

**DJ Paul f/ Crunchy Black, Lord Infamous****"Twist It, Hit It, Lite It"**

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(Hook, DJ Paul)

Gra-gra-gra-gra-grab me a Swisher  
Cut it up and fill it with weed  
Twist it, hit it, light it  
Twist it, hit it, light it  
That's that, that's that

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(Verse 1, Lord Infamous)

I puff White-Willow  
With the pretty purple candy coke (Coke)  
Swisher like a woodgrain burnin'  
Whistle her while I choke (Choke)  
Nothin' less than the ink  
That the Scarecrow inhale smoke (Smoke)  
Take a cigar, split it's sweets  
And take a hit of 'Dro ('Dro)  
Scarecrow da-da roller  
Only doja down my throat (Throat)  
Ganja, I spark it  
Like a magic carpet, I float (Float)  
I burn more Cigarillos  
Than the Ku-Klux-Klan burn crosses (Crosses)  
I like it while I'm on that drank

The yellow-purple sauces (Sauces)  
I'm smokin' like a hooptie  
With a raggity-ass muffler (Muffler)  
Just call me magic dragon  
Lord's a motherfuckin' puffer (Puffer)  
Livin' like a hustler  
Only neon-green brocolli (Brocolli)  
Keep a pouch full-full of weed  
You niggas can't out-party me (Party me)  
Can't start nodding off that lean  
And that greenery (Greenery)  
Fly in outer-space, Heavenly  
It's the potency (Potency)  
Chronic city, Funky Town  
Is where the Scarecrow from (From)  
Y'all like getting high  
But in Memphis we get real slum (Slum)

(Hook, DJ Paul)  
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(Verse 2, Crunchy Black)  
Grab me a Swisher  
Cut it up and fill it with weed  
So I can be, so I can be so high, see  
You smoke with me, I hope you ain't got no seeds  
Up in that weed, 'cause that ain't smokin', G  
I smoke that green, that motherfuckin' greenery  
I get so high, I ride around in the street

I smoke it mang, that weed is gettin' the best of me  
I'm constantly grabbin', and breakin' down Swisher  
leaves  
I'm fillin' up, I'm fillin' up with greenery  
I'm puttin' that torch, I'm puttin' that torch to the Sweet  
To smoke mang, ya gotta have the best of weed  
The best of weed, I prefer it be 'Dro seed  
And if it ain't, and if it ain't 'Dro seed  
Nigga go over there, and get the fuck away from me!  
See smokin' mang, see smokin', it just in me  
Why don't you go on ahead  
And pass me another Sweet

(Hook, DJ Paul)  
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