

Nate Dogg

"Kush"

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Roll up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
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Now it's that puff, puff, pass shit, Cheech and Chong
grass shit
Blunts to the head, kush pillows, no mattress
Speed boat traffic, bitches automatic
Cross that line, fuck around, and get yo' ass kicked

We roll shit that burn slow as fucking molasses
Probably won't pass it, smoke it 'til the last hit
Down to the ashes, Mary J. a bad bitch
Andre 3001, another classic

Go ahead ask him bitches
'Bout how I be smokin' out, party all night, oh yeah, it's
goin' down
Order rounds, we smoke a quarter pound of that good
stuff
Oh yeah, we smokin' all night

Yeah, puff, puff, pass that shit right here,
nigga, better than my last batch
Caramel complexion and her ass fat

Inhale, exhale
Inhale, exhale

I know you tryin' to get high
Type of shit'll have ya leaning sideways
Take a whiff of this Suicide
Holla at me 'cause I got it all day

No need to fly to Jamaica

For the ganja, we can get the same thing
You want the bomb, bomb, biggy
Holla at my niggi right here in L.A.

Inhale, exhale
Inhale, exhale

Hold up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it
Hold up, wait a minute
Let me put some kush up in it

Still I am
Tighter than the pants on Will.I.Am
Backthrow, back still, I have a pound in my backpack
Next to where the Swishers at, smokin' Presidential

Got some Bubba, I give ya that, need it for my
cataracts
Four ho's and I'm the pimp my Cadillac
You can tell 'em Cali back, matter fact, they gon' know
This aint dro, get a whiff of that

No, it ain't no seeds in my sack, you ain't never gotta
ask, dawg
What he smokin' on? Shit, kush 'til my mind gone
What you think I'm on? Eyes low, I'm blown
High as a motherfucker, there ain't no question 'bout it

Niggas say smoke me out, yeah, I really doubt it
I'm Bob Marley reincarnated, so faded
So if you want it, you know yo' nigga, homie
You can put it in a Zag or a Blunt and get blunted

Inhale, exhale
Inhale, exhale

I know you tryin' to get high
Type of shit'll have ya leaning sideways
Take a whiff of this Suicide
Holla at me 'cause I got it all day

No need to fly to Jamaica
For the ganja, we can get the same thing
You want the bomb, bomb, biggy
Holla at my niggi right here in L.A.

Inhale, exhale
Inhale, exhale

Ain't that kush, we blow on the best smoke

Inhale slow, no joke, make yo' ass choke
Hold up, wait a minute, you can go put it back
'Cause what you got in yo' sack, boy, it ain't that

Ain't that kush, we blow on the best smoke
Inhale slow, no joke, make yo' ass choke

Inhale, exhale
Inhale, exhale

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