

**E.S.G. f/ Dujan****"Purped Out"**

Visit "[Purped Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook]

Let's get purped out, tonight  
I got drank, and kush  
Let's get purped out, tonight  
I got drank, and kush  
We gon get purped out, all night

[E.S.G.]

Yeah gangsta, throw your Gucci loc's on  
My partna Country told me, I need to do a smoke song  
Bout super kush mass kush, red and the purple yep I  
don't care  
Way pass that red hair, couldn't afford that on welfare  
But I done came up from back in the days, smoking  
pimps call it haze  
Harlem back to Houston, back to Rustin yep we get paid  
Louisiana know what it is, B-O-G where I use to live  
Do what you do it's all on you, some pop pills they call it  
jig  
Slide through the city in some'ing long, black on black  
and I'm sitting on chrome  
Windows smoke and I'm sitting at home, fuck a 'gar  
pull out the bong  
Cali bomb nigga one, riding two deep with three or four  
guns  
Exotic trees that's all with me, the way we smoke we  
need three or four lungs  
Pass it here pass it back, half-a-mill checks we cashing  
that  
Half a pound's in my backpack, flip my stacks like  
acrobat  
Trunk gon pump the Screw tape tap, tap-tap just like  
that  
Purp-purple in my cup, purp-purple in my sack g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Sipping red low's or maybe dush, some of my sweets  
be fucked up  
All them hoes gon get smoked, so swisha smoke get

sucked up  
I'm riding two lanes, now watch me work the wheel  
At the All-Star game, looking like I'm worth a mill  
Swear I got em all feeling, the way we sipping down  
here  
The way I got a record deal, the way we tipping down  
here  
You know I keep it gutter, peanut butter caravan  
Doja's on big chrome, look like I'm riding on ceiling  
fans  
Can't explain this feeling man, you wouldn't  
understand me bro  
Refuse to go out like that boy, named D'Angelo  
Until then pimping pens, staying in the top ten  
In the 2007 big body S-Class Benz, I'm purped out

[Hook]

[Dujan]

Tell me, tell me do you still care  
If we put it in the air, (if we put it in the air)  
Tell me, tell me do you know  
If it's cool to blow this dro, (if it's cool to blow this dro)

[E.S.G.]

Excuse me miss, what's your name  
I'd like to introduce you, to this Mary Jane  
And maybe later on, we could hop in the Range  
I smoked two, and forgot her name  
Ain't talking bout half a zip, cause we known for  
copping pounds  
Ain't talking bout Reggie Miller, ain't talking bout that  
Bobby Brown  
Now this exotic we got it, you can't stop it  
Whole room smelling stanky, and it's still in my pocket  
purped out

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Man it's going down in here, know I'm saying  
Remind me, of we was at Screw's house  
Tell em mayn, (your boy Dujan) hold up homeboy  
It's going down man, know I'm tal'n bout know I'm  
saying  
This one here, this not for the kids right here know I'm  
saying  
This for all my exotic smokers out there, you know what  
I'm saying  
I done met a couple cats out there, on the road  
Tried to hand me some oregano, you know (I got drank

and kush)  
Hold up man that boy, that boy-that boy blowing back  
there man  
That boy blowing, but you know what  
When I turn down that oregano, you know I'm saying  
I ain't being disrespectful man, boys need to step they  
game up man  
So you boys out there step ya game up man, know I'm  
saying  
We on another level now

Visit [E.S.G. f/ Dujan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.