

Jim Jones

"Blow Your Smoke"

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This one is dedicated from Harlem to all ya'll
This goes out from the streets of Harlem to everywhere
Blow ya smoke
And if you ride high, puts your lighters up in the air
Blow ya smoke

I'm blowin smoke with my top back
I got my gun on me top that
She started pressin buttons I told her stop that
Can't front I was watching where them cops at
The sun is out, my wrist rocked out
I miss all my niggas locked out
So I roll a blunt for the good times
We was just in the slums like "Good Times"
Keep a bad bitch like Malona
Me and Dev was doing henny and coronas
Getting money hustle hard they was on us
And we still poor liquour for the goners
We blow smoke like we blow money
It's no joke but it's so funny
She ate me up and said "it's so yummy"
The niggas sho hate but the hoes love me

Spend a couple G's on my bitches purse
Lookin at the screen as I hit reverse
Lightin up backin out of Neman's
My jewelry loud like it's screaming
And when the last time you seen him?
Shootin past, something fast, european
Capital B on the gear shifta

No breeze from the ceilin let the air hit ya
I'm god blessed like a Prayor scripture
Lord knows tryna make it up there with ya
Until then I light one up
Stay strapped in case a nigga wanna run up
I'm still watched by rap police
They still search me in the club like I'm strapped with
heat
Might catch me pumpin out in backstreets
I might be diggin out yo broad in the backseat... fucker

I just wanna smoke trees in a safe place
But when I do that I get a court case
I get a P.O. who's an asshole
I get bum smokers, always low on doe
I get cussed out by my mom and them
Changin all the locks, won't let me in
I get cotton mouth, I get a bad rep,
I get a book tellin me to take twelve steps
Smokin on some refa, gettin on my Wiz khalifa
Had my teachers concerned real talk
But to preach what I was taught
Master your high and learn to skywalk
Life too short ain't got no reset
So do what you want, not what they expect
And in the meantime Clockin hella checks
While you fly real high on them paper jets fool
Real dreams come true

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