

## **The Dove Shack "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 reminiscese 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 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

Yo nigga pass the bud like we used to do  
I dont mind if I take a toke 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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