

Cru

"Ooh Wee"

Visit "[Ooh Wee](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sittin on a quarter 'p of hay
Thangs is feelin good today
I'm tore up, from the floor up
Sippin on some crown royal
Trippin, in a circle of wood
Where everybody smoke they own bud
Good ole' hay, how you feel today?
Fine, blowed and dandy
Silly like I'm hype off candy
Gotta big, thick chic named sandy
In the farm in the middle of the barn
Were everybody's feelin crazy
I went to visit granny's house
Now I see why don't nobody leave
We constantly, constantly, constantly smokin b's
Too blitzed to even shake it off
But i still got my head up
Coldhard finna go in the back of the barn
And get my big black peter sucked
Pass the hay you silly slut
Blaze it up so i can hit that bud
Git me zoned and i'll be on
'Cuz i love to smoke upon hay

1-Smokin on haaay in the middle of the barn
Smokin on haaay in the middle of the barn

The hay got me goin through a stage
And i just can't get enough smokin everyday
I got some hay and you know I'm finna roll it up
Make a cloud I'm gonna take my mind away from all
The bullcrap bump my sounds lay back and roll
Mack to the freaks that's on the road
Sometimes i wonder when i was blowed on the streets
Anybody wanna step to me, I'ma see how rough they
be
In this session, manifesting on myp's and q's
Never snooze cause i refuse inhale, exhale the smell
Smokin hay all by myself wildstle, laughin loud
With my homies by my side if somethin off let it ride
On my square when time is live everybody throw it up

Go to the barn and get some hay when i get my choke
on
Fool you know i'm smokin on...

Hay now hay, we smokin up hay in the middle of the
barn
And i'm lit up can't get up my eyes are red
And my head is spinnin took another pull, ridin red bull
Got the goofies, can't stop grinnin
Got a posse full of hoes playin in my braids
And we bout to get in em
Over yonder is the barn where the pals be at
And everything funny
Gotta pause some nigga tryin' to blow my high
Smokin all that hay with no money
Now truly this bitch wanna do me
So I hit the 151 bacardi, She high like the sun
Thick like cornbread, and I'm ready to party
That hay got me so goddamn horny
But i don't like that tramp
The whole reason i'm poppin that coochie
Cuse the hoe had a book of foodstamps
And i got the munchies I need soul food
Collard greens or pinto beans
If you smoke hay like the conflict do
Then you know what the hell i mean
(repeat 1)

Rollin down the block
car full of flies and the flies tried to rise up out dat
dorr crack.
got my niggas in the barn smokin on that
hay stack
back up on the scene from smokin herb,
I creeped up on the wall and all i heard.
was a bud of mine who dropped a needle in
the hay
with a funky dime word.
couldn't be myself
couldn't smoke wit nobody else
if i didn't pass it to the left.
nigga would have lost my breath.
open up the window 'fore i fall and faint
but i can't
cause i roll around in dat barn ride.
rollin up the hootie hoo
roughest skin roller on dat west side.
nigga come on in
i got some hay
won't you close dat barn door
nigga what you let them flies out for?

ain't nobody to rich, we poor.
lettin all the contact smoke up in the barn
the flies keep us chokin.
thank you jesus christ
for all the hay you're givin us
cause we'll keep on smokin'.
(rpt 1)

Visit [Cru](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.