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B

"The Hemp Museum"

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Take you out a place

Where me and the homeboys ya know?

We get together you know what I'm sayin?

We might uh, shoot some pool, play a little dominoes

Call a few tenders over

I kick it in the Bay

You know where I stay

The V A to the Double L

The homey flossin in the V-12

So when you comin' to kick with it

With the Sick Wid It

You bring the whole team

When you hit magazine

Like the other day a car low from E-P-A

Came through with some Hennesey and Alize

I'm on the corner gettin' burnt with the chili mac

They hit the block in a dark blue ville 'lac

Wassup wit y'all?

Nuthin, tryin' to get it jumpin'

And it's the first can we go to the mall or sumthin'?

I got to laughin' but now I was pimp the baby(?)

Lookin' like she want to tongue kiss my Mercedes I got a spot where we all can go kick it at We got the bomb and y'all got the Cognac Don't even trip I got a click and I want you to meet 'em Once we make this left we to the Hemp Museum Chorus: Grab your sex and your beach Hit some corners let's get keyed The Hemp Museum The Hemp Museum Got my drank and my blunt Check that bullshit don't be no punk The Hemp Museum The Hemp Museum I'm sittin' real low tip toen' the block I watch they mouth drop as I hit the lot Now peep the plot The gates open up slowly got they eyes on it Spotizotic 'cuz I spent the M5 on it You ladies help y'all self and pour the do it fluid While I break down the pound and manicure it Al Greens with the Victor Barons got her starin' Tryin to get her out here Donna Karan

Uh...I'm callin all top notches

Homies with the rolex

Watches slide through

Like the thing to do

We're all players

No square be allowed in the house of hemp

We campaigns like the President

I got four or five dank rooms

Big screens with playstations

Wet bar, perculation

A vacation?

No, more like the Mardi Gras

With hurricanes and thangs that you ain't ever saw

Chorus:

Grab your sex and your beach

Hit some corners let's get keyed

The Hemp Museum

The Hemp Museum

Got my drank and my blunt

Check that bullshit don't be no punk

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I'm seeing 'stangs in the game of the young stages

But I'm a hog like the pig on Momma day

Proked out today was a good day

A baby Freaknik jumped off in the bay

I told baby maybe later on we can chill

And we can meet at the Denny's up at ???ville

But as for now your playa patna gettin' hot And a quarter mile runners linin' up at the light They gettin' tight and I got G's off in the Nova A big block and I'm hot I'm trynna told ya Mini mart turned side show Tear 'em off no need for the nitro I'm known to give it from the gate like every time Make the 6-8 skip and walk the line I got a dime in the pink if you down to see it And we be posted at the Hemp Museum Chorus: X2 Grab your sex and your beach Hit some corners let's get keyed

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