

## Agents Of Chaos

### "L.G"

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[Chorus: A-Wax]

I don't really care  
If I step up in this smellin' like this  
I don't give a shit  
If my eyes is red I'm blowin' this L.G.

[A-Wax]

Please believe been a long time since it was a ease to  
breathe  
Please believe been a long time since I seen a seed in  
weed  
Big treez indeed  
Got my life like a scene from "Speed"  
I'm a fiend for green  
Green money  
Green bomb used to blow green blunts  
Now I'm back to the Swishers  
Packs of them bitches  
Lungs like \*cough sound\*  
See the boys and I run like \*breathing sounds\*  
Wheezin' and shit  
Damn Newport's got my lungs bleedin' and shit  
Still pleadin' the fifth  
Got a cannabis club plug  
Everybody know Wax love dubs like bitches love Wax  
Picture that  
Yo, picture that

[Chorus]

I don't really care what you think of me and mine  
I'mma smoke until I can't no more  
I don't really care  
If I step up in this smellin' like this  
I don't give a shit  
If my eyes is red I'm blowin' this L.G.

[B-12]

I smoke big trees with Big Mike, A-Wax, and Dutch  
I'm trynna break down the sack in the back of the Lac  
truck  
High as fuck and I'm off of this Gin too

Another reason for some shit to get into  
I can't pretend foo  
Cuz we been connected  
It's the Riderlife gang  
So we been protected  
Green weed or coke sales  
I represent Oakdale  
I guess that's why these suckas be ridin' on my coat  
tails

[Chorus]  
I don't really care  
If I step up in this smellin' like this  
I don't give a shit  
If my eyes is red I'm blowin' this L.G.

[Dutch]  
They use fingernails to break down the Garcia Vega  
Fire that bitch up  
Hit it twice then see you later  
Blowin' bubbles in that bong  
'Til they let the car go  
All it take is one 20 dollar sack a indo  
You pretend though  
Your brown weed has no seeds  
Believe me it's purple like green  
Cop it from me  
At ease  
Young soldier we playin' it low key  
Servin' 10 pounds of weed  
To white boys like N'Sync  
Orange pack of Zig-Zags  
Keep yo pants on sag  
Quarter ounce to blow  
We keep the 44 Mag  
Jump bad wit a boss  
And then you know it's lights out  
Matchin' you gram for gram when them Northern Lights  
out  
Come on

[Chorus] x2  
I don't really care  
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I don't give a shit  
If my eyes is red I'm blowin' this L.G.

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