

Mystik Journeymen F/ Living Legends

"Smoking On the Low"

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On the, on the, on the, yo on the low know what I'm
sayin'
It's a pledge of allegiance to the cowboys
I'ma hold it down for my man Sadat and everyone on
this Earth man
For real, just order this know what I mean hold it, yo
hold it
Yo I'd like to talk about, yo check it

[Hook x2]

He went from block to block, rocks to cop
Smokin' on the low, up the nose with the blow
Speedin' bleedin' sucker for a hit
And everybody know him as that fiended out kid

[Verse 1]

Ya like the style, raise ya hand for Fidel
Hey you smiled, bust jingles, smokin' woolly with the
land lady
On foresee and the Internet, imminent
Both of y'all are smokers but not heavy smokers
Just weekend fiends, you both share some coke
There's always a lot of action in your part of Manhattan
You choose to lose your status at the J-O
And be off the payroll with the quickest
Ya thinkin' about the thickest actin' like the slickest
I'm cooler than twelve, ya got to feed yourself
I got the urge, once was a college boy
Will now destroy and employ Lil' Lloyd, for the Summer
Hey ain't he the stunner with the dirty ass curvy
Who be comin' down from Bedford
Lookin' like Robert Redford
Actin' jakey makin' whole ville and old feel
Cash for carry, now he's burying, for crack head
marrying
Who could damn well be carrying some oh shit
And around these parts there's a lot of walkin' dead
But never you dread with the family car
You be walkin' too far without puttin' on a bar
Yeah ya be all that and stay the corporate star
But walkin' these blocks niggas see ya as the man

With ya gold car, keep the pipelines open
Ya only hopin' that ya heart don't bust
Who can ya trust in the land of lust

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I can change up like the wind with my official men
I'm younger than the old boys but then younger than
the old jacks
Then everybody once or twice for that matter
All chain gang, all pieces for doli
I remain solely as the untraceable
I hate to face my outlaws if I can't feed em'
Cause y'all know I need em' when the ol' bell rings
Hate to meet eight kings, give em' the finest
Let's spend some plastic and live in print, make the
mint
And cool out and never rule out

[Verse 3]

Get the women and kids and grab ol' dad
I'll never let it get that bad to where I lose all the shit I
had
Met the wild, wild one, them niggas is dead and done
Memories like fleas, when we was still wearin' Lee's
Buck, burnin' hide on a weak nigga's back
For actin' like that, yo for actin' like that

[Hook x4]

[Various ad-libs]

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