

Blueprint

"No Half Smokin'"

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[Intro] Awww yeah. I'm with this. I think I'm gonna sit back kick some smooth lyrics over this beat Cause it's '88, it's time to set it straight you know what I'm sayin'? No half steppin'. I'm ready [Verse One] Smokers steppin' to me They wanna get some But I'm the weed man so you know the outcome Another dub sack, you know they love that No seeds and stems to keep them comin' back I'm the person you call to get your smoke on For you to reach me, it's gonna take a phone call And steppin' to me You better have money So what you want huh? A dime or a twenty? Clientele I got the power They be pagin' me every single hour Cause when it comes to sellin' dope hot damn I got it good Now let me tell you who I am B-L-U-E-P-R-I-N-T, Printmatic Cinematic, I'm not like many I'm different So don't compare me to another When I was five I got high with my mother She taught me all about cannabis and it's pedigree So when you roll up to smoke you better be Ready To get high long and steady Cut the blunt with a butter knife like it's a machete Don't you hate when you Try to smoke then new Friends roll up to try to smoke with you? Oh don't tell you they do coke and they laced it Have you runnin' down the street butt naked Ain't no tellin' what you do when it hits you I sell in all sizes from the big to the little So buy it Put it in your pocket and hide it And take a walk Before somebody calls the cops cause [Chorus] [x4] "Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it, knowwhatimsayin'?" - Method Man Cause I'm your neighborhood weed man [Verse Two] I sell so much dope and the cops be hopin' To catch me in the act and catch Watchin' me straight scopin' My moves on the block Now my spots hot Plus every other ock wanna get what I got But they have the dealers on my block actin' so similar Causin' confusion, sellin' bad sensimillia To you playa And boy do I hate a Perpetrator Cause my product's greater There's no more stress I got the best, buddha bless I even bring it to your address So if you call, I never stall I never rest To ensure, your highness Corner store pharmacist I work hard at this Cause every time I get a real job, man I wanna quit Or the boss starts buggin' out throwin' fits

Just cause I smell like weed don't mean I'm smokin' it
But once I get fired I start to get wired So upset that I
might even try it At the table I sit Rollin' up a spliff And
when the flame hits the paper Awww shit I start to pull
rank over these guys As a man with the weed that you
need to buy You can smell it through the bag ain't no
need to deny Wake up the next day and probably still
be high And no That's not a lie And if You ever try to
pull out A gun and try to steal my supply I show up In
the night when you start to snore With a hundred weed
heads outside of your door You can't play me Not even
ladies Can get a free sample Girl, you gotta pay me So
think about it if you got some dough You wanna good
time? I think you should know how to.... [Chorus] [x4]
"Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it,
knowwhatimsayin'?" - Method Man Cause I'm your
neighborhood weed man

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