

## **Disturbing the Peace**

### **"Smokin' Dro"**

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[Chorus: I-20]

I'mmmm smokin dro, choppin O's  
Beat knockin with the big blaze choppin nigga  
I'mmmm smokin dro, choppin O's  
Ridin dirty, candy paint lookin purty

[Tity Boi]

See I'm addicted to this fast life, it's hard to slow me  
down  
when ya, momma on the crack pipe and ya daddy ain't  
around  
You hear the sounds of the wildest gunshots from a  
large clip  
when we started choppin O's off in this empty  
apartment  
See I was, standin in the track, and my back is the  
target  
With a hammer on my side lookin like I'm layin carpets  
See you flip it 'til you get it nigga, we hangin like this  
cable  
On my way, to I-20 nigga I gotta play in Decatur  
See I'm ridin and I'm blowin on twenty dollar bills  
Cause we, only got that gold; you can't buy regular  
around here  
Stayin true to the prestige and the, economic status  
I still stacked 100 G's stayin in my momma's attic  
Stackin under Kraft-matics, willie sleepin on the cheese  
See we got ki's and the D's and the P's and TV's  
And I'm ridin in C.P. with a glock-40 as my tooley  
on the block, with the top back, blowin out that (?)

[Chorus - 2X]

[I-20]

You know I-20 ridin Regal's - cuttin cutters  
since my wood grains got no stains; be in some other  
shit  
A big body Chevy on the, chrome lookin pretty  
If it's dro, or the sticky I need, I'm hittin Tity  
on my system knock so loud (loud) they call the cops  
on me

Ladies show that ass proud (proud) and make it drop  
for me  
This is how a nigga ride (ride) in A.T.L.  
and if the twelve drop pull me over (over) I hide the  
scales  
Blowin dro out the song booth, with windows tinted  
Ridin clean down Old Campbellton Road, y'all know who  
in it  
Got my seat pushed way back, arm out the window  
Niggaz quick to pull a car-jack, (?) when they in ya  
I push a Range and my brother Fate in S.S. Impala  
Ludacris, with the Escalade, and Tit' quickly follow  
Gettin ready for the summer get your cars out and fix it  
When it comes to that ridin and smoke, look I'm  
addicted nigga

[Chorus - 2X]

[Ludacris]

Yo, gotta get that monkey off my BACK.. sir  
I'm smokin dro and choppin O's up in my 'LLAC.. sir  
Where the fuck you at when them little bitty "Animals  
ATTACK".. sir?  
I'm in the TRAP and when I get caught up in a RAP-ture  
RELAX.. sir  
It's like cata-RACTS to me, AC-tually it HAS to be  
a FAC-tory of SMOKE and clouds I'm CHOK-in proud  
and RHAP-sody, the SACK of trees is WROTE and now  
So POT-ent now the TRACK is squeezed  
So CLAP and be happy to be nappy and snappin  
Just keep on rappin but nobody comes AF-ter me  
POP.. {\*cough\*} one hit from the blunt then I stop drop,  
ROLLLLLL!!  
Really really wanna fuck with the glock glock? NOOOO!!  
They so simple better hit that block, SLOWWWW!!  
On yo' mark, get get ready, set, GOOOO!!  
You could watch this Georgia tech' BLOWWWW!!  
If I don't get some of that wet wet wet-t-t wet DROOOO!!  
[Chorus - 2X]

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