

Keep smokin'
Keep smokin'

Bring something new to the table
And I don't want yams because I had some yesterday
But I can smoke grams blaze one almost everyday
And I will shake hands and make plans with a featherweight
Wolf Gang clan sold out when we set a date
Klux Klan burn the stage down let it marinate
Correlate circulate percolate a work of fate it hurts to hate
For me there's no surrogate
It brings the fucking food to the table
And if you get cheese make it provolone or parmesan
Roll the mary j kill the pain and my other vibe
Hold another dame and the main in my other arm such a charm
filled with dro these bitchens blowin'

It's the M, the E, the L
The L, the O, W, H
The Y, the P, the P, the E

It's the M, the E, the L
The L, the O, W, H
The Y, the P, get your money

Never been a buster nigga
I ride with them thuggish niggas
Mellowhigh, Loiter Squad
I ride with them ruggish niggas
Never fuck a bitch up in the bucket, she just suck a nigga
81 box chevy
Dirty seats, dirty sprite
Ridin' dirty through the night
Shining like some pearly whites
Lurking for the popo though
Fuck them punks
Exit out the way I'm a hit the Shake Junt
Hey my nigga G goes smoke 8 junts
Tear the bottle, full throttle, bad bitch
Still fuck with me i still fuck with ya'll
But we ain't fucking free, all my wolves eat feats
And we all flaw so we ball songs, ain't all talk
Sawed off, ya'll small talk
Big noise, big toys
Monstertruck, Dompster truck
Fuck the slut in dope and smut
Trash wang, that's what's up
Trash wang, that's what's up
Trash wang, that's what's up
Trash wang, that's what's up
Trash wang, that's what's up

It's the M, the E, the L
The L, the O, W, H
The Y, the P, the P, the E

It's the M, the E, the L

The L, the O, W, H
The Y, the P, the P, the E