

Smoke Out

Birdman

What's up Chop (What's happenin wit ya baby)
nigga how you feel comin'out that project nigga
to these E-States and floatin on these million dollar yahts
smokin these thousand dollar Marlboro's
You gotta roll that weed nigga let it burn
bust then burn nigga wait yo' turn
roll it up I'm smokin
roll it up I'm chokin
We got weed in the mornin', weed for the homies
weed in the back of the Coupe I been smokin my nigga
I went from G's and thieves nigga
we blowin the weed my nigga-fuckin wit freaks nigga (hot boys)
I'm in that Bentley Coupe nigga
from Shine On video to six foot shorty too my nigga
and yeah we headed up town nigga
blow after pound my niggaz puttin it down nigga
and yeah ridin big is my crown nigga
holdin my rounds nigga-holdin my town my nigga (believe that)
to be the boss that I be nigga
and smoke weed everyday of the week nigga
on Stunna Island nigga fuckin with them G niggaz
we gettin money everyday of the week nigga
it's fast money nigga-Cash Money made me
we blow that purple everyday in my city streets
I'm headed to Stunna Island it's lovely over there
sand in my toes feel the breeze in my hair
in the two piece Chenell shades and the (??)
Chenell beach bags where I keep the weed stash
and I ain't gotta tell you what the ice like
mothafucker this is Cash Money you know what the life like
you smoke what you can, we smoke what we want
it's never back yard boogy, straight stock yard funk
the higher ponc chronic, blueberry, and white russian
get it by the block it ain't open for discussion
I ain't touchin and puffin nothin give me a charge
I'm float with the cloud above and then go with the stars
blow dro with my girl Venus on the way to Mars
they say you need a ship but niggaz get there in they cars
Uhhhh we smoke out till we choke out
I'm clearin my throat and I'm at it again my nigga no doubt
I took a half a block, gettin my ice box for freshness
got half the block complainin how loud the stench is
Pewhheeeee pimpin (??)purple or blue, white widow
cause after a few hits ya through
can't get no realer then 6 Shot baby
hot like a smokin tree baby you think I'm crazy
keep the windows foggy in the black Harley
puffin on Bob Marley the sticky ick-no seeds and sticks
gotta love it bout the size of ya finger
get a light nigga this one's a banger fuckin right
got that light green, red, orange, yellow
got that strawberry, large cherry, bubble gum, vanilla wrap
you ever ask a nigga bout me
cause them hoes know Shot blows guns 7 days a week
Huh picture I'm an O.G.
from a gram, to a quarter, to a half, to a whole Ki

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[Chorus]

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