

Jazz Gitti

"Smoke a Blunt"

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[Hook]

[I wanna get high, so high] x5

[Lets' smoke a blunt] x16

[Black C]

Fuck the buddah

Pass me the mutha fuckin' chronic and the vega

And I'm only smokin' wit the fada

It's too many heads up in the house

So when I light this blunt

Best believe y'all gettin' yo ass out

We like that sticky icky green shit

And I mean this

Separate the mutha fuckin' buds from the seed pits

And don't quit

Until it have that ass chockin

No jokin

I can't keep my eyes open

And can't remember what was said to me

I lost track of the conversation

Once the blunts was gettin' fed to me

We gettin' blasted in the dope house

I'm choked out

I had to open a window to let the smoke out

We need some Vodka

To grab us some fuckin' Rossi

And bring it back to the spot for the whole Posse

And them become a new and get fucked up

Chest bust up

From all the smoke that just rushed up

[Mr. Cee]

Well it's like 2 and to the 3

I need some indo weed

I'm not no door but I'm keyed

So take a H-I-T and pass the joint

Cuz ain't no kids in this house that need baby sittin

And don't be wantin' a stoge

You make a nigga feel like quitin

But I smoke fat batchs all day

I'm even smokin' the roaches

Till they turn into ants man
And you might say I got too much on it
But dank is like a criminal "America's Most Wanted"
So my nigga, if you want a hitta
You gots to go to the store and fade it wit the liquor
These trickas be gettin' these niggas good
Smokin' up they weed
And then they go and fuck anotha nigga in the hood
Yeah you know it
You act like you grow it
So since you givin' weed away
You might as well let me owe ya
Or do I treat you like a punk?
Buy a cigar and take yo shit and tell my niggas uhhh

[Hook] till end

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