

## Ii Tru

### "Two Hits And Pass"

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F/ Tombstone, Sin, Ken Dawg, Flesh-N-Bone

[Sin]

A high plane's drifter keepers of the night  
We shiftin', strugglin' with all our might  
We fight to restore order, reporters from Hell  
Distorted visions impair the thinkin', be blinkin' in and  
out  
You better watch me  
I see this thrown, 'cause the food, it was rotten  
Rats and roaches approachin' from all sides  
Discombobulated corpses  
Evil forces provokin' my movements  
Interact and get slaughtered  
No losses will be issued on this side of the fence  
What will it take for you suckas to be convinced?  
You won't be happy 'til you're lynched  
Get hauled off in a box, and thrown inside of a trench  
We pulled your balls out to see where you got your  
strength  
You made me pull my sawed-off, so I burnt you to a  
crisp

[Brina]

Gotta get that blaze on  
That indo keep callin' me for that deuce up  
Partner, what's up?  
Better take them two hits and pass that blunt up to your  
left  
Keep it comin' back-to-back with that buddah smoke  
Gotta get them lungs full  
Me puff that potent smoke  
'Till me choke, croak, from a hella that ganja  
Droppin' them P's to that marijuana, see  
'Cause a sista in need to smoke that weed with much  
honor  
E-Z Wider, Swisha, or Philly, don't matter really  
'Cause it smokes the same  
Blaze that indo up, toke up, two hits on the danks

[Ken Dawg]

I told you it don't stop (stop)  
Opposin' these cops; I get stopped in the drop  
Now, locked up, get outta jail and hopped (hopped) on  
a flight  
Man, I was fucked up in the parking lot  
Straight tryin' to get sucked up, what?  
I heard they sayin' we broke  
Nigga, for what, huh?  
These Benz's ain't from no dope  
You punk muthafuckas quote them wrong  
I'm ridin' so real wih this game  
You punk niggas can't maintain  
Fuck the fame  
I can't change, what?

[Jhaz]

We know Jhaz gon' smoke some of that indo  
Get your toke on, too, 'till my mind blow  
Got a flow, then ante up for more  
So please, nigga, chill on all that trippin'  
Two hits then pass to the left 'cause that blunt I must be  
hittin'  
Gotsta find the chronic, on a mission, here I go  
Bud and indo, 'cause the Clair is full of chronic, bag of  
indo  
Get your toke on

[Tombstone]

In the twilight it pays to lay, creepers come out  
We're all weak in this game to play  
Night breeders can't stand the day  
Dirges will, uh, bring out the worst kind of killers  
In the hood we got thrillers  
First degree murderin' cap peelas, warders  
Sit back watch the movie  
Damn, six-five got little G, wonder what?  
Took two hits and pass they ass to the reaper  
Got them niggas, triggers be blazin' in the cold  
But ain't no facin' these niggas made of gold  
Now, you know - (STC) known for writin' scriptures in  
the Land  
Now, hustlas, carjackers, and hitchers got his ass on  
the side of the road  
Stay far away from witches, hell of a world to think  
clear  
Enter by all means if you dare fall victim  
To being a slave to the rhythm of the ghetto

[Flesh]

(Ziplock reaper the Flesh Bone chalk you if you don't  
pump pump)

And let dump dump pumps peep you for the bloody  
mess  
And he break in, testin' Flesh-N-Bone, 'cause the nigga  
get gone  
Expect to feel it with the forty-four, fold shit, killas gone  
I'll hit ya, ? and the bomb hit, man, don't get too close  
It will be for keeps, nine deep  
Gon' keep on sellin' up ? needin' my pump in the  
industry  
I'm ? a menace, shit, we get nasty, gotta take two hits  
and pass  
Takin' it into the lungs, light a fifty-sack  
Lookin' for me havin' some fun in the back  
And who thought nigga that's what they caught me  
Armageddon's ninety nine, is he out when I'm in the  
violence  
Label me outlaw, see me act deceased, lie down, stop  
all get  
All get diseases in all your life you go  
When they gonna cross all third world speaks for  
leaves  
Fin to learn to get Mo Thug Flesh-N-Bone hittin' em,  
Endin' 'em all of 'em, all...)

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