

## **Loc Tone**

### **"Cheeba Cheeba"**

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When I get to a party To get it started  
I grab tha microphone and rock it cold hearted  
Go behind tha curtains while my fanz they point  
You know what Loc's doin' I'm blazin a joint  
Cause it seems a lot of times I'm at my best  
After some methical or a bowl of sense.  
I'm creatin' multiplyin' big time supplyin'  
Enuff bud to keep tha whole party high on  
I might get ill and roll an 8th in one hooter  
Park my Benz or cold jet it on my scooter  
Bail to tha coast, take a head of this Skunk  
Twist up a big bomb of this serious dope  
Smoke it down to tha dub or roach tip  
So much damn resin it's startin' to drip  
It ain't harmful like heroin, this stuff's cheap  
That's why I'm glad that I got this.....

#### **CHORUS**

Man, Don't cha hate it when you ain't go no weed  
It seems about tha time you really feel tha need  
To get high, get full, you know get blasted  
Keep ya singin' tha high it really lasted

Rollin' around tryin' not to get stopped  
By tha boyz tha pigs you know tha cops  
Pull into one spot to see what they're all about  
Suckers noddin' their head, tellin' you they're all out  
You go back to tha crib, Pick up tha telephone  
You try it so I guess they saw you got home  
Cause I can buy it O.Z. or go buy dime  
I get cash for her I can get it on time  
It really makes no difference long as I get lit  
Roll it in my Zig Zag take a big bone hit  
Cause after tha bud, My rhymes start flowin'  
Never gettin' short of uh uh, The always knowin'  
I'm maxin', relaxin', but never taxin'  
No need for you to keep on askin'  
If tha It is tha It, If tha Shit is tha Shit  
Cause when it comes to smokin' cheeba  
You know my shit is legit  
Your tha student, And I'm tha teacher  
I'm not a minister, Reverent or Preacher  
So excuse me while I call time  
Cause I'm gonna take a few hitz  
in the middle of this rhyme.....

#### CHORUS

One day I was coolin' with my homeboy seal, chill  
Gettin' fucked up in his coupe de ville, still

I wasn't too high to know what I was doin'  
Went to tha store and got some more brew in  
Came back to tha car, Try'd to be a winner  
Rolled up all my roaches, they bearylly made a Pinna  
(Pin)  
I wasn't upset I had more at tha house  
I was savin' it for later, When I get with my spouse  
Cause when we're together, blazin' tha cheeba  
She does things to me that you wouldn't believe  
I'm not talkin' freaky or nothin' obscene  
But it's not far off if you know what I mean  
She'll take me upstairs, lay me down on tha bed  
Pull off tha Fila shorts n start givin' me hizead (head)  
If I was boo I'd do tha same  
She must love it, She ain't never complained  
They'll be moanin', kickin' a lot of screamin'  
I work it so hard she starts steamin'  
You know how it is after a couple of woovers  
She was subject and I am tha Ruler  
She's my freak y'all, but she's no skeeza  
One thing for sure, Tha girl's always got that.....

#### CHORUS

Two weeks ago when I was writin' this rhyme  
I had some hydroponic, Boy that shit was fine  
I had two joints, One for me and my homie  
After half tha show, He didn't even know me

His eyes were tight, they turned red

He could barely hold them up, They where heavy as  
lead

An hour went by, He said Loc I'm kinda hungry

I said oh shit! This brothers got tha munchies

Got off my couch, put my Gucci's on my feet

Went to tha Seven Eleven at tha top of tha street

I ordered everythin' edible off tha shelf

He thought it was sad, I ate it all myself

When we got back to tha car, Headed north then south

I needed a drink I had a cotton mouth

We had so much food didn't know where to start

At tha Hagan Daas or Kelloggs Pop Tarts

Big bags of chips, gallons of dips

It took me weeks to get tha taste of my lips

I ate so much miserable is how I felt

Almost busted out my pants had to loosen my belt

Kickin at the tube, wathin' none better than

You know tha king of late night, Yeah Dave Letterman

Not to hilarious jokes kinda plain

But everythin' is funny when your smokin' Mary Jane.....

CHORUS

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