

## Tash

### "Smokefest"

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featuring B-Real, Phil, OutKast

Intro:

[Tash]

Here we go

Everybody grab a seat

Welcome to Smokefest 99

I'm glad you all could make it

As you can see, this edition is the greenest Smokefest  
this year

Verse 1:

[Tash]

Could tell to me, I suit it too

Dipped in 24 characters

Y'all Niggas don't feel me

Then I blame it on your parents

Cause Tash fuck it up,

Don't twist it up with luck

My style is calm,

like I bought it off the ice cream truck

Listen here, huh,

Tash be crashin' Niggas with my beer

Tash be partied down as fuck,

swinging on this chandelier

Tash be here, Tash be there

Tash be everywhere, it's poppin'

I'm here to let you know

Fuckin' with me's not an option

Cause Tash is my man

Tash done started with a bang

Tash done ended with a

That's not the same thing

Tash'll split your brain

Tash swings like gold chains

I be rolling with King Tee

We all in the same game

But enough about the Tash

Let's talk about some squeal

You know it's bout to pop,

when Likwit Crew is on the bill

You can ask my Nigga Phil  
How real this is, the weed  
Smokefest 99 burn somethin' to the beat

"Smoke, Smokefest time"

Verse 2:

[Dre of Outkast]  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
I was lookin' to get my scub  
Looked up like kid dynamite,  
the time is right  
We ride with tracks so fiercely  
That it seems like I'm already high tonight  
But I'm not, though it's only for a lack of hours  
And people be thinking I'm wilder  
Cause I be livin' and rippin' the track,  
and probably attackin' over your shoulder  
Fun, high is so much a leaf  
Myself I gotta be composin' that fine shit  
You notified a Alkaholik  
Then it's a popup, givin' it up bitch  
But you need more, rap,  
Some of my boys are still in the trap  
I mean to dose by  
But the slingin' got me snappin'  
Like the (?)  
I could the play you wanna bust with  
Or maybe you don't, whether go fuck with it  
Or nuff with, you suck dick  
So why you all over nuts swift  
I hold the microphone  
And that's with a byscript  
Pretty tightly  
And I'm keepin' the words crystal clear  
So you don't correct and try to bite me  
Very nicely, Aquemini  
My Nigga, (?)  
But I likely, don't test of that green stuff  
While I ride G

Verse 3:

[Big Boi of Outkast]  
Yeah  
Hard life, now picture this  
A Nigga in jail,  
rappin' while he smokin' an XL  
Tappin' with some spoons  
We go rank the boom boom  
Fresh of a planet with Sassoon's  
That hit full moons

Talkin' black moons, tilly tight platoons  
Much lay under arms  
Songs, long John  
Wipe 'em in the drum  
Rhythm on the one  
Stay lonely is understandin' where I'm comin from, son  
The day you want it when you started that  
The time in-between us, will mean the most  
I toss my hat  
These chickens so bad,  
that I know it make you wanna cry  
But suck it up, burn it up  
Go ahead and do your thing

"Smokefest time"

Verse 4:

[Phil Da Agony of Barbershop MC's]  
Now I kick my rhyme in  
You can call me Philly tight in  
Resitin' you an interview  
Like Phil die on UPM  
My crew translate  
Los Angeles scandalous like Watergate  
Phil on the break, Phil on the grape  
Phil in the blanket,  
feels bad like gettin' shaved  
Plus your taxes  
I'm ridin' exact for my access  
From my head down to my Air Max's  
You wax us and relax us  
Phil (?)  
Yo, my name is Jason,  
when I fill out my application  
To the Nation  
Niggas is gone gettin' bill with they face it  
Phil the race hit  
Feel the adrenaline  
I penetrate like penacil  
And Niggas be like Phil is illin'  
Phil is willin' and ready  
Phil is more like Eddy  
Phil be cuttin' out like Machete  
And confetti deadly  
Feel the pain when I walk through the rain  
Niggas be likin' sayin' Phil again,  
Phil again, Phil again

"Smokefest"

"This is a call"

Verse 5:

[B-Real of Cypress Hill]

Now I be rollin' and smokin'  
Just holdin' the golden sack  
When me lungs be gettin' swollen  
Hittin' the bong, foldin' for Chronic  
Ironic, funk when the hydrobolic  
We got it robotic,  
keeps you wantin' for lotic tricks  
Are sonic  
Smokefest expel in you chest  
Who to blast, best  
For you to step back,  
cause your lyrics are like sessed weed  
Yes indeed, a session you need  
To retrieve it  
It's 10 Niggas in a circle smokin' a splif  
Believe it  
Retrieve it,  
Open the counter, can you conceive it  
I give you Dr. Greenthumb digits  
But don't repeat it  
The brew crew then to call the master together  
Hittin' you higher  
And fuckin' you up that much faster  
Zigzags that leaves pipes and ?farmbowls?  
All weed gettin' smoked  
But who the heck shows  
Excuse me if it seems to complicated  
The herb I hold is platinum,  
while yours is nickleplated  
Let me mash out, and breakin' the stash out  
The hash out  
And roll into the studio  
Let's smoke my Nigga Tash out

"Smoke, smokefest time"

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