

## **K.M.D. f/ Earthquake, Kurious**

### **"Smokin' That Shit"**

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"Why do you keep smoking that shit? Why will you keep smoking that shit?

Why??? Why??? Why do you keep smoking that shit?"

Aight, check it out yo, check it out yo

I'ma flip yo, check it out - bust it

[Zev Love X]

I connect to spots like connect-the-dots

From the lower Eastside, to way up top

I got a map to express on the 6, I found you

Where they got the raw dog smoke at Soundview

Now, two licks damnit, do you understand?

Nuff respect to the dread man or I'ma dead man

I ain't no fake man for the red hand

It's just my warmth and with instructions from Redman

whomever I step to, remove the Phillie {?}

Cause I used to know this bitch and it killed her (that bitch is dead)

I'm smokin that shit, cause I got a thousand jokes

Like puttin your moms in the yoke cause she broke some choke

Bitch, you're blowin up the spot, be out

Yo either get some dough, or get the fuck down South

with your bitch-ass son, and tell him throw up his dukes

So I can spend his lunch loot at noop noop

[Kurios]

Check it

I do the hip, hop, the hibby, the hibby dibby

Kurios the too-fly magician, never givin

these niggaz a piece of my pie, cause yo my shit is fat

Just like my pockets your girl's titties is flat

So when the bitch slid in correct with the funk from the big bra

I kindly reply, with a smile, aiyyo chill hoooooot damn

Uh uh uh, I'm so sorry

Umm, eat your tits, cause them shits is from Somalia

Check it out, on the one to the two

It's some shit from the zoo, it's the C.M. crew

Now from the cocks with the blocks on the street or the

goat

With the 40, the glocks, the Phillie and the smoke  
Just like George Bush is the type to drop bombs  
George Kemprias will smoke scarm wit'cha moms  
Throw a 50 yard pass, with a afro pick  
to Steve, Earthquake, stop smokin that shit

[Earthquake]

I keep my gun out my holster, I'm wanted on the poster  
Cause I shot the sheriff who knocked the cherry off my  
shoulder

He tried to get cute, so Earthquake, had to erase him  
And place him, in America's Top Ten, like Casey Kasem  
I tracked him, an actor, with no sense of humor  
If you heard I fell off nigga, it's only just a rumor  
So step the fuck back, 'fore you get your shit cracked  
I had to think up a plan, so now I'm fat like that  
280 pounds of pure funk, and no junk  
I snatch a ho bitch up, just like Dave, did The  
Chipmunks

Kid I'm rough tough, strong enough to call your bluff  
Handcuff your wife up, while your bitch, give me a buff  
I do run run run, I do run the MC's

The king of rap, you don't believe me? Believe these!  
Def rhymes on wax, don't call me, send a fax  
I slam hard like Anthrax, so turn it up to the max  
STOP! You're pinchin my nerves, with rap slurs  
I do my best herb, now it's time to get served  
So suck my dick, I don't smoke that shit  
I don't want this shit, so you flip the script

[Chorus]

You know I'm on that shit - STOP SMOKIN THAT SHIT  
You know I'm on that shit - STOP SMOKIN THAT SHIT  
I'm always always on that shit - STOP SMOKIN THAT  
SHIT  
Yeah I'm on that shit - STOP SMOKIN THAT SHIT

[Verse Four]

Stop smokin that shit, 'fore you get killed  
You know the flavor my man, so just chill  
Now hold your head up and hold your head high  
Stop smokin the dust, you just might die  
Relax your mainframe, the bolder gets paid  
And you won't have no motherfuckin {?}  
As you know, I'm on the microphone to make you all  
know  
that shit that you smoke will make you mad broke  
I don't give a fuck about you and your crew  
I'm not too love sick, drink that brew I'm a nasty Jew  
I don't solve mysteries, never wearin Lees

I got the motherfuckin S.I. to be, where it seed  
So pack up, my man I went out of breath  
I got asthma on the side, take it on to the left  
So stop smokin that shit my man  
And I'm out, see ya later, so kick the can

[Subroc]

I drink Colt 45 and talk in mad jive  
You know I stay alive, my niggaz stay alive  
Easy on the smoke, I don't really feel like tokin  
I gotta save some breath for this bitch I be strokin  
Everyday I make a nigga get right  
Jealous-ass, pussy-ass nigga can't fight  
I'm in my new disguise, feedin pigeons  
Ducks, any bird, and bond's my word (word is bond)  
I make gadgets, illy, ill toys that kill  
Sleep on me, you'll get a sleepin pill  
Pin that nigga, down right on the mat (bang!)  
If you ain't my nigga, don't reach for no gat  
Slap, right to the head  
I'm blitzed to whip that ass, {?} style, dead  
Y'knahmsayin?

[Outro]

SMOKIN THAT SHIT

Yeah, c'mon - SMOKIN THAT SHIT

You see a nigga you know - SMOKIN THAT SHIT

My man you're cold - SMOKIN THAT SHIT

Kurious Jorge I know you're not - SMOKIN THAT SHIT

Zev Love what you doin? SMOKIN THAT SHIT

Stop SMOKIN THAT SHIT, stop SMOKIN THAT SHIT

Hahaha, smokin that motherfuckin shit!

Word up, yeah yeah, smokin that shit

Smokin that motherfuckin shit, you're motherfuckin  
right

Put the fuckin pipe down!!

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