

Pass The Blunt

Ab-Soul

You came in and flicked it
You was flicking it you know what I'm saying
(On fire, on fire, on fire)

I'm trying man...

Bitch I'm high as a motherfucking satellite, who got a light?
I'm outta sight, outta mind pimp, matching dimes
Don magic wands, roll the greenery
It's what I need: where my shin and thigh meet
Huh, yeah I'm such a fucking stoner
Everywhere I dwell you can smell the marijuana odor
What the hell? (What the hell?) That's that fire, man
Call the fireman, or the supplier man, tell him slide a gram
(Solo, solo, solo) You know we smoking that dower
Two titans back to back call em Twin Towers
(Haa, Haa) And anytime I'm on the ground
I stop, drop, and roll... then burn it down!
If that's exactly what you're doing right now
Put your lighters up, and wave them round and round
Puff, puff, give: real shit
I'll probably run through seven pounds, Will Smith

Pass the blunt, Pass the blunt
Man you tryna smoke or what?
Four deep in the Hooptie finna roll the windows up
Pass the blunt, pass the blunt
White paper That was dutch and swishers, even Philly's filling up

Smoke something bitch
Black Hippy, sticky in the piece pipe
No I'm no but I'm throwing up the peace sign
Smoke fill the room every time a nigga inside
And when I'm off this I feel like the H.N.I
See no seeds in my product that's a no-no
I'm three dollars short and I'm a need it for the lolo
I owe the weed man down the street, also:
I got the munchies and I haven't ate, Ocho
(Fuego, fuego, fuego) Ab-Solo
I hit the blunt then pass it the horseman on my polo
Daddy Fat Sacks (Smoke something bitch!)
I mean till that motherfucker burn your fingertips
Watch your lip, concentrate
Let's see how much more you can take
(I'm blowing O's, I'm blowing O's)
And when your bitch call tripping, pimp man this is what you say:
(I'm blowing O's, I'm blowing O's)

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Got something in that optimal swisher got me feeling right
I'm feeling like, Transformer forming in the highest height (Yesss)
Michael Thriller night, moonwalk in flight (yea, yea)

Heaven or hell, I be good in paradise (uh, uh)
I give you satellite (uh huh)
Or some other shit, Prada Louie printed shits
Getting money growing off the tree, Dough dough
You never smoke but always want the trees, Popo!
And that's a no-no, I get your son
I take his lung, I let you keep the photo
The swisher burning keep me earning everything in slow-mo
[?], kick it like a dojo
Wake and bake, elevate
Let's see how much more you can take
(I'm blowing O's, I'm blowing O's)
And if this month I earn a thou then fuck it I'll buy a vowel
(I'm blowing O's, I'm blowing O's)

Smoke something bitch
Soul (soul, soul, soul, soul, soul)
(Hahaha) Lil round, tripping