

Jarren Benton

"Half Ounce, Quarter Pound Feat. Aleon Craft"

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Damn, never smoked nothing like this in my life
Pack it in a pipe put it to a light
5,4,3,2,1 I ignite, I'm high as a kite
Levitate through a fuckin room, I'm in flight
Niggas so geeked that I ain't feeling right
And I just wanna come down, get back home from
mars
Call the fucking paramedic cause I feel like I'ma die
Party to my death, cardiac arrest
Heart beating out a nigga motherfucking chest
Dar, what you put inside this weed is a lace
Cause I feel like I got bugs eating all around my face
Danger coress, california kush, shit so loud,
Like I hold I need a dush
Like I'm in a coma, need a motivator push
There a nigga go where the dope boys doe
Like let me get a, get a, get a

[Hook] x 2

Half ounce, quarter pound, roll it, smoke it, feeling
good
Half ounce, quarter pound, roll it, smoke it, feeling
good
Half ounce, quarter pound, roll it, smoke it, feeling
good
Half ounce, quarter pound, roll it, smoke it, feeling
good
roll it, smoke it, feeling good, roll it, smoke it, feeling
good

Half ounce, quarter pound, yeah nigga, where's my
order
All different flavors and about to burn it down
In my lap with the preacher's daughter
Windows rolled up so the smoke just loiters
My pain swag floss the rims on tourist
Now I'm looking spaced out cause I'm really spaced out
Plenty mary jane all sattelites courtless
Big bag of white fi, smell it when I fly by
Look at these colors loud pack full of tied eye
Outta here, aha, see you later, bye bye

Running the fresh fruit, while I'm making pens eye
Phonographic red eye, pine apples man I
Can't see to focus, seeing double never pens eye
But it is see your liqor tongue out when I put that bong
out
Fuck it baby girl put your pants down

[Hook] x 2

Half ounce, quarter pound, roll it, smoke it, feeling
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Half ounce, quarter pound, roll it, smoke it, feeling
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Half ounce, quarter pound, roll it, smoke it, feeling
good
roll it, smoke it, feeling good, roll it, smoke it, feeling
good

yeah, feel like I'm loosing my mind
Either we lace it with hash or we fill it with dust
When am I gonna draw the line?
Feel like I drifted through time, lost in space
Can't turn around cause I lost this way
Break it down and put it in a bomb
Then I put it in my lungs spitting like a nigga lost in
space
Yeah bitch don't grunt to smoke this
We gonn fire up, get a hit of this dope bitch
This for my nigga that feeling they hopeless
Gotta stay high cause you know we don't go with
Double shifting, like don't add us
Like the mont blancs and tetris
Mama say a nigga lifestyle is reckless
Might wake up one day and regret this
But I feel damn

[Hook] x 2

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roll it, smoke it, feeling good, roll it, smoke it, feeling
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