

Juvenile F/ Bullet Proof, Hot Boys "Smokin' Dat Weed"

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[CHORUS (2X)]

Smokin that weed, feelin fine
Got me a 40 and a fat-ass dime

[Devin]

Fuck a blunt, just roll a nice fat square
Put some fire to the end and put that bitch in the air
Hell, I'm glad I got my weed, it damn near took me a
hour
I was creepin down Belfort, a fuckin train on [Street
Name]
Got a 40oz from Atco right across from Chateau
Went up the street a little piece and purchased me a fat
hoe
Hit 610, steady checkin my weed
Separatin the buds from the stems and seeds
I got that shit to get you higher than a rocket
Bitch, I got a sack, put that nick' back in your pocket
And sample some of this, inhale it up through your
nose
Take another good pull and watch your lungs explode
(*inhales * ...that ain't no punk)
Bitch, I mix my shit together, hoe, that's Red House
skunk
Put that Odd Squad tape in the deck while I'm boomin it
Nosy neighbors lookin but, bitch, all I'm doin is

[CHORUS]

[Jugg Mugg]

Oh yeah, we're smokin that weed and always feelin fine
We like to drink the brew and plus the boom's for
unwind
But speakin of herb, nigga, let's get us another sack
Let's get a fat dime, man, we go half on the zig-zags
I love the cheeba and I might just be an addict
I'm rollin through the hood causin all the fuckin static
A tight-eyed hoodlum, that's what your parents call me
A victim of a bastard child, my mother spoiled me
Muthafuckas say: you shouldn't do drugs
But weed is not a drug, it massages my Jugg Mugg

Besides, the shit, it really does me no harm
It's better than me havin needle marks in my arms
So I'ma keep puffin and slurpin on a brew
And if you don't like what I'm sayin, I roll you up and
smoke you
And get so high, so high that I can reach up to the
ceiling
And then I'm in the mood for some of that sexual
healing
But just remember, it's really not what you do, it's how
you do it
Cause y'all can smoke the mo's but all these niggas
here doin is
Just

[CHORUS]

[Devin]
Yeah bitch, I smoke but hoe, I don't geek
Two tight fat dimes usually last me a week
You got these fiends smokin crack with they head goin
in circles
But I'ma smoke my weed until my lips turn purple
I take a square to work, I guess that's why I'm always
late
Couple of hits, that's all I take, save it for my break
And after that I clock out, I get home, I get high
Smoke my weed and drink my brew, so that my mouth
don't get dry
I get blowed, bitch, I'm not afraid to admit
Off that weed, yes indeed, better believe I keeps the
good shit

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