

Trick Daddy

"Tryin' to Stop Smokin'(feat. Mystikal)"

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[Trick Daddy inhaling]

Mystikal the joint on you nigga, hit this shit here

[Mystikal:]

I heard about you Trick brah, I know what ya'll smoke
down yo' way

That bitch there smell dirty dirty, that bitch filthy

[Trick:]

It ain't gone kill you nigga

[Mystikal:]

Say dog I smoke that, I smoke chronic, you need to
stop

[Chorus:]

I tryin' to stop smokin', smokin', smokin'

I tryin' to stop smokin', but naw I don't think so

I tryin' to stop smokin' (I'm tryin'),

smokin' (I'm tryin'), smokin' (I'm tryin')

I tryin' to stop smokin', but naw I don't think so

[Verse 1: (Trick Daddy)]

This time I had to get physical,

so I went and got that nigga (MYSTIKAL)

He was like (hombre), I say I got pounds in this bitch to
blow

Smoke like it's yo's, nigga we'll go get some mo'

I know this dread named Fred next do' and I'm hitting'
his ho

Got damn it, I'm BLOWED

Behind the wheel and I can't even see the road

Done smoked fo' Joe's and got three mo' already rolled

I shouldn't drive my shit when I'm high, I might tear it
up

Shit got my eyes all red up, nigga can't even hold they
head up

Got my brain waves, elevating in a daze

But I ain't afraid cause I now see life from so many

ways
Done smoked up so many j's
Been high for so many days
So many ??? broke down and we roll with brown weed
for days, hay, hay

[Chorus (repeat 4x)]

I'm tryin' to stop smokin' (I'm tryin'),
smokin' (I'm tryin'), smokin' (I'm tryin')
I'm tryin' to stop smokin', but naw I don't think so

[Train effects]

[Verse 2: Mystikal]

I be puffing like a choo-choo train
Nigga with the bonafied smokers on my team
I got the urge for light green,
the same way a fiend crave for ice cream
Smoke that, what track that, shit we ain't rollin' to be
looking at
So much smoke becoming out the window
bitches in the next car saying daddy what that
We be smoking on the green,
give me fifty dollar ??? I be coming in the hood
But you ain't got to worry 'bout catching no
motherfucking headache
under stress I be smoking on the good shit
No matter where I'm at, in a ride or at home in the
studio writing
Hold ya breathe if you can't take it,
Cause if ya with me and I got motherfucker I'm lightin'
Not trying to say I'm no hype,
but after killing 'gars then I know I be tight
And I been smoking all motherfucking day
And I'm bout to smoking for the rest of the night
That's why my chest be hurting and I sleep so much
and I can't remember shit
I went to the emergency room already, I think I better
quit

[Chorus (repeat 4x)]

[Mystikal & Trick Daddy: (talking)] [Chorus comes back
in till fade]

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