

Tommy Steiner

"What If She's An Angel"

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When I get to a party To get it started
I grab tha microphone and rock it cold hearted
Go behind tha curtains while my fanz they point
You know what Loc's doin' I'm blazin a joint
Cause it seems a lot of times I'm at my best
After some methical or a bowl of sense.
I'm creatin' multiplyin' big time supplyin'
Enuff bud to keep tha whole party high on
I might get ill and roll an 8th in one hooter
Park my Benz or cold jet it on my scooter
Bail to tha coast, take a head of this Skunk
Twist up a big bomb of this serious dope
Smoke it down to tha dub or roach tip
So much damn resin it's startin' to drip
It ain't harmful like heroin, this stuff's cheap
That's why I'm glad that I got this.....
CHORUS

Man, Don't cha hate it when you ain't go no weed
It seems about tha time you really feel tha need
To get high, get full, you know get blasted
Keep ya singin' tha high it really lasted
Rollin' around tryin' not to get stopped
By tha boyz tha pigs you know tha cops
Pull into one spot to see what they're all about
Suckers noddin' their head, tellin' you they're all out
You go back to tha crib, Pick up tha telephone
You try it so I guess they saw you got home
Cause I can buy it O.Z. or go buy dime
I get cash for her I can get it on time
It really makes no difference long as I get lit
Roll it in my Zig Zag take a big bone hit
Cause after tha bud, My rhymes start flowin'
Never gettin' short of uh uh, The always knowin'
I'm maxin', relaxin', but never taxin'
No need for you to keep on askin'
If tha It is tha It, If tha Shit is tha Shit
Cause when it comes to smokin'

