey,  
Nigga with posse  
Motherfucker don't them  
Scared, fuck a man wth the glock  
Make 'em drop it  
Damn fool what's this (trip-triple six mafia mafia)  
Step it to the cut  
Just smokin' and smokin'  
See me locin' it and chokin' it  
Puff puff puff  
When the po pos come again  
Buck buck buck buck (triple ss triple six mafia mafia...)  
Now I was killin' a ride  
With a double them niggas  
They got te motherfucker strippin' with a knee  
Look through my face  
(?????)  
Fuck a dead bed  
Two shots to the head  
Now the nigga dead  
I'm bout' five the high  
Motherfuckers is smoked out and loced dead  
Even the nigga without and let it flow to the bread  
Better roll to the dead

Scarecrow's the face  
Dedicated thugsta syle  
Cause when gone bare  
Smokin' deep free  
The little infamous's car taken in heaat  
Gettin' me hype  
On a little bitty pipe lee  
Fool you better watch your shit  
Comin' up and make quick  
Lke ya up to somethin'

What squirm could of made me jog  
In my world where three to the rock chess chess  
Unless the rock  
All across this day I w saw the afterbird comin' out the  
mirror  
And ever since today I've been wanting  
To put a motherfuckers slip and have some nigga  
earlow  
It's weird though, It's weird though  
No houses's there is no tomorrow  
Here comes the Lord Infamous  
How ever I bet you nigros all go back  
Sianara

I'm so high  
I want to die  
Ain't no reason why  
Why ain't no fuckin' alaby  
I be wonderin' why  
Why do I roll so many blunts  
Do I blow them three six stump  
Do she catch me before I jump  
Jump off of the ocean side  
Ocean side call it suicide  
Suicide is no fuckin' crimes in the devil's eye  
It's black  
Black in this mtherfuckin' bitch  
Don't say bout' them motherfucking mafia six

I'll get ya somoked out loxed out  
Staying on top shit  
Don't playa hate congradulate me  
Give me my props bitch, ugh  
No top notch  
Niggas I'm scopin' so you can't stop  
The prophet posse  
Thw whole damn click strapped with somethin' cop  
Don't think i would have sympathy for shit I said or did  
I'm daddy's litle girl  
That they call up in the wrong bitch  
So listen to my words of wisdom  
This shit is so so real  
More real of a bitch  
Call em' the stronger the nut will

When you hear the word Triple six  
You get sick  
Casue you know it's many in a click  
Strap that dick  
When the halopoints touch your skin  
Then it rips

Travel through your body then your friend  
Yo it's split  
Made you bust and know them out then play  
When we spray  
So what's best that you stay outta our way  
Or decay  
Lie in your coffin in your grave  
Is where lay instead of walkin' round' and like your paid  
Now let us pray  
Loced out smoke out  
where them killas hangin hoe  
get down south in the ghetto where we slingin' dope  
Lyrics do you fear it when you hear it  
Enter in your head  
Hypnotizing young motherfuckers  
Leavin' others dead  
Scared from the sight  
But the two breack check back on the breeze  
It's my niggas that I'm tryin' to reach  
Locked in their pin  
Who would never see them streets again  
All but the ight dollars  
All fuck them divadends

(Mafia x4)

Chorus #2 x3

Triple ss triple six (Mafia x4)

Loced out smoked out

Triple six up in your crib  
When your kickin' that ass  
Then we take and let main bame  
Layin' on the fall  
Purrin' the drank and I fuck all with that cocaine  
You really don't want nothin' better cease  
Puttin' everything down with the shit  
But I promise to got  
If a nigga try to test me fit don't work with this click  
Nigga get more work to the to the gut  
Three six with a 40 cal with a pop  
We talk about you that nigga who that casue I pull that  
shoot at who  
cares  
Pat blast on that ass on the tainted glass  
Raw gottta move with raw  
But we on his ass  
Nigga stop me on the chair  
When we get to the p-h-z  
Don't let no nigga pass

Mafia, mafia

Loced out smoked out, loced out, lo-loced out, loced  
out  
Triple ss triple six mafia mafia  
Smoked out smoked out, loced out lo-loced loced out  
Triple ss triple sic mafia mafia  
Loced out smoked out, loced lo-loced out loced out  
(Repeat till fade)

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