

**L-Burna****"Burna - Smoke On"**

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[L-Burna]

Roll up that hyrdo  
And just smoke on  
Smoke on  
I'll roll this blunt for you (Lah Lah Lay)  
Lah Lah Lay  
uh huh  
And just smoke on  
Smoke on  
I'll roll this blunt for you

[L-Burna]

Nigga, this my life  
And I'm livin' the high life  
And I love to smoke  
And it really don't be right  
If my weed ain't tight  
Like a nigga might as well be broke  
But quote me a price  
And drop my sack  
Quickly  
You wanna smoke with me  
Drop me a ???  
With a Philly  
It really don't matter to me  
'Cause I'm green leafin'  
Big chiefin'  
I'm making my thang  
To blaze  
Who the lover to this game  
And man I'm not ever gonna change my ways  
And in the morning when I rise I'm gettin' high  
Even off in the evening  
When I'm rollin'  
I'm smokin' ligh (smoking ligh)  
Trying to free my mind  
If you want to parly  
Just jump your ass in the trunk  
Pull out the blunt  
Then light it on up  
Lay it on back

And and get fucked up  
As soon as you hit it  
You hear your heart beat thumping  
Stick be numming  
Mint keep humming  
Music bumping  
Try to fall off into something  
Whatever it be  
Just let it be known  
This weed be the dro  
'Cause nigga it be slow for the po  
I know  
That's why niggas stay on the go  
Smoking the leanest (the leanest)  
Smoking the greenest  
If you wanna get blowed  
You can hit me  
Little Lay be through a little later  
On the sticky  
The sticky

When you wanna get blowed  
They all know  
You can call on L-A-Y  
For the hyrdo  
Lah Lah Lah Lay  
Lah Lah Lah Lay (for the doe)  
Yah Yah  
(Lah Lah Lah Lay) When you wanna get blowed  
You all know  
You can call on L-A-Y  
For the hyrdo  
Lah Lah Lah Lay  
Lah Lah Lah Lay (for the doe)  
Lil' Lay Lay (that is)

Nigga hit the studio  
And drop a song  
And then I get gone  
In the wind  
See my nigga, Ken,  
Then dipped the Benz  
And copped two old folks for the Ben  
Then decided to meet downtown  
By ten  
Shoot a little pool and sip some gin  
Gave it a little set bet  
And then made a little bet about who would win  
Continue smashing  
A nigga been on the road and need (I need some)  
some action

I'm headed back to the hood  
'Cause nigga the hood is really what's happening  
Been in a lot of hoods  
In a lot of cities  
But this one here is mine  
I remeness  
And make a wish  
As I pass that "99 street" sign  
Hit up the liquor store  
'Cause I'm fixing to blow big  
With the niggas on the block  
Nigga going to smoke  
Smoke a lot  
Let them feel this dro  
That Lay just got  
Nigga hit the block  
About Four  
And didn't leave until nine  
Watching my niggas out on the grind  
I didn't notice the time  
Find myself flying down to the crib  
Trying to meet Ken in a hurry  
Doing about fifty in ???  
Running lights with no worries  
I made it there safe and on time  
When I pulled to the spot  
And I see Ken chillin'  
Smoking in the parking lot  
(Let me hit it)

Roll up that hyrdo  
And just smoke on  
Smoke on  
I'll roll this blunt for you (Lah Lah Lah Lay)  
Lah Lah Lah Lay  
uh huh  
And just smoke on  
Smoke on (Lah Lah Lah Lay)  
I'll roll this blunt for you (Lah Lah Lah Lay)

Nigga left the pool hall  
Sloppy and didn't even fuck with nobody  
And all this kicking then got me paranoid  
Hoping the po po don't stop me  
Doing the limit with L  
So high that I'm nervous as hell  
Fuck waking up sober in jail  
Hit fifty fit for some shell  
And I drop the top so the wind  
Can blow on through my braids  
All in my face

Get on my way  
And right about then I get a page  
Who could it be  
Its Hey lil' Nappy  
And had a head full of some sin  
Told me to come on over there  
Quick  
'Cause I got the booze and no more weed  
Tell him its on  
Hung up the phone  
Fixing to start this whole new section  
Less then fifteen to twenty minutes  
I drove  
And lil' Lay then bless them  
That's how it is  
When they roll with the number one  
That's how it be  
Nothing but icky-sticky leaves  
Trees that will put you on your knees  
Hit it  
Then hold it 'til it make you cough and gag  
Guaranteed to run and and brag  
To your niggas about lil' Layzie bag  
I keep the killing  
Nigga can smoke and p.o.  
If you can catch up with me  
Or you can hit me  
And I be through with the sticky  
The sticky

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