

Roy Jones Jr. "I Smoke, I Drank"

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I smoke, I drink
B-Doctor, let's welcome 'em to the Vault baby
Do it big nigga, do it big nigga
Do it big nigga, stupid ass nigga

I smoke, I drank
(Yea, yea)
I'm supposed to stop but I can't
(Uh-huh)
I'ma dog, I love hoes
(Yea, yea)
And I'm addicted to money, cars and clothes
Do it big then

I smoke, I drank
(Yea, yea)
I'm supposed to stop but I can't
(Uh-huh)
I'ma dog, I love hoes
(Yea, yea)
And I'm addicted to money, cars and clothes
Do it big then

I do it big nigga
I do it big nigga
I do it big nigga

So many ways to get paid better, keep, fake, ID
Sure y'all don't try me it's murder, I'm a server
Lyric life sentence relentless, a menace to society
Full of robberies so [unverified] it, I hop in the bubble
Wrap the Beretta wit a rag that glock in the Cutlass

Nigga I'm always hustlin' and yea, round the Cadillacs
The alibam's a must
(Uh-huh, yea yea)
Crimey and grimey weed smuckers
(Uh-huh, yea yea)
Money and weed, you know my mind see on the Don
Don P

With Mr. Magic and Traffic blowin' some bomb weed

(Uh-huh, yea yea)
In your mind, I call my pistol 'cause it stay by me
(Uh-huh)
That's like my brother, lucky mothers

We ain't nothin' to see
(Uh-huh)
Or like my nigga Pete, but Uncle Pete
Or my partner Moe Pete, and Low Key nigga, you know
me man
It ain't no thang to [unverified] it back and make you
shake thug bang
Grab the weed, rhyming the coke name nigga, what's
up

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I ain't got nuthin' but dick for you hoes
I won't trick, I ain't sick for you hoes
I ain't got nuthin' to give to no nigga
Deal wit no nigga, chill wit no nigga
I'ma keep a stack of that funny smelling tobacco

Pistol in my hand, nigga ready to act a
God damn fool, ignorant muthafucka bout to lose my
cool
Let me smoke a goose so I can calm my nerves
Find me a duck, get some head in the Burb
I'ma fool on them hoes nigga

That's my word, show me a dime and I'm bet I'm gettin

served
Everybody know me probably saw me half [unverified]
Drunk, high in the club bout to get it hot
Louisiana nigga, down here we getting bucked
(Bucked)
And if we ain't fighting, it's probably 'cause we too
fucked up

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Do it big then

I do it big nigga
I do it big nigga
I do it big nigga

I do it big
Lil Boosie do it big boy
Feel this here, check this out
Look

I smoke, I drank, I tote that iron
(That iron)
Eyes stay red, and my girl stay fine
I'ma problem child, I know you heard
I ain't no turtle, I'ma crocodile
(Crocodile)

And I'll serve ya, see Lil Boosie from that South Side
(That South Side)
In they mouth got bout five
Got them Tees with dem Ree's wit dem black and white
cowel
(Cowel)

I want Ashanti, Beyonce and Trina
So I could hit her from the back, like I do my black Nina

I miss my nigga Soulja Slim, and that's for real
(Rest In Peace)
So in your memory I pop a pill, [unverified] the steel
If you don't like it you could take it to that level

That go the mo light, mo won't you come and meet the
Devil
Look, I'ma put two labels on my back and start walking
(Start walking)
And it ain't in six states now I got everybody talking
Look, and I thug, with my thugs
(I thug, my thugs)
We getting paid from the block to the club that's what's
up nigga

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