

**N.E.R.D.****"Homies 2 Smoke With"**

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(Violent J)

Here I Go

Just stick to this road, huh?

Fuck it, I thought I'm sold

I strolled on down the road

In c-walk mode to the wizard I'm told

But hold up, this road fucked with twist and turns

I'm having no Luck as my vanilla blunt burns

I'm seein' trees with faces, bushes that walk

And as far as I Can see nobody drawn in chalk

The sky's bright green sometimes it's kinda pink

I'm gonna twist another blunt here, sit down and think

How to fuck, What to fuck and Who to fuck and When

What the fuck I'm doin here

I would've figured depends

And again I gotta get the fuck home, before long

Cuz the first of the month is coming on, Im gone

Let me spark my shit right quick, I'm outta here

(Monoxide Child)

Yo homie let me get a hit of that blunt

(Violent J)

Fuck yeah

Wait a minute

Who said that, looked around everywhere

And I heard somebody singin over there

So clear he went

(Hook)

I dont need a brain

Don't need anything

I just want somebody to smoke with (who said that? x 2)

Stuck up on this thing

With no fucking gains

I just want somebody to smoke with

(who said that?) (well i said that)

(Violent J)

Look at this shit

I'm talkin to a scarecrow stuck on a stick  
Askin me for a hit right quick  
Shit, all I got is Bobby Brown, I can't front  
But the wizard gots all you want  
You can smoke off his tundra, they say its the thunda  
He could have king kong smoked under the wonder  
I'm going there now and gettin me some  
Plus the wizard gonna get my ass home, he's on

(Monoxide Child)

It would be the shit big homie  
If I could walk with you  
And talk with you  
And get up on a fat bag or two  
Cuz I've been hanging from this pole for so long  
And smoking on home grown, my head ache is full  
blown  
I ain't the smartest scarecrow in the hat  
But if you lift that little latch  
And I go crashing into a pumpkin patch  
Don't leave me hanging big homie  
Just pull the lever  
So we can just get to walkin the yellow alley together,  
cuz

I don't need a brain  
Don't need anything  
I just want somebody to smoke with  
(and I'm with that, you know I'm with that)

Man it ain't no thing  
We can smoke the gains  
But you gotta put somethin on it  
(and I'm with that, you know I'm with that)

(Violent J)

I helped set his ass free  
He slipped off  
Then his fuckin leg ripped off  
And He was like  
"Don't mind that shit dawg, It ain't nothing at all"  
"Just a little bit of stuffin that straw"  
Hey Paul, I mean scarecrow, yo  
"Don't ask if i ever tried smokin myself, no"  
I only thought what the hey, ok  
Anyway, lets get you some real shit  
Down the yellow brick alley way

(repeats until end)

We don't need a brain

Don't need anything  
We just need some homies to smoke with  
(and I'm with that, and I'm with that)

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