

## **Tear Da Club up Thugs "Smoked Out"**

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Drunken and I'm blown  
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Get the dope, chop it up  
Get the plate, I can't wait  
Fifth of Henn in my hand  
Ask for some, you too late

Now, I'm high, really high  
Man, I'm about to shout  
I see you over there talking  
But what the fuck you talking about?

Oh, I'm blazed in a daze  
Purple haze and ash trays  
Mac Mike, you got the light  
We green this ain't no fucking day

Black Havana  
Craving the vapors of chronic  
DJ P with no weed and know what  
This shit is so fucking ironic

I got them blood shot red eyes  
Look into my eyes

Did you see a big surprise?  
Can't you tell a nigga high?

I can fly, I can float  
Meet your boy up on the boat  
Watch me dive into the water  
Like titanic when it broke

Yo, keep the weed coming  
Keep them drinks coming  
Niggas walking around  
In that daze like they need something

Cream bumming, lighters flicking  
On the road their ain't no finish  
Send them back, stop in the kitchen  
Nigga, this is just the beginning

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Hearses circling my house  
With wack ass rappers in the rear  
Hella lame in my ear  
I come to ruin your career

Vocal cords swords  
Side board more souvenir  
Skins of belly body  
Smelly death is in the atmosphere

Peace is extinct, bloody street  
Make them steal  
Planes crash ships sink

Every poison gets sweet

Every enemy see  
Feel the nuclear nigga heat  
May I propose a toast?  
It's coming close to World War III

Fright night under moonlight  
Memphis picture  
Mutilating torture pressure  
Till the Satan took ya

I'll beat ya till there's nothing left but slop  
Feed you to the swamp  
Running through the forest like gunk  
Bloody tree trunk

Bitch, you want a piece of this  
Might as well take the heart  
There was no love from the start  
Sprinkle body parts

Woe onto you, my foe  
'Cause you just don't know  
Smoked out snorted drunk blown

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Got me gone off herb  
And I earn when I swerve to the curb  
For the derb and the bourbon  
Fresh out early and  
Hanging with the soldiers

Still got the feelings that we pearling  
Show me where they working  
From the bank dawg  
Noney on a fifth of Henn

Tell the motherfucker drink up  
Why the skunk weed starting to stank, dawg?  
Bitch, go and get some gin  
We gonna get the party cranked up

Put your bank up  
We gonna need more  
Weefer chain 'cause our  
Cryptic addicted to weed smoke

Get incisions of pure seeded snow  
Take a puff, choke shit of this weed dope  
And I'm off my square now  
Went and yelled out

Where the nigga trying to get sloppier?  
Dropping ya if you trying to get us  
While we using them  
Rolling with the Three 6 mafia

Popping ya popular  
Buck at niggas with the rock  
Close encounters of the herb kind  
Leave you sitting on the curb crying

South side getting bucked up  
In a party with a burb mind  
We gonna tear this bitch up  
'Cause we fucked up

Gone off that sticky  
When I zone off can't hit me  
Have me going in illusions  
Trying to get me

Infatuated with drugs  
Smoked out, snorted out  
Drunken and blown

Getting crunk in that mode  
Twista gotta stay high  
Smoke a skunk till I'm old  
Now, chucking like I'm sea sick  
On the front porch with the mob

And we be thick  
Roll when you see Twista and Three 6  
Who can bog the motherfucking mind?  
Like an eclipse on the weed tip

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