

Three 6 Mafia "Smoked Out"

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{Hook: (8x)Lord Infamous}
I'm smoked out snorted out
drunken and I'm blown
{DJ Paul}
get the dope, chop it up
get the plate, I can't wait
fifth of henn, in my hand
ask for some, you too late
now I'm high, really high
man I'm about to shout
I see you over there talking
but what the fuck you talking about
oh I'm blazed, in a daze
purple haze and ash trays
Mac Mike you got the light
we green this ain't no fucking day
black Havana
craving the vapors of chronic
DJ P with no weed and know what
this shit is so fucking ironic
{Juicy J}
I got them blood shot red eyes
look into my eyes
did you see a big surprise
can't you tell a nigga high
I can fly, I can float
meet your boy up on the boat
watch me dive into the water
like Titanic when it broke
yo keep the weed coming
keep them drinks coming
niggas walking around
in that daze like they need something
cream bumming
lighters flicking
on the road their ain't no finish
send them back
stop in the kitchen
nigga this is just the beginning
{Hook: (8x)Lord Infamous}
Im smoked out snorted out
drunken and I'm blown

{Lord Infamous}
hearses circling my house
with wack ass rappers in the rear
hella lame in my ear
I come to ruin your career
vocal cords swords
side board more souvenir
skins of belly body
smelly death is in the atmosphere
peace is extinct
bloody street
make them steal
planes crash ships sink
every poison gets sweet
every enemy see
feel the nuclear nigga heat
may I propose a toast
its coming close to World War III
fright night
under moonlight
Memphis picture
mutilating torture pressure
till the Satan took ya
I'll beat ya till there's nothing left but slop
feed you to the swamp
running thru the forest like gunk
bloody tree trunk
bitch you want a piece of this
might as well take the heart
there was no love from the start
sprinkle body parts
woe onto you my foe
cause you just don't know
smoked out snorted drunk blown
{Hook: (8x)Lord Infamous}
I'm smoked out snorted out
drunken and I'm blown
{Twista}
got me gone off herb
and I earn when I swerve to the curb
for the derb and the bourbon
fresh out early and
hanging with the soldiers
still got the feelings that we pearling
show me where they working
from the bank dawg
money on a fifth of henn
tell the motherfucker drink up
why the skunk weed starting to stank dawg
bitch go and get some gin
we gonna get the party cranked up

put your bank up we gonna need more
weefer chain cause our cryptic addicted to weed
smoke
get incisions of pure seeded snow
take a puff choke shit of this weed dope
and I'm off my square now
went and yelled out
where the nigga trying to get sloppier
dropping ya
if you trying to get us
while we uzing them
rolling with the Three 6 mafia
popping ya popular
buck at niggas with the rock
close encounters of the herb kind
leave you sitting on the curb crying
south side getting bucked up
in a party with a burb mind
we gonna tear this bitch up
cause we fucked up
gone off that sticky
when I zone off cant hit me
have me going in illusions
trying to get me
infatuated with drugs
smoked out snorted out drunken and blown
getting crunk in that mode
Twista gotta stay high
smoke a skunk till I'm old
now chucking like im sea sick
on the front porch with the mob
and we be thick
roll when you see Twista and Three 6
who can bog the motherfucking mind
like an eclipse on the weed tip

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