

## Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66

# "Puffin On Blunts And Drankin Tanqueray"

Visit "[Puffin On Blunts And Drankin Tanqueray](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Featuring Daz Rage]

[Rage]

All ways and forever forever and all ways

The rhythm will flow from now and through all days

As long as the sun shines

As long as Eisenours on the dime

Yo I'll be kickin the rhyme

One time for ya mind your soul your body

Do g's on the side of me smooth as E & J

Hard as Bacardi smackin those yaddy yacks and ducks  
keep quackin

Hands that are clappin end up cracklin

Under the heat the pressure from the one that's deffer

Egyptian ruler will call me cleo ro Nefertiti yes indeedi

Got the eyes of the beedie-body from Tahiti

Voice of the will lyrics blow

Chills up ya spine that's illslow

All thoughts in ya mind drop a yo

Came in the front but you be kicked through the back  
door

For tryin to step, tryin to come incorrect

Tryin to play the left, tryin to start a mess

Tryin to cause fuss, tryin to raise a ruckus...Huh

You'll end up ashes to ashes, dusk to dusk

A busta you musta been fuckin on drugs

And alcohol back off, all a yall up against the wall

Spread em, doggs go get em and

Cuff em and stuff em, cold she'd em don't let em

Not a word, not another one heard

If you try you die, visions blurred, speech slurred

Served with a cherry on top

Rage in effect I just begun to rock

Yeah rock on witcha bad self R A G E!

Rock on witcha bad self R A G E !

Rock on witcha bad self R A G E !

Rock on witcha bad self....

[Daz]

Yo..Im Dat Nigga Daz who packs a tre-8 slug

A true nigga from the hood and the pound gives love

Yo see...niggas wanna be down but never came around

So back up off my nuts and stop sweatin the pound

You see niggas get broke off like 1,2,3  
'cause Im the D-A to the..(D-A-to the..)  
D-A- to the Z  
Now G'z pay attention to this young ass mack daddy  
In a caddy-haddy, not known about the city  
Where the niggas hang around  
So I roll em up and hit em up wit the motherfuckin Dogg  
Pound  
[Kurupt]  
I'm rough and rugged and up till to the dirt  
I'm from the Dogg Pound nigga so Im puttin in work  
I'm no joke who the fuck you tryin to provoke  
(1-8-7)It's cool how his ass got smoked  
I don't drink no fuckin Vsop  
I drink the motherfuckin O.G., O-E  
Im from the klik that be kickin the gangsta shit bitch  
Real niggas real G'z wit real big dicks  
I hit em up wit the Pound  
So what you wanna throw up  
Claimin your cocaine or cavi when you blow up  
Know what? the Pounds in the motherfuckin house  
Back again we try to get high as we kin  
Dr.Dre be kickin phat rhymes and produce and kick shit  
I gets more wicked than Beetlejuice  
Motherfuckers get battered so scatter  
Before I keep ya hostage a nigga hostage like the grim  
reaper  
So Im comin from my hood...what hood  
You really like to know motherfucker I thought you knew  
Motherfucker don't you know Im stranded on the row  
I take a look into the crowd kick a style a flow  
I'm mashin, motherfuckers get murdered for action  
Relax kid, your rollin wit a fuckin assasin  
Outlasted did dirt the other day  
Betray, the roll of a G, from the D-O double G  
P-o-u-n-d, Pound so bow-bow motherfuckin marks  
The execute the start, when the chronic gets sparked  
Im like ??  
Wrecks I flex murderous rhymes to leave you all dead  
What said is all said it's already spoke  
The dead is the dead I aint no fuckin joke  
I murder motherfuckers as a hobby  
One of my idols aint no joke so why in the fuck should I  
be  
Fly me to the Bahamas, ruff rhymer,  
Dramas what your kickin, wicked is how Im a  
Approach ya, the locster, whos quick to up and smoke  
ya  
Your lookin like a smoka, grinnin like the joker  
I yolk ya from da back like a bitch talkin shit  
But a bitch aint shit, 'cause a bitch aint shit

But a ho and trick on my dick  
Flip, lets take a trip to the Dogg Pound  
Fools tried to punk me when I was young but Im a hog  
now  
And I gets respect and I step wit a tec 9  
Ready to put somethin up in that ass to give respect  
mine  
Fool, Deatrow aint lynchin and the Pound aint mobbin  
We all don't give a fuck run in your crib and start robbin  
Throbbin, I'll break a nigga down in the 90's  
Maxin at the Pound wit my doggs is where you'll find  
me  
Beatch..

Visit [Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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