

Big Pokey & Chris Ward f/ H.A.W.K

"Smoke-N-Maintain"

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(*talking*)

Get your smoke on, maintain
Get your smoke on, maintain
Maintain, get your smoke on, maintain

[Hook]

Smoke and maintain, and maintain
And maintain, and main-taaain

[Big Pokey]

I smoke and maintain, cause it soothes my body
In my big body, cause I'm a big body
No sipping, just hippping like legit
Smoking like a broke pit, gotta keep some'ing lit
Hit the scene clean, with my mask on
On hydro, some niggaz don't last long
First sweet, got me sleeping in seep
Shoes off, scratching the feet ready to eat
We blowed, swerving in the road
Send 'em home pervin', early in the commode
Live by the code what, ball till you fall
Smelling like a pound, when I fall in the mall
From the shop, straight mashing on a bop
Simply cologne, 'case I run into a cop
Even with smoke, on top of my brain
I stay on my game, cause I smoke and maintain

[Hook - 2x]

[Chris Ward]

You know I roll candy, low-pro vogues and 4's
Blow dro like a sick kid, blows his nose
Stay riding high, like a roller coaster goes
And when it comes to this rap, I keep a dose of flows
I got this game mapped out, like a poster shows
From East to West I'm one of the best, from coast to coast
Turning corners in the hood still, blazing up good kill
Popping the trunk, and gripping a wood wheel
Smoking on kryptonite, twist it tight
(what's that boy), chronic leaves mixed with flight

All I need now nigga, is a six and a Sprite
So I can fall and ball, in the mix tonight I'm getting
blowed

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

I smoke and maintain, with two hands on the grain
Bezelyne piece and chain, ten karat pinky ring
I swang, to the left to the right
With bang, and bubble head lights
Nuts hang, as I blow top flight
Two puffs got me feeling, as high as a kite
That's right, I can't cope with that bullshit dope
It's either hydro or endo, or killer rope
I smoke only the finest, it must be your heiness
As soon as I finish this verse, you will rewind this
I can't live with piness, is that a plus or a minus
Two puffs from the blunt, it clears my sinus
Puff-puff pass, when I'm in my zone
Watch me smash, when I'm on the microphone
I'm gone (I'm gone), when I'm blown on that doja
I keep's my composure, or else it's game over

[Hook - 4x]

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