

## Bavgate

### "Smoke Wit Me"

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[chorus]

Come and smoke with me shawty lets get blown  
Roll yourself a blunt shawty lets get smoke with me  
I can take you higher if you want me to, with ease  
Whats your fantasy  
(Tell me is it me)

[verse 1]

Come smoke with me, choke with me  
Cuz i'm a choker, bitch i'm a smoker  
Nothing but purple in my circle  
Don't bring no sess or raise up urkle  
Only blazin purple, blazing doja, pass it soulja  
I ain't hittin, you can get a job fo babysitting  
You smoking like grease on the stove, nothing  
Roll it, lets get blown  
It's cold outside, lets get lets get snowed  
Lets blow smoke o's, that's that chokehold  
Bavgate so cold, said G'd up from head to toe nigga  
That's how the westside rolls  
My nigga young spoon he ain't cold on hoe's  
My nigga nephew hang out the window  
Sippin on hindo and goin do like the fall  
Puff pass, don't pause  
Shit on my draws  
Gettin high was the motherfuckin cause, nigga

[chorus]

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[verse 2]

Bounce to this  
Smoke a pound of this  
You can stay brown to this  
From the other los angeles  
Trick i'm the shit, like a purple stick  
Gimmee ten to spit, yeah i been the shit

Roll another spliff,  
We up all night like graveyard shift  
Stop holding the weed, like a hostage  
It's real give it up, if you got it live it up  
Pass the puff white t's and chucks  
Westside give it up  
This California stuff, got me so corrupt (Biatch!)  
Probably why we don't give a fuck  
Puff after puff an ounce ain't enough  
A million ain't enough, nigga pass the krush  
Backwoods and dutch

[chorus]

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[verse 3]

She said she like the way I spit game in her ear  
And she run through snow like a reindeer  
So I had her pushing more snow than a ski slope  
This bitch drink like a fish but she can't stand weed  
smoke  
Get the ho off of e she let me be po  
Let bru star stro let clide ride go  
You know def goin love no hoes  
I'd rather get my do and send the ho to the stro

[verse 4]

If you wanna smoke with me  
Better have your own cuz pooh sauce was smoking till  
the dawn  
Nigga you ain't on, like Mike Jones  
BMR in the building ma lets get blown  
I'm high for real, thizzin up pills  
I just blew a hundred pop and nothing billed  
And ring me xo got my stunna like ill  
I'm doing 120 getting head behind the wheel  
All purp and pills, I fuck you good  
This leather just a whole eighth in the backwood  
The backstreets in the rich sea looks good  
I hit one five they rolling up backwoods  
Lets get blown, pop the bottles  
High as a motherfucker and on my riloll  
And when I wake up it's the same shit tomorrow  
(Nigga lets get patron)

[chorus]

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