

Felice Brothers**"Purped Out"**

Visit "[Purped Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook:]

Let's get purped out, tonight
I got drank, and kush
Let's get purped out, tonight
I got drank, and kush
We gon get purped out, all night

[E.S.G.:]

Yeah gangsta, throw your Gucci loc's on
My partna Country told me, I need to do a smoke song
Bout super kush mass kush, red and the purple yep I
Don't care
Way pass that red hair, couldn't afford that on welfare
But I done came up from back in the days, smoking
pimps
Call it haze
Harlem back to Houston, back to Rustin yep we get paid
Louisiana know what it is, B-O-G where I use to live
Do what you do it's all on you, some pop pills they
Call it jig
Slide through the city in some'ing long, black on black
And I'm sitting on chrome
Windows smoke and I'm sitting at home, fuck a 'gar
pull
Out the bong
Cali bomb nigga one, riding two deep with three or four
Guns
Exotic trees that's all with me, the way we smoke we
Need three or four lungs
Pass it here pass it back, half-a-mill checks we
Cashing that
Half a pound's in my backpack, flip my stacks like
Acrobat
Trunk gon pump the Screw tape tap, tap-tap just like
That
Purp-purple in my cup, purp-purple in my sack g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]

Sipping red low's or maybe dush, some of my sweets

be
Fucked up
All them hoes gon get smoked, so swisha smoke get
Sucked up
I'm riding two lanes, now watch me work the wheel
At the All-Star game, looking like I'm worth a mill
Swear I got em all feeling, the way we sipping down
Here
The way I got a record deal, the way we tipping down
Here
You know I keep it gutter, peanut butter caravan
Doja's on big chrome, look like I'm riding on ceiling
Fans
Can't explain this feeling man, you wouldn't
understand
Me bro
Refuse to go out like that boy, named D'Angelo
Until then pimping pens, staying in the top ten
In the 2007 big body S-Class Benz, I'm purped out

[Hook]

[Dujan:]

Tell me, tell me do you still care
If we put it in the air, (if we put it in the air)
Tell me, tell me do you know
If it's cool to blow this dro, (if it's cool to blow
This dro)

[E.S.G.:]

Excuse me miss, what's your name
I'd like to introduce you, to this Mary Jane
And maybe later on, we could hop in the Range
I smoked two, and forgot her name
Ain't talking bout half a zip, cause we known for
Copping pounds
Ain't talking bout Reggie Miller, ain't talking bout
That Bobby Brown
Now this exotic we got it, you can't stop it
Whole room smelling stanky, and it's still in my pocket
Purped out

[Hook]

[Talking:]

Man it's going down in here, know I'm saying
Remind me, of we was at Screw's house
Tell em mayn, (your boy Dujan) hold up homeboy
It's going down man, know I'm tal'n bout know I'm
Saying
This one here, this not for the kids right here know

I'm saying
This for all my exotic smokers out there, you know what
I'm saying
I done met a couple cats out there, on the road
Tried to hand me some oregano, you know (I got drank
And kush)
Hold up man that boy, that boy-that boy blowing back
There man
That boy blowing, but you know what
When I turn down that oregano, you know I'm saying
I ain't being disrespectful man, boys need to step they
Game up man
So you boys out there step ya game up man, know I'm
Saying
We on another level now

Visit [Felice Brothers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.