

Redman

"Dis Iz 4 All My Smokers"

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This is for all my smokers
Woo, one more, just keep the thing at the end of it
Alright, give me one more time on the count of three
1, 2, 3, this is for all my smokers

Yo, ya'll done made the album, you heard, yes sir
This is for all my smokers
This is for all my smokers

Ayo, Meth, what's up, nigga? Doc, what's really good?
Got that bush and that backwood, light up in any hood
Yup, I'm that hood, my brother, love me some Cali kush
Never thought that little bush in that baggie would have
me hooked

I'm a pothead, everyone look and point your fingers
At the bad guy with the cottonmouths and glass eyes
Fuck it, I'm that high, I'm blowing smoke clouds
Got my head in the clouds, fuck it, I'm that fly
Doc, what's up, nigga?

You know how I bust
Find me drunk, fucked up at the cannabis cup
For those who don't smoke, get the middle finger up
You smoke more than us, nigga, it's beginner's luck

My truck, ride with 5-0 eyes on it
It's like the blunt, when you ain't got five on it
I challenge any opponent, who wanna smoke?
We can puff 'til our voice get lower than Tone Loc, like

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't nobody smoking more than me up in here
Pump this shit, you get high off this here
Because this is for all my smokers

I'm like yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't nobody smoking more than Meth up in here
Ayo, bump this bitch, you get high off this here
Because this is for all my smokers

Yo, I'm like oh my God, oh my God

I start growing sour D's in my home garage
Now niggas on the block, say I'm on my job
'Cause now I rock more chains than Amistad

This my entourage, this not HBO
A bitch see me, she like, oh, there he go
You can smoke with the bro if you got ass and nice tits
But fuck you with that, I'm high off of life shit

They tried to make me go to rehab, no
Tell my P.O. that I ain't trying let the weed bag go
You can catch me in the whip pushing the seats back
slow
My chick's a Rican that mean she off the meat rack
though

Look ma, I'm eating 'cause when it's time to get that
dough
I sink my teeth in and turn around and spit that flow
They call me beasting, I monster the boo, so when they
cut
I leave 'em bleeding, little swag' with some Miss
Dashin' season

Like, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't nobody smoking more than Meth up in here
Ayo, bump this bitch, you get high off this here
Because this is for all my smokers

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yo, don't nobody smoke more than Doc up in here
Ayo, bump this bitch, you get high off this here
Because this is for all my smokers

I got flavors, I'm major baby, send in the troops
That Johnny Blaze ya, leave dashes in your Timberland
boots
Can't fuck with haters, just mad I got a pocket of loot
I'm chasing papers, y'all try'na be a rock in my shoe

I'm a father, I don't drink with kids, these youngers
thinking they hard
I think harder than they think they is
Somebody's proper as my English is and hope I did my
thing
Before I die for the things I did

Everybody light it up and smoke with your man
And cigarette smokers change ya game plan
'Cause this is for all my marijuana smokers
Backwoods, Swisher sweets and Dutch rollers

Yeah, I pull over, start pulling out money
'Cause I buy weed like everyday 420
You know what else is funny, I found was so gutter
I'm Cheech and Chong brother just got different
mothers

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yo, don't nobody smoke more than Doc up in here
Ayo, bump this shit, you get high off this here
Because this is for all my smokers

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't nobody smoking more than Meth up in here
Ayo, bump this bitch, you get high off this here
Because this is for all my smokers

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