

## Scribe

### "Smooth Get Worked"

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C'mon y'all, let's smooth get worked.

C'mon y'all, get worked  
Smokin', drankin', purp  
Who cares which comes 1st  
Let's all smooth get worked

Just like a flame I gets fly in this joint  
You don't know the half, girl. My stash can last.  
First you lick it up, fire it up, suck it up,  
Come and light my fire and let's burn it up  
I won't beat around the bush, let's blow trees in the  
breeze  
And feel the effect of my Buddha dialect  
Princess Lea type, thinkin' I'mma slay her  
Thicker than a snicker and the pools of Labrea  
With marijuana or a little ganja  
I want her to smoke what's gonna last longer  
If she's got charcoal on her grill to start a barbecue  
I don't matter, Mary Jane will put me in the mood.  
Other dudes think I'm lame cuz we're down  
But if they front, I'll crack their grill like a fat Philly blunt  
So if you blast off and the vibe is sky high  
I'm rollin' like a tumbleweed with you up in my ride.

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There's liquid gold cold sittin' on the wall  
I take one down, and pass it around for all y'all  
No tearin' any labels to find I'll get mine  
I'm inclined to recline when the moonshines  
Once faded from a strange brew ? spinnin' like a  
whirlwind

But I wasn't earlin' and then came girlfriend  
A freaka ? nothin' could be sweeta  
Took me to her crib and showed me some upside down  
Margarita  
The buzz was right from some Cognac  
I saw her lips smack all around my six pack  
We got blitzed, smashed, & went wild out  
Knocked the house off the hinges - popped the tiles out  
Whenever V is at the spot, Margarita wants proof  
I have the juice to have her spinnin' and rattle her  
fillin's  
So I downed her real smooth 'til she soundly slept  
Cuz jimmy had more than a ripplin' effect  
Let's go!

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You and your friend can get with this song  
Hit that bong and do it all night long  
Chronic bass, sticky icky taste,  
Slow dro vocals, patron with a chase  
Goose that's grey, Alizeh  
Grand marnier, gin from Bombay,  
Couvoisier, Hennessey...

Man I'm tore up!  
Now this is fo' any foe that tries to slow my roll

Here's a toast. You'll get got.  
Straight to the head like a double shot  
That'll hit the spot, like a bottle of bubbly  
Cristal & Moe and I'm livin' lovely  
Now walk a straight line out by the docks  
Don't know the ledge then your on the rocks  
I'll throw one back cuz in a match I'll pound you.  
Drink to your health after I down you.  
Burnouts are thrown in a rock quarry  
If they can't hold your own then they betta worry  
Cuz if you don't hurry and change what I'm tastin'  
I'm comin' wit some grass roots mobilization  
Dopes can't cope with what I say so  
They lay low like rollin' with a sack of yayo  
So, when I spark this I'll puff and pass

Always showin' love to my buds & fam.

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