

Cuban Link "Up In Smoke"

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Yo,.lyrical murda on wax, what!?
Still gettin high, puffin' that la,
Yeah, Terror Squad, Blunt Records,
Check this shit out,
Cuban Link.. wha..

Yo, i'm up in smoke,
Puffin' cho-co-la-te, ta-te queto
I rock my flow, and knock it out just like Jose Canseco
So take off like Delta, run for shelta
Theres no helper here, you felt of it
L be servin niggas like Mr. Belvadere
I twist an L, sip a beer here and there
Drink some liquor then pick a stripper that I can rip and
tear, yeah
Come hear the sounds of a rookie fromt he boogie
down
Used to be a shorty but guess whos givin nukkies now
So clown if you got the heart
Start some bullshit, it's your bid
A bullet through your skull from my full clip
I pull triggas givin niggas hell, like I'm sittin,
Fake a move, punk, and i'll run you over like Walter
Payton
Makin hits, my cliques, makin moola
Like Don Shula, nothin's coola
Than puffin on a phat blunt from Cu-ba

I smoke more blunts than a little bit,
What are you an idiot?
The more I smoke,
The smaller my phillie get
I smoke more blunts than a little bit,
What are you an idiot?
Wake up in the mornin, got me yearnin for herb!

Start the buddah session,
True confessions, spark the cu' up,
Cu' be where the supa-fly's, buddahfied,
Even in a suit n tie,
Cruisin though the 5 boroughs wit live thorough,
Niggas that like to smoke they Hydro in front of 5-0,

Yo Manolo shoot that piece of chit, Chichi get the yayo,
While I pay Frank a visit, but the bisquit to his cuello,
Ey yo, this fuckin blunt's got me buggin,
I be thuggin it out, like Noreaga playin,
You aint sayin nothing, bustin rappers like adreneline,
Puttin venom in'em,
Put'em on stage, for minimum wage, to graves is
where i send'em
Hem'em up like a party dress
Terror Squad is as hard as it gets
Rippin your heart out your chest
Spark the cess, chickenheads stressin the sex
Wanna jump up in the Lex, twin, when they see me wit
the best
Twisted up the dutch, a little Tony's Touch
Let'em work the clutch while i lite the bliz up
On a highway wit this big fucka
Gettin high like Chris Tucker on Friday, hit it my way
Like Frank Sinatra, lite up at the opera
When the cops come show the prescription from the
docta
I puff cause I got ta'
This stuff from the rasta's
Get enough love in the Bronx, from Italians wit all the
pasta
John Blazin, keep the tree's blazin
You think a lil weed gonna fuck with my cordination??

Wha wha..

Haha.. yeah..
Blunted for life.. Blunt Records,
Triple Seis,
Punisher,
Fat Ji-Doe,
Don Cartigina,
Fulla-clips, wha what,
Cuban Link'in it,
Artie's,.. yeah,
Wha wha.. real niggas..
Blunted.
Yea nigga.. this how we do.

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