

Mr. Pookie "Smoke One"

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I can feel it in the back of my mind
It's like Mary Jane came at the right time
While I'm feinding the vine, I take a look at the sky
To make me feel like a nigga wanna stay high

Take a look at my eyes, you'd probably think I was blind
When you see a nigga's eyes that know fool
The people crook a nigga so cool
I been high all day, me and the niggas that I'm close to

Up in the glass house blow! And I'm loving this shit
Mary Jane to the brain, I'm in love with ya bitch
Don't know what I'd do if you didn't exist
No better way to calm me down when I'm stressing and
shit

See there's a blessing for this, now where the Indo
Getting higher than I can go
Roll it up, I wanna see it in the air
Let the wind blow, all I wanna see is big smoke

Just smoke and blow a blunt with me
I like marijuana, you like marijuana
We like marijuana, legalize marijuana
Just smoke

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We like marijuana, legalize marijuana
Just smoke

Sparking up the Mary Jane everyday in my own zone
Gettin' blowed, holding down the place 'cuz when I'm
chief, I hate
Notice how my eyes lay when I'm so throwed
Kissing ya lips and holding ya soul

Ooh, love ya baby girl, when ya breaking me off
Like [unverified] ya making me cough, and easing my
thoughts
Keeping G's with cheese 'cuz ya company costs
When we together we do nothing but floss

But when apart Lord knows this two get hard to
maintain
The only bitch that I fame for the claim steadily
massaging my brain
And keep a playa on top of my game
Calm and cool every time that we hang

Me and crooks always running a train
Sucking ya body, girl till nothing remains
Feel nothing but pleasure, when I'm watching these
flames
Hoping that nothing will change
So I can steal a sac and chill back while I'm smoking the
Jane

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See all I wanna do is smoke a sac with my real niggas
Coming up the block hitting hard, smoking on treez
Got me dropping to my knees
So I gotta give the praise to the sky and the stars

So if I wanna get high tonight, Mr. Pookie just roll me a
blunt
We can both get blowed, coming out the crook
Smoking big fat Optimos, see the lights
But them hoes can't stop us though

Who the po's in this mutherfucker with the big weed
Coming up the block me and Mr. Pookie
Got no money but I'm still blowing treez
And I don't give a damn what you think about me

I'm a stoned crook soldier, never been a buster
Blowing on treez, no matter what them others done
told ya
Hitting the scene with a pocket full of green
And you know what that means, we all getting high

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