

Andre Nickatina "Smokedope And Rap Live"

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I smoke chewy like a mother fucking nut
You got a gram bag get the zags and roll her up
'cause a nigga like me, can't fake it when im high
Get the visine for the tight red eyes
Jumped in the Cutlass with the niggas from the set
The blunt went out, but we aint done yet
Get another one blaze like it's barbeque beef
It aint nuttin like a blunt for the funk in ya teeth
Yea, im a skinny 6'5" motherfucker
If u didn't know me, you would think i was a clucker
But im not a clucker im a dodger and a ducker
Come a lil closer im a show u im a punch ya
And if i can't beat u get my gun and im a buck ya
Turn u over like a bitch pull out my dick and im a fuck
ya
Like a fiend for the weed I'll tweak
4 15's in ur trunk that's beat
Proper ass amps zapco, alpine
Put the coke on the dash roll a dolla do a line
Pump RBL's maybe 1 2 3
Or the funky shit by the I.M.P
Now im high like a motherfucking jet
Fuck a 9 to 5 im a juke on the set
Slang these thangs and fuck these hoes,
One line at a time goes up a niggas nose
The shit clean my sinuses just like a shower
Indo or tide blend it in with the powder
Now im chewy high with a hard ass dick
Ooh there goes my pager could it be a trick bitch
Oooh it's Janine, she licked my dick clean
Cum right away bring a dime bag of weed
Like a nigga that's sick, caught up in the groove
Kill the pussy bust a nut and like a vet stick and move
Out of that house a quickie I know she got mad
Because I killed it and I didn't bring the weed
I did bring the weed but I left in my Cutty
Did you really think I would smoke some dank with you
dummy? (yeah)
No, Dre Dog won't die
See my nigga Cougnut nigga let's get high
He said I got the drank and you got the dank
He said my nigga Dre Dog Frisco is the place

For me to get high and you to get drunk
We smoke dope we rap and these hoes we fuuck

Ooh I'm high as hell from snorting that girl
Rush Mr. Cee so I could tie me up a curl
Out that shop hoes do jock
See my Cutty in a rag I will drop top
See the freak on the block I think her name was Kim
Just stole her in the Cutty like Iceberg Slim
I said hi how you doin, my name is Dre Dog
You give me your number I'll give you a call
She said my hair looked proper as it blew in the wind
But I can't have her number 'cause I fucked her best
friend
It's a pity I'm a nigga that just don't care
Except for my dope my money and hair
'cause everywhere I go it's the same damn song
Nigga smoke more dope than Cheech and Chong
I love to tell the truth but I'm such a good liar
The Dre Dog nigga smoke more than Richard Pryor
I'm true to the dope that I smoke no joke
Check me right now there's a gram in my coat
Cocaine blunts (what?) and hip hop tapes (what?)
Rubber car keys and I'd that's fake
And rhymes do pay so my pockets do grow
I snort so much snow that they should call me Dre Blow
'cause I don't drink beer I don't drink gin
Bust the freak hit the pussy then I try to fuck her friends
Dre Dog don't laugh ain't a damn thing funny
When niggas talk to freaks who ain't got no money
I done smoke enough blunts fool to fill my brain
Chewy boy do me raw cut cocaine
And niggas get pumped when they smell dank-a-roma
When they smell dank-a-roma then they know I'm on
the corner
They offer me drank but I don't get drunk
I smoke dope I rap and these hoes I fuck

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