

Violent J "Homies 2 Smoke With"

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[Violent J]

Here I Go

Just stick to this road, huh?

Fuck it, I thought I'm sold

I strolled on down the road

In c-walk mode to the wizard I'm told

But hold up, this road fucked with twist and turns

I'm having no Luck as my vanilla blunt burns

I'm seein' trees with faces, bushes that walk

And as far as I Can see nobody drawn in chalk

The sky's bright green sometimes it's kinda pink

I'm gonna twist another blunt here, sit down and think

How to fuck, What to fuck and Who to fuck and When

What the fuck I'm doin here

I would've figured depends

And again I gotta get the fuck home, before long

Cuz the first of the month is coming on, Im gone

Let me spark my shit right quick, I'm outta here

[Monoxide Child]

Yo homie let me get a hit of that blunt

[Violent J]

Fuck yeah

Wait a minute

Who said that, looked around everywhere

And I heard somebody singin over there

So clear he went

[Hook]

I dont need a brain

Don't need anything

I just want somebody to smoke with (who said that?)

[x2]

Stuck up on this thing

With no fucking gains

I just want somebody to smoke with

(who said that?) (well i said that)

[Violent J]

Look at this shit

I'm talkin to a scarecrow stuck on a stick
Askin me for a hit right quick
Shit, all I got is Bobby Brown, I can't front
But the wizard gots all you want
You can smoke off his tundra, they say its the thunda
He could have king kong smoked under the wonder

I'm going there now and gettin me some
Plus the wizard gonna get my ass home, he's on

[Monoxide Child]

It would be the shit big homie
If I could walk with you
And talk with you
And get up on a fat bag or two
Cuz I've been hanging from this pole for so long
And smoking on home grown, my head ache is full
blown
I ain't the smartest scarecrow in the hat
But if you lift that little latch
And I go crashing into a pumpkin patch
Don't leave me hanging big homie
Just pull the lever
So we can just get to walkin the yellow alley together,
cuz

I don't need a brain
Don't need anything
I just want somebody to smoke with
(and I'm with that, you know I'm with that)

Man it ain't no thing
We can smoke the gains
But you gotta put somethin on it
(and I'm with that, you know I'm with that)

[Violent]]

I helped set his ass free
He slipped off
Then his fuckin leg ripped off
And He was like
"Don't mind that shit dawg, It ain't nothing at all"
"Just a little bit of stuffin that straw"
Hey Paul, I mean scarecrow, yo
"Don't ask if i ever tried smokin myself, no"
I only thought what the hey, ok
Anyway, lets get you some real shit
Down the yellow brick alley way

[repeats until end]

We don't need a brain
Don't need anything
We just need some homies to smoke with
(and I'm with that, and I'm with that)

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