

Smoking On Purple

Lil Boosie

Ease your mind a little bit (ease your mind)
Light up that blunt (light up that motherfuckin' blunt)
Lift back that sunroof (lift back your shit nigga)

This that shit that we high to
This that shit that we vibe to
This that shit that we get high to
That gangster music nigga
And you can try but you ain't Lil' Boosie nigga no (no)
Bad bitches got you feelin' great
Looked at my CEO like CEO let's get this cake, baby
I hit the stage and hoes go crazy, I'm player made
All my hoes got Jordan skills, they fade away
I hit the mall and bought (shit) throwback after throwback
Everybody wanna take pictures they like, "Damn, you Mr. Kodak."
Smoke comin' out my sun roof a nigga shining
A nigga love gettin' pussy love rocking diamonds
If you got kids in this world, nigga, handle your business
And you don't need no nigga, be independent
It's murder murder niggas beefin' niggas slingin' nines
And I keep that purple purple to ease my mind

Smokin' on purple ease my mind
This that shit that we get high to... yeah
It's murder, murder, murder gotta keep you nine
This that shit that we ride to... yeah

I know the game I know the street
I got the raps you got the beats
And we're gonna lay it down real sweet
So you all can ride, head bobbin side to side
I don't want shit from my fans but this: feel a real nigga's vibe
When you down and out, don't nobody trust you
But when you got bread it seem like everybody love you
It's still fucked up mayne in certain cases (believe this nigga, look)
they still racist, I can see it on them bitches' faces
that's why I'm smokin' and laughin' I got my grind on
And they don't feel my struggle they think my mind gone
That's why it's murder, murder kill, kill on the corner
These little niggas got big pistols ready to put it on your
So, when you die you might as well be high
Is it heaven or hell or is it all a lie?
That's why I smoke purple on Monday, purple on Tuesday
Two glocks cocked so they don't bruise me

Smoking on that doja I done got a bag for cheap, nigga
Eyes barely open and I'm glued to the backseat
Boosie took another hit and then he passed it back to me
This shit must got something in it, niggas slipped some crack with weed
Ain't no crack up in the windows I can barely even breathe
Got me fumbilin' and trippin' almost passed the blunt to Cee
Got it cloudy in the Bentley niggas squinting tryin' to see
And they don't know what time it is but I know it's time to eat
Ridin' dirty bumping, ridin' dirty know how that shit be
One day your hear and the next day you going on repeat
With that nine up in my reach right now dyin' ain't for me
Mayne this pine got me sleepy but I'm too high to go to sleep

Bust a hooty when you rollin' potent as you s'posed to be
You be rollin' and smokin' 'em back to back consistently
Keep movin' dutches to Phillies, garcias, and shisha sweets
Young savage don't really care just put that shit in the air