

# Twista "Front Porch"

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On the porch, on the porch  
Smoking reefa  
Yeah  
Yeah

I woke up early Saturday morning, sick off Rhemy and  
brews  
Wit a hang over from blues  
Hurl on my clothes and shoes stomach on wooz  
From this killer weed that's so fired it made your nose  
bleed  
I had me so high, my brain was fried movin' at slow  
speed

This thick bitch chose me and was stickin' like liquor  
She look to tight that bodies right my heart and mind  
was like dick her  
But wit my body aching from hurl sensation that's got  
me shaken  
I swiftly took the number and passed on ass that was  
for the taken

I remember wakin' up at the flat, fucked up in the back  
Checkin' on my weed and scratch I damn near fell out  
the lat  
I hit the sack to sleep it off, woke up woozy and still  
smoking  
Twista's wishes thinking about last night and the bitch  
that was scopin'

Fuck it let's get 'em on, I grabbed the phone, girl call  
your friends  
Then I hit Twista and Maze and them 'bout the bitch in  
the Benz  
Nigga push only 'cause I see them already been in the  
block  
You know the lit niggas you'll find us in my favorite spot

And that's on the front porch smoking reefa  
The weed got 'em feelin'  
On the front porch getting deeper  
Ghetto love got 'em feelin', yeah yeah

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In the summer I hit the front porch  
Wit a morning B  
Sippin' on the duce duce OZ  
And I be killin' me how many thick fees I see

Getting bubbly waitin' for Stokes and T  
I spit a little game at three  
Tryin' to talk up on the shoppin' spree  
Or a B of that stinky green free

Straight getting, to puff puff pass  
And drive up my gas hittin' all the hot blocks  
Bumpin' legit ballers to rock y'all spot  
And everybody know the shit 'bout to drop

See from Northbound to Ten Row  
Everybody in it go tryin' to get they props  
Pollutin' the air wit squares, blunts, and tops  
Settin' up shops for lots comin' back nots

Each and everyday of the week  
The Mobsta Elites be on somebody porch dumpin' heat  
Bustin' flows in the cipher getting' deep  
While we cheat something sweet to Legendary beats

'Til we reached our peak  
Scummy aloud attractin' crowds to the street  
Then it's time to retreat grab something to eat  
And head to the late front to get up wit some freaks

Wit a treat under the seat  
For the cats who get the sudden urge and wanna try to  
jack  
'Cause when your pockets is fat  
It seems like all the haters and hood-rats want to attack

And when the park close we hit the liquor store  
For a box of sitches and a fifth of yak  
South on the corner and get a few sacks  
Or betta yet the whole pack so we can get back

On the the front porch smoking reefa  
The weed got 'em feelin'  
On the front porch getting deeper  
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One morning, I woke up next to a chocolate fee and a  
red bone  
My dick was hard I started stroking and poking  
After toppin' I tell them to role the blunt  
'Cause on the front I hear them niggas steady smoking  
and jokin'

I heard it's gonna be hot outside  
Gotta get up and lay my clothes out  
It's gonna be too many hoes out  
Before my ladies rolled out I got 'em to clean up the  
whole house

Then I threw my fit on look in the mirror get on gone  
Nigga, you looking dope because you got a knot  
Ain't no cruising up out the hop  
I'm hangin' by the spot 'cause I had to put the Lexus off  
up in the shop

But it's all to good it's a hood thang  
Never too bogus notice the love on the block that nigga  
coolin'  
Aiming the radio out the window steady grooving  
Tip by the corner store wit the indo steady movin'

Niggas who flippin' new 98's is steady cruising  
Bumpin' up the block, flossin' for the chicks 'cause they  
rich  
But I ain't leavin' off the front with the blunt  
Set a switch just to pull in all the thickest bitches

At the crib, I can't get caught wit heat  
If it's some static I shall chalk and sweep  
I go and get the B's up off but chief  
Come get me if the phone for me I'm at the party  
across the street

I'm enjoying the breeze high degreez and no ease  
Pockets be full of G's smoking B's hiding the fees  
Making no enemies the po P's yellin' out, "Freeze"  
Serving niggas wit ease staking cheese so nigga  
please

Tell me 'bout some ghetto love  
Homies around smoking Newports 'til the brew drunk

short

You can travel the world can't find a place like home  
With a crib on the front with a skunk torch, ain't nothing  
lie

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I am smoking, I am smoke  
Sittin' in the [Incomprehensible] and smoking weed  
I am smoking weed, I am smoking weed, ooh yeah

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