

Dove Shack, The

"Smoke Out"

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High life
Nigga I thought you knew
So roll up the bud and dont forget about the brew
We havin a smoke out in the back of the MC
But lets do this kinda fast
Hit that muthafucka bout two times and pass it
To the left hand side
On top of the clouds lookin over the mad ass Eastside
Which is home, to this Dove Shack
And buddha pack, and doja sack, and the cloudy cat,
I'm mackin
And we rollin through the hood with the humps and the
rumps
Japanese eyes, describes the effects of the blunt
They rollin sack after sack its gettin ridiculous
I'm twisted so much, my name should be licorice
Ticklish describes the senses
Mind's on blank, so fuck the reminiscence about the past
Ship that shit to the front
Paraphenilia, stand here from zig zags to buddha
pipes to blunts
Chumps, ain't allowed in the ride
Sometimes proper bitches gotta wait outside
A white tint, and imprinted from the indo
AC, is blowin on my way to the studio
You ain't gotta be no thug, to love
That upliftin feelin connected to the bud
That you can purchase in these wild city streets
But if you got somethin on it, join the smoke out in my
backseat

They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
I dont mind if I take a toke or two
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Pass it on, pass it on

Yeah, pass it to me C

Suck one, suck two, now I'm feelin high as you
So roll up the windows tight
Because I might roll up a whole half
I want the contact from the dove shack
Oh I haven't told ya, no need for the zig zags
Pass me the blunt and split it
Hit it now admit it
You as high as fuck
Your eyes are closin up
Now tell me whats up, is it the bomb
As the atmosphere swells up with smoke
And remember, two hits and pass
And I'm watchin yo ass
So you wont take more than you supposed to
Headin to Cerritos
To get the blunt thats crunchy like Doritos
Speakin of Doritos
I supposed to stop at 19 store in and out
And here we go, down Atlantic don't panic
I know the doja got you tweakin in the back seat
So meet me half way across the seat
And pass it back to me
And light up another one BLOUNT fool

They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
I dont mind if I take a toke or two
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Pass it on, pass it on

Okay, who got the Zig Zags aka rollin papers
Twisted on these, twisted enough gain on enough
caper
For some ends and some skills whichever comes first
Or better yet get smoked out until my lungs burst
With the flowed up AC low chronic flowin
Summertime in the LBC through the 12th a blowin
I got that bud, what?
I give them love, what?
The fat ass dove, yeah
You thought that cool, oooh
The fattest doja dimes one has eva seen
And nigga sucks for all you broke ass indo fiends
In them 50-packs for them nasty ass blunts
I do smoke grass but I dont smoke no ones tree stump
So pass me the white pack, the orange or even blue
Matter a fact them newspapers over there will do
And as we slide, four deep to the Eastside

A clouds of smoke fill the inside of my ride why

They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
I dont mind if I take a toké or two
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
They havin a smoke out in my backseat
Pass it on, pass it on

Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
I dont mind if I take a toké or two
Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do
Yo pass it on, pass it on
Got just brought it out
Got just twist it out
With that lighter
Back in the old days
We gotta pass the bud like we used to do

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