

Drumma Boy

"Smokin On That Loud"

Visit "[Smokin On That Loud](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We smoking on that loud
No easy realla
We smoking on that loud
Nothing but killer
We smoking on that loud, loud, loud
No easy thing
We smoking on that loud

Everybody around the world with a blunt light this shit
up
Light this shit up
We go on spring
Now if it is flight
All I need is me and Mary Jane
Just watch me do my thing
I'm so high I can sit down
So gift it as I'm flowing on UFOs
I'm dreaming over Milky Way
To get this money and this cash shit
Cause like I never ever had it
We smoking like its Payne daddy
Houses of credit boys that go on my nerves from all
this relativity
Everyday I smoke as I could
Break it down get the sticky touch
Roll Up in a ziggy touch
Can I but I guess you could
The wrong way I arrive on smoking that lather on nino 5

We smoking on that loud
You already know what we smoking in here
No easy realla
An love that straight killer
We smoking on that loud
We got it over this way baby
We smoking on that loud, loud, loud
We smoking on that loud, loud, loud
You smell it before you see us
We smoking on that loud
I make you wanna try it
Other boys green be quiet and then try it

I need that give me that it is time to blow my mind
I be rolling up another one ready for another one
Every single mother fucking crime
Every hustle every day
Every time that I get paid
Every time that I get laid
Please don't take my light away
See I've been married to this bitch started out like an
ugly duckling
She was packing sticks and cheese back when I first
got started puffing
And I started tasting nothing it had be backing hard it
was dirty for too ling
So I dumped her in that watter
Now I got everything loud everything low
Everything pimp J and all of the above

We smoking on that loud
No easy realla
We smoking on that loud
Nothing but killer
We smoking on that loud, loud, loud
No easy thing
We smoking on that loud, loud, loud
Nothing but cool

You ain't even gotta be smoking thi shit
You might get a contact just from opening up the pack
And a paper or a blunt or a pipe or a bong
You can eat it in a brownie so it doesn't hurt your lungs
We just like to sswitch the sheets
Fill em up till they back the buss
That's why the bad bitches always wanna smoke with
us
Light green never brown never got seeds in it
Yo if we found some seeds in it you can keep it
We don't smoke that sorry we don't want that
Nigger you made a blind tip you just might wear your
hear back
Fuck nigger you know we're living space age
Get the fuck up off my things

We smoking on that loud
No easy realla
We smoking on that loud
Nothing but killer
We smoking on that loud, loud, loud
No easy thing
We smoking on that loud, loud, loud
Nothing but cool

Visit [Drumma Boy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.