

Rappin' 4-Tay "Dank Season"

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It's the dank season for nineteen ninety four
Seff the Gaffla and Rappin' 4, yo
Everybody's smokin' chronic fuck the reason
It must be pleasin' man it's dank season

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For 1994, Tay is in this muthafucka
An' I could never be a silly stupid ass sucka
Busta, it runs in the family
Shakin' 'em, breakin' em, takin' em like a vet from the
bay, G

Seff the Gaffla that's my nigga were persuin' this
Giggalo, giggalo G, boy you're doin' this, beat
So let me kick a verse about that shit called chronic
Don't try to play it stupid 'cause I know you up on it

You probably just rolled you one, probably just smoked
you one
Callin' up the hooker play the ho for another one
Late night hustlin' in the projects, O.C.
My brothers in the dark an' were way past OD
Just flipped my money, feelin' good and I'm cheesin'
Seff'll hook you up or put you up on the season

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Rappin' 4-Tay, what's up with these foo's
Actin' like ho's when these niggas know the rules
So I'm about to flow, an' let these niggas know
About the Y, the B, the G, it ain't easy being me, so

Break down the dank, roll it up with the quickness
Pass me a lighter so I can cure my sickness
How many hits does it take to make you stop?

How many tapes does it take to make you pop?

Go ahead an' tell me 'cause I really wanna know
Smokin' ind-e-o with my nigga Rappin' 4
Never beat around the bush I'm gettin' straight to the
point
After every meal I fire up a dank joint

Gettin' high as a bird, a bald head eagle
Man I can't wait until they make dank legal
That'll be the day that'll probably be the end
Loungin' in the Mo smokin' dank drinkin' gin

Kinda like a rocker but I live in the ghetto
I got you hangin' on so you better not let go
Have a seat, what cha see, dank in your cup
Gain your composure while a nigga fire up

I smoke dank daily to the point that I'm lazy
Every day I smoke a half a quarter, can't faze me
You know who I am, so go ahead and jam
Fire up the dank while you let the tape slam, damn

I feel hella good for some reason
Got a nigga cheesin'
Indo's in season
Humboldt-Kelly all the way to the bay
Ragtop Productions with my homie Frankie J

Hooked a nigga up when he heard a nigga flow
Anotha platinum hit with the nigga Rappin' 4
And oh, you didn't know, I coulda told ya
You ain't got five on the dank that I hold ya
Ran out of Zags, get some more from the corner store
Seff the Gaffla, nineteen ninety Rappin' 4

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Break a, break a twenty sack down to two joints
And fuck all that other shit niggas gettin' to the point
Pass me a baggie so I can empty the sack
I feel the bass in the back, if you can hang get the
contact

'Cause niggas twistin' more than just your average
dank smoker
Me an' my homies we blaze this shit we gets ova
An everyday routine if you fakin' with your paper
Call up my nigga 'cause he clockin' on this pager

Sticky, sticky green, oh no, I can't fade the brown leaf
Nothin' does it better than that potent ass indo weed
Keepin' my composure plus this douja's got me
coughin'

And if one of these niggas don't pass the blunt I might
go off
An' snatch it up an' smash it up an' puff it till it's outta
there
You say you spent twenty dollars but ask me if I care
Now I got the munchies, need some cookin' from my
boo
But she's out with her potters they in the cut smokin'
dank too

Seems that everybody's smokin' plenty marijuana
But don't let that be the reason you're caught up in
some drama
From slippin' and trippin' this lip until you're stuck
Sucka Free City niggas know what's up, what's up

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Now pass that muthafucka up on the left hand side,
man
Giggalo what's up G?
What's up boy?
You know I'm still just chokin' smokin' same old thing
Ain't nothing changed

Yeah, I'ma send this one out to all the dank smokers
out there
It's all good baby boy
It's the dank season
And let the chronic be the muthafuckin' reason
We up out this muthafucka for 1994

Me and Seff the Gaffla, it's like that G
Here we are
That's real
And don't forget, it's the dank season

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