

Messy Marv "For the Oners"

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Who gets high in this bitch is you really on
its some grapes that you smokin what you really on
Im on a eighth a quarter ounce of grapes a shot of
patron and i aint even ate
They say fab when you started smokin
get out my business cousin i was born and raised in
Oakland
My daddy's from the north kept me on to
If you from the north and you was smokin you was on
too
im feeling great im feelin fine
My og homie he just broke down a line (he's playin with
his nose)
So what grow up little nigga
thats grown man shit you still throw up on yo liquor
I aint encouraging yall to be stoners
but this song right here is for the oners
a nigga hate choke him out like homer
drama you dont want it my mama put that on her
Popped a pill and i got high snort up lines til my brain
fry
we blow some doin it hundred always drunk and always
blunted
got blunt got weed if you got it blaze it up
gotta puff puff puff on that sticky green stuff
i don't do it for the suckas but i do it for the streets
in the concrete jungle in the belly of the beast
only g call man i live by the mall
man haters gonna hate cause they doin they job
over dose the boy don't learn take a Newport dip it in
sherm
posted all day right here where the thugs be
crush up a pill right in my hennesy
speakers bumpin cant hear my phone
if anybody asks tell em turf on
my Thizz face on and im zonin both of em kicked in 2 in
the mornin
stoned in the mud give me henny or the remmy
i hit the liquor store and i don't spend a penny
get it inme they hear me if you near me gather round
im up now and i aint layin down and i aint playin around
cause im super smacked up double tuck if a nigga act

up
shimmy shimmy yo shimmy yah shimmy yay
round to a pot thats some wizzle come to day
ima sleep all day all you suckas in the way
see me where they do it at rozz twizzle mayne
Sittin in the trap house waitin on the drop off
your girl in the room givin head shes a jump off
gorrila in the trunk gettin drunk cause im cutthroat
everybody know me got that pure uncut coke
all the hoes choosin im refusin if the dough short
bitch im so on i get gone on a short note
waitin on a g5 pullin on a short port
but i gotta QP chillin in my louis coat
sparkin in the club but i won't sell a damn
but the mother fuckin mob keep it lit we so damn thug
look motha fucker im from cali we the down plugg
look everybody crazy out here but they show us love
everybody on in the bay but they know watsup
ask em who the niggas is everybody know its us
its on like shit aint a mothafucka i could trust
they aint talkin millions mothafuckas better give it up
like my chain and my watch shit i stay on
well that's what you respect nigga my big homie b
strong
southeast shit been poppin since the hour
seein stars in the sky like its 4th of july
Been up all night i aint been to sleep yet
couple ounces and a bong layin next to the tek
face drippin sweat like i played in the game
paint drippin wet like its playin in the rain
yeah i do the damn thang but i don't do that
but ima put it in my life no matter where im at
if im ridin in my benz or im ridin in my lac
ima ride to the trap just to get another sack
man i dont know what i burn mo, weed or money
keep it on deck if ya need it from me
we got it fo the low down in san da code
we aint holdin on to shit we lettin everything go

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