

## King Kapisi

### "What the Fuck You Smokin'"

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[Frank V]

I'm a Low Pro thuggsta, used to be a muggsta  
And if you heard Overdose you'd think I own a drug  
store  
Raps like Rocha, or better yet coca  
My beats are pure like heroin in the streets  
So take a puff of the stuff, fill up your syringe  
Cuz my shit's rough and tough and off the  
motherfucking hinge  
Through your area, zip code, trip code  
I'm not a Busta, but I'll flip it to Flipmode  
Get rich mode, get drunk hit a bitch mode  
That '64 Chevrolet hit a switch mode  
Royal T knows my vision, get paid and make a million  
Stay ghetto rich

[Royal T]

It's the motherfucking Royal T  
I keep it cracking on the streets of SD  
I fuck with G's, you can't fuck with me  
I got them killers, homey you can't see, ese you can't  
be  
You're all slipped up and you think you're hard  
I got some little homies that'll pull your card  
Put you in a coma, hit the next corner  
Fool you can't hang with the Low Pro Gang

[Chorus x2: Lil' Rob]

You fucking chavala, homey you ain't nada  
You're bound to catch a bala in the side of your Impala  
Who the fuck you joking, what the fuck you smoking  
Whatever it is got you buzzing, cuz homeboy you ain't  
nothing

[Lil' Rob]

I step into the battlefield, one vato you can't overlook  
Dropping shit with Royal T, Frank V, Yogi, and all the  
crooks  
And we stop right through the blocks, got pedo we got  
the glocks  
And you know we can't be stopped, baddest rolas ever

dropped  
And we do it all the days, keeping up our evil ways  
Drop the top on Chevrolets, the differences that Low  
Pro pays  
If you don't believe me you'll see me in my '63  
Chrome'd out to the bone holmes, or in my Fleetwood,  
roam holmes  
I got a fucking bag of tricks, drinking by the pack of six  
And I'll grab another one, that's a twelve pack and I still  
ain't done  
Hotties young and I am too, parties I'm invited to  
Crazy fucking place to be, and I fucking aim to please  
Rolling in the two-tone, Chevy gangster lights on  
Flying just like Superman, but I don't got no tights on  
42-30's creased up, that's how I always am  
Cruising in an oldie, bumping all them oldie jams

[Chorus x2]

[Bandit]  
Cruising through the streets of Los Angeles  
Everywhere I roll's looking scandalous  
Roll your window half way if you can't handle this  
Homey watch your back cuz we gonna die for this  
Curb serving in the hoods, making paper, for sure we  
roll  
We give a fuck where you're from cuz that's just how  
shit go  
Keep it cracking, make it happen, in the streets of the  
beat  
People dying, bullets flying, see the news on tv  
Real fools, real dues, in the streets where I'm from  
Busting shots at the cops, homey fuck the dumb  
But set it off doing dirt, putting my name on the map  
You recognize where I'm from and that's where I'm at  
Phat Bandit marinating in the streets of LA  
No player hation when you see me cuz it's all hoodgate  
West Coast living, chilling, in the place to be  
We got your back little homey, come and ride with me

[Chorus x2]

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