

Frayser Boy f/ Boogie Mane

"My Smokin Session"

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(Intro, Frayser Boy & [Boogie Mane])

Aye, Crunchy told ya he had "3 Different Kinds of Weed" in a bowl

I didn't believe him, but man this nigga got that shiiit!

[Man, that shit got me higher than a muh'fucka, foo]

Aye Boogie Mane, man, aye

You need ta pass that shit, bruh

[Frayser, you prob'ly gon' have to roll up yo own dogg]

(Hook, Frayser Boy & [Boogie Mane])

I smoke weed [I Smoke weed]

I gets high [I gets high]

I need it on a daily base to get by [To get by]

I smoke weed [I Smoke weed]

I gets high [I gets high]

I need it on a daily base to get by [To get by]

Do the damn thang, get the lighter, fire it up bitch

Do the damn thang, get the lighter, fire it up bitch

Do the damn thang, get the lighter, fire it up (Fire it up)

This is a smokin session

This is a smokin session

(Verse 1, Frayser Boy)

I got a smokin habit

Got it? Then let me have it

That 'Dro would make me happy

Sticky like Laffy-Taffy

Fiendin cause I'm an addict

Never caught blazin babbage

Hurry and let me grab it

Extend your arm and pass it

I'm rollin through the hood, my windows half-cracked

The firest shit up in the town, gots ta have that

Inhale, exhale, inhale, and blow it out

Give me that 'Dro, plus a mic, I'm showin out

So nigga what'cha mean?

My favorite color green

I keep a blurry scene

From shit'cha never seen

This fuckin 'Dro I'm chokin, it got me mad-straight

I'm feelin like I'm on that movie called "Half Baked"

I'm smokin half weight, my eyes real heavy
I'm flyin home to my broad cause I feel ready
Been smokin all night, ain't gotta ask that question
I'm feelin alright, this is my smokin session

(Hook)

(Verse 2, Boogie Mane)

Smoke on a daily basis
Don't even ask me why
My head be full of Marijuana, evidence in eyes
Drift off to other places, you wouldnt think I be
Pass me the weed so I can roll me up another B
I know you got it nigga, don't make me ask again
Cause you don't wanna "say hello to my little friend"
Known to cause confrontations, like every now and then
Boy fuck the conversation, put that Hydro in the wind
His ass start to uhh choke and, smoke fillin up his lungs
So when I hit and showed him, showed him what his
ass won
Reach down into yo pockets, and give me all yo weed
And clown stop all the flaugin, cause this shit ain't
what'cha need
Some niggas try ta copy, and doin what they see
But then they do it sloppy, fuckin up this lovely weed
Call me the Boogie Mane, and I'ma keep ya guessin
What fuckin zone I'm in when I be in my smokin session

(Hook)

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