

O.A.R. "Weed & Drinks"

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F/ A.G.

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1: A.G.]

Wanna blow it? So roll it, breathe in and hold it
Than you pass to whoever's the closest
Do I grow it? No, believe me I'm focused
It's O and A.G. and we drink it and smoke it
I gotta have it it's a habit I don't even pass it
Do you mean I'm a addict? No I just smoke a lot
Son, I even stash it, one of these is magic
My P.O. actin' like I'm supposed to stop
In Amsterdam ten grams in the coffee shop
In N.Y. I get as high as them astronauts
I spend enough to cop something out off the lot
And I can tell you how strong it is if I cough or not
I puff the magic dragon, I got a ounce
In every pocket, that's why my pants is staggin'
I bomb out the moombay(?), smoked out my
roommate
And I should stop it but at this point is too late
Lungs bleed 'cos son need that weed
Can't find, if I don't puff I'ma eat that weed
And it's with me in the clutch
My six teams get mean when I slam dunk fifty and a
dutch
Inhale, then it hit me in the gut
Let it out, slow real and it kick me in the nuts
Ya know me, beats is pumpin', freaks is thumpin'
Grow seed, ghetto bastards gotta have it
I smoke trees, I keep puffin' I'm a fuckin' O.D.
I taught shit and roll with parolees
Keep it movin' or you catchin' a wild life
We gettin' dirty no more livin' a foul life
Since a baby, ??, sayin' that child trife
It's A.G. and O.C. and we livin' a wild life

(O.C. speakin') Wanna fuck with that weed? Go see A
Wanna get your liver dirty? Come see me.

[Refrain]

(A.G.) Son, I'm twisted off the herbs but I'ma roll
another blunt

(O.C.) And I'm about to stray herb but I'ma pour another
cup

A cup of mo' (A.G.) and just a few more blunts

(both) Bon Appetit y'all throw your L's and your drinks
up

[Verse 2: O.C.]

Bars get poured out, liqs get poured out

Chicks get drawn out, the whole world, somehow

Remy and cranberry, ?? pass it heavy

Twisted to the point I can't hold a drink steady

A's puffin' his dutch and I'm off gin

With the hardest juice in my vein, it's no pain!

On some high grade things, love and happiness

Finesse like the Remy, red and coke in his chest

We get it liver than sippin' a screwdriver

(Word Bond) The Bon Don Juan(???) is like a vulcano
with lava

Jack Daniel's hit you like a .38 revolver

Rock you straight will have your hangover tomorrow

Take a sip A, fuck that weed

Get your liver dirty, nigga, do it for me

On the count of three I puff that Tran

At the same time you hit the Remy and on

(one, two, three...)

(A.G.) Roll it, spark it, pass if you can't hold it

(O.C.) Pour, drink it, ??? if you can't control it

[Refrain]

O.C. and A.G. yo we drink it and smoke it...

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