Damour France "Two Hits and Pass"

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[Sin]

A high plane's drifter keepers of the night We shiftin', strugglin' with all our might We fight to restore order, reporters from Hell Distorted visions impair the thinkin', be blinkin' in and out

You better watch me

I see this thrown, 'cause the food, it was rotten Rats and roaches approachin' from all sides Discombobulated corpses

Evil forces provokin' my movements

Interact and get slaughtered

No losses will be issued on this side of the fence

What will it take for you suckas to be convinced?

You won't be happy 'til you're lynched

Get hauled off in a box, and thrown inside of a trench

We pulled your balls out to see where you got your strength

You made me pull my sawed-off, so I burnt you to a crisp

[Brina]

Gotta get that blaze on

That indo keep callin' me for that deuce up

Partner, what's up?

Better take them two hits and pass that blunt up to your left

Keep it comin' back-to-back with that buddah smoke

Gotta get them lungs full

Me puff that potent smoke

'Till me choke, croak, from a hella that ganja

Droppin' them P's to that marijuana, see

'Cause a sista in need to smoke that weed with much

E-Z Wider, Swisha, or Philly, don't matter really

'Cause it smokes the same

Blaze that indo up, toke up, two hits on the danks

[Ken Dawg]

I told you it don't stop (stop)

Opposin' these cops; I get stopped in the drop

Now, locked up, get outta jail and hopped (hopped) on a flight

Man, I was fucked up in the parking lot Straight tryin' to get sucked up, what?

I heard they sayin' webroke

Nigga, for what, huh?

These Benz's ain't from no dope

You punk muthafuckas quote them wrong

I'm ridin' so real wih this game

You punk niggas can't maintain

Fuck the fame

I can't change, what?

[Jhaz]

We know Jhaz gon' smoke some of that indo
Get your toke on, too, 'till my mind blow
Got a flow, then ante up for more
so please, nigga, chill on all that trippin'
Two hits then pass to the left 'cause that blunt I must be
hittin'

Gotsta find the chronic, on a mission, here I go Bud and indo, 'cause the Clair is full of chronic, bag of indo

Get your toke on

[Tombstone]

In the twilight it pays to lay, creepers come out
We're all weak in this game to play
Night breeders can't stand the day
Dirges will, uh, bring out the worst kind of killers
In the hood we got thrillers
First degree murderin' cap peelas, warders
Sit back watch the movie
Damn, six-five got little G, wonder what?
Took two hits and pass they ass to the reaper
Got them niggas, triggers be blazin' in the cold
But ain't no facin' these niggas made of gold

Now, you know - (STC) known for writin' scriptures in the Land

Now, hustlas, carjackers, and hitchers got his ass on the side of the road

Stay far away from witches, hell of a world to think clear

Enter by all means if you dare fall victim To being a slave to the rhythm of the ghetto

[Flesh]

(Ziplock reaper the Flesh Bone chalk you if you don't pump pump

And let dump dump pumps peep you for the bloody mess

And he break in, testin' Flesh-N-Bone, 'cause the nigga get gone

Expect to feel it with the forty-four, fold shit, killas gone I'll hit ya, ? and the bomb hit, man, don't get too close It will be for keeps, nine deep

Gon' keep on sellin' up? needin' my pump in the industry

I'm? a menace, shit, we get nasty, gotta take two hits and pass

Takin' it into the lungs, light a fifty-sack Lookin' for me havin' some fun in the back And who thought nigga that's what they caught me Armageddon's ninety nine, is he out when I'm in the violence

Label me outlaw, see me act deceased, lie down, stop all get

All get diseases in all your life you go When they gonna cross all third world speaks for

Fin to learn to get Mo Thug Flesh-N-Bone hittin' em, endin' 'em all of 'em, all...)

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