

## J-Dawg

### "Smokin' & Rollin'"

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[Chorus x2: uncredited]

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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