

Daphne & Celeste

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

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