

KMD

"Stop Smoking That Shit"

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"Why do you keep smoking that shit?
Why will you keep smoking that shit?
Why? Why?
Why do you keep smoking that shit?"

Aight, check it out yo, check it out yo
I'ma flip yo, check it out, bust it

I connect the spots like connect the dots
From the lower Eastside, to way up top
I got a map to express on the six, I found
Where they got the raw, dog, smoke at Soundview

Now, two licks damnit, do you understand?
Nuff respect to the dread man or I'ma dead man
I ain't no fake man for the red hand
It's just my warmth and with instructions from Redman

Whomever I step to, remove the Phillie Phoonta
'Cause I used to know this bitch and it killed her, that
bitch is dead
I'm smokin' that shit 'cause I got a thousand jokes
Like puttin' your moms in the yoke 'cause she broke
some choke

Bitch, you're blowin' up the spot, be out
Yo, either get some dough or get the fuck down South
With your bitch ass son and tell him throw up his dukes
So I can spend his lunch loot at noop, noop

Check it, I do the hip, hip, hop, the hibby, the hibby
dibby
Kurious the too fly magician, never givin'
These niggaz a piece of my pie 'cause yo my shit is fat
Just like my pockets, your girl's titties is flat

So when the bitch slid in correct with the funk from the
big bra
I kindly reply, with a smile, ayyo, chill hot, damn
Uh, uh, uh, I'm so sorry
Umm, eat your tits 'cause them shits is from Somalia

Check it out, on the one to the two
It's some shit from the zoo, it's the CM crew
Now from the cocks with the blocks, on the street or the
goat
With the forty, the glocks, the Phillie and the smoke

Just like George Bush, is the type to drop bombs
George Kemprias will smoke scarm wit'cha moms
Throw a fifty yard pass, with a Afro pick
To Steve, Earthquake, stop smokin' that shit

I keep my gun out my holster, I'm wanted on the poster
'Cause I shot the sheriff, who knocked the cherry off
my shoulder
He tried to get cute, so Earthquake had to erase him
And place him in America's Top Ten, like Casey Kasem

I tracked him, an actor with no sense of humor
If you heard, I fell off nigga, it's only just a rumor
So step the fuck back, 'fore you get your shit cracked
I had to think up a plan, so now I'm fat like that

Two hundred and eighty pounds of pure funk and no
junk
I snatch a ho, bitch up, just like Dave did, The
Chipmunks
Kid, I'm rough tough, strong enough to call your bluff
Handcuff your wife up while your bitch, give me a buff

I do run, run, run, I do run the MC's
The king of rap, you don't believe me? Believe these
Def rhymes on wax, don't call me, send a fax
I slam hard like Anthrax, so turn it up to the max

Stop, you're pinchin' my nerves with rap slurs
I do my best herb, now it's time to get served
So, suck my dick, I don't smoke that shit
I don't want this shit, so you flip the script

You know I'm on that shit, stop smokin' that shit
You know I'm on that shit, stop smokin' that shit
I'm always, always on that shit, stop smokin' that shit
Yeah, I'm on that shit, stop smokin' that shit

Stop smokin' that shit, 'fore you get killed
You know the flavor, my man, so just chill
Now hold your head up and hold your head high
Stop smokin' the dust, you just might die

Relax your mainframe, the bolder gets paid
And you won't have no motherfuckin' gain

As you know, I'm on the microphone to make you all
know

That shit that you smoke will make you mad, broke

I don't give a fuck about you and your crew
I'm not too lovesick, drink that brew, I'm a nasty Jew
I don't solve mysteries, never wearin' Lees
I got the motherfuckin' S I to be, where it seed

So pack up, my man I went out of breath
I got asthma on the side, take it on to the left
So stop smokin' that shit my man
And I'm out, see ya later, so kick the can

I drink Colt forty-five and talk in mad jive
You know I stay alive, my niggaz stay alive
Easy on the smoke, I don't really feel like tokin'
I gotta save some breath for this bitch I be strokin'

Everyday, I make a nigga get right
Jealous ass, pussy ass nigga, can't fight
I'm in my new disguise, feedin' pigeons
Ducks, any bird and bond's my word, word is bond

I make gadgets, illy, ill toys that kill
Sleep on me, you'll get a sleepin' pill
Pin that nigga, down right on the mat
If you ain't my nigga, don't reach for no gat

Slap, right to the head
I'm blitzed to whip that ass, Moabo style, dead
You know what I'm sayin'?

Smokin' that shit
Yeah, c'mon, smokin' that shit
You see a nigga, you know, smokin' that shit
Real quick, my man, you're cold, smokin' that shit

Kurious Jorge, I know you're not, smokin' that shit
Zev Love, what you doin'? Smokin' that shit
Stop smokin' that shit, stop smokin' that shit
Hahaha, smokin' that motherfuckin' shit

Word up, yeah, yeah, smokin' that shit
Smokin' that motherfuckin' shit, you're motherfuckin'
right
Put the fuckin' pipe down

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