

## **Gangsta Pat**

### **"I Wanna Smoke"**

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\* send corrections to the typist

And I wanna smoke...

Red rum animosity

and I wanna chief...

I wanna smoke...

and we gonna do it like this

[Gangsta Pat]

I gotta hunger for that chronic flow through my chest

I need it daily and I'm jumpy without no sess

I like that lime green wrapped up tightly in a blunt

And whenever there's a drought I'm steady on a hunt

I hit my hood feelin good I done found a sack

I get a pint of yak and party till' I'm layed back

Call up my click and have a smoke out it's on again

I chased that bud with that yak and let it do me in

If it's a sin then I hope the lord will understand

I gotta chief until I choke cause that's my daily plain

Cause I'm that all-mighty chieffer ain't nothin sweeter

than the smell of skunk infested reefer, I'm a believer

I gots to be the first to light it up and take a pull

Steadily inhalin all I can makin my lungs full

I got to pass it when I choke that luv ain't no joke

It's hard to cope without that aink

cause I just gots to smoke!...

(chorus:girl rp2x)

and I wanna smoke (I wanna smoke)

and I wanna smoke (I wanna smoke)

I wanna chief

and I wanna smoke (I wanna smoke)

and I wanna smoke

[Gangsta Pat]

That can of Mrs. Chiefier gives me that vibe

of the tribe, I'm the head chiefier

I love that reefer in my system, it relieves my pain

And I'm aware that it's doin damage to my brain

But I don't care, I like chillin wit my eyes redd

Wit chronic leaves steadily dancin all around my head

I got the munchies & I'm tripin off of everything I see

High as I kite steadily rollin up a swisher sweet

Sack after sack, I'm chiefin back to back

Remove them seeds, I constantly be havin aink attack

Cause it's a need, I can't help it I'm a fiend in love

Hooked on that aink and I be floatin to the skies above

Smokin blink it helps me think, it helps me feel at ease

It keeps me calm I be spendin almost all my cheese

I need that bomb in my chest I love that cess

It ain't no joke I can't cope unless I got that dope

I wanna smoke!...

(chorus:girl rp2x)

[Gangsta Pat]

I like to smoke my endo and get so high

I blow weed like I'm going crazy don't ask me why

I can't explain it, I'm so addicted

I'm deep in love wit that chronic it keeps me wicked

I'm hooked on bud, I be fiendin every time I'm sober

About to die I be lovin when my g's come over

And get me high as a mink coat

Just let the aink float through the sky

When I be smokin I can feel my throat gettin dry

I can't deny I got plenty problems

But only swishers and a fat sack can help me solve 'em

I ain't the one to be without that all-might gaunja

It ain't no solitary doubt that I must feed my hunger

Like Stevie Wonder I can't see into another day

Espicially if I gotta face that day without no hay

It ain't no way I gots to have it that's on the real

That ain't no joke so fry it up

And pass it through the field I wanna smoke

(chorus till end)

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