

Ritchie Valens

"Smoke"

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Peep the reprocussions
causing deep discussions
brothers that fight might only speak to cousins
rugged life but niggas in my fleet is stubborn
grandma's they turn to Stella's when they need some
loving
my name holds weight, bigger than a Saint Bernard
some think because its rap that it aint a job
think again, i try to sepearate my do's from don'ts
niggas be slittin they wrist, losing they hoes
some dudes be confused when they broke
misrabale, looking death in the eye dont blink quick to
smile
my hoodrats be women now, ?? lot
yall'a always be my bitches lonely or not
how much ass can i pass up? tilt your glass up
this one's for the kids in Arkansas that shot they class
up
when I smoke I like my hash crushed beleive it or not
Q-B forever niggas keeping it locked

smoking cheeba
some supply it some'll grow it
reefer
some'll buy it some'll roll it
the chronic
if you try'd it then you know it
the toxic
i'm getting high when i roll it
you know i wanna hit the chocolate
some brothers love to see them clouds
the hydro
some brothers love to get aroused
the la-la
in some paper or a dutch
the ganja
i cant wait to get a rush
marijuana

I play cards with Ray Charles
cheat for a grand

once I deal out the deck take a peak at his hand
he got blackjacks but still losing is ?{weak
I write a hook and feel my beat
Trayino, Mike G should read his feet}?
Play these niggas
now in 98 no time to graze niggas
cause they might tell
white judges, like the icegrill
hoes set you up-the same way that Pac and Mike fell
Private affairs if I know your wife well
switch to different subjects
some of the styles that I hit you up with
I make it hard for you to kick your tough shit
major adjustments
i package a flame for all you bustas
wrapped up put on a shelf full of substance
i drug clicks, anti-biotic, rarely spotted
niggas hear my name periodic
I feel we got it King of New York
only the real'll cop it

Chorus

I been all across the world on my quest for some herb
spots be selling dirt keep the federal resevere
smoking in bongos, niggas know that its 'dro in the
Bronx
I like that stinky green shit that be growing in swamps
Half-Baked puff, puff, then you pass it to me
good weed'll make you eat the last shit on your plate
forget your songs seperate stix from stones
if your chronic come with stix leave that shit alone

Repeat Chorus 2x

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