

Kane "This Is For The Smokers"

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Featuring Master P

[Talking]

Somebody open a fuckin' window

I can't fucking breath

Let's get high tonight

Let's get high tonight

Let's get high tonight

Let's get high tonight

When I ain't got no weed my nerves get bad

This gunnu want a page 'bout to score me a bag

Of that green stickydon't want no stems or seeds

My nigga Fiend in the front seat rollin' sum Sweets

See we like to get high Seven days a week

And weed smoke in the air, make my niggas tweak

And Snoop choppin' up some chronic in the back seat

Soulja Slim down to smoke 10 before we fall asleep

Get weight, and still wanna get high

Moby Dick commin' with that chocolate Tai

Nah, nah, this is for my smokers

My coke lovin' snorters

My niggas flippin' quarters

Uhh we smokers, we oughta

Nah, nah, this is for my smokers

My coke lovin' snorters

The niggas stay flippin' quarters

We smoke, cus we oughta

Two things I'm gun' do, get high and die

Shirt smellin' like sess, momma askin' why

Red eyes, burnt lips, brown finger tips

You chokin' like you 'bout to die, lemme hit that shit

I need weed to proceed, you hoes acting stuck up

But bitch I want some pussy, when we get fucked up

Just me and my niggas gettin' higha than a

motherfucka

Stop at the store, mouth drya than a mothafucka

Half of pound of stress, put that chest to the test

Throw your nigga a gun, cus tonight's the smoke fest

Why, why this is for my smokers

My coke lovin' snorters

My niggas stay flippin' quarters

Uhh we smokers, we oughta

Uhh, uhh, this is for my smokers My coke lovin' snorters My niggas stay flippin' quarters We smoke, cus we oughta

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