

# Hay

## Crucial Conflict

Sittin on a quarter 'p of hay  
Thangs is feelin good today.  
I'm tore up, from the floor up  
Sippin on some crown royal.  
Trippin, in a circle of wood  
Where everybody smoke they own bud.  
Good ole' hay  
How you feel today?  
Fine, blowed and dandy.  
Silly like i'm hype off candy.  
Gotta big, thick chic named sandy.  
In the farm in the middle of the barn  
Where everybody's feelin crazy.  
I went to visit granny's house.  
Now i see why don't nobody leave.  
We constantly, constantly, constantly smokin b's.  
Too blitzed to even shake it off  
But i still got my head up.  
Coldhard finna go in the back of the barn  
And get my big black peter sucked  
Pass the hay you silly slut,  
Blaze it up so i can hit that bud.  
Git me zoned and i'll be on.  
Cuz i love to smoke upon hay.

(chorus)

Smokin on  
Haaayy in the middle of the barn.  
Smokin on  
Haaayy in the middle of the barn.

The hay got me goin through a stage  
And i just can't get enough.  
Smokin everyday  
I got some hay  
And you know i'm finna roll it up.  
Make a cloud  
I'm gonna take my mind away from all the  
Bullcrap.  
Bump my sounds  
Lay back and roll  
Mack to the freaks that's on the road.  
Sometimes i wonder  
When i was blowed on the streets.  
Anybody wanna step to me,  
I'ma see how rough they be.  
In this session, manifesting  
On myp's and q's  
Never snooze cause i refuse.  
Inhale, exhale the smell.  
Smokin hay all by myself.  
Wildstle, laughin loud.  
Wit my homies by my side.  
If somethin jump off let it ride  
On my square when time is live.  
Everybody throw it up  
Go to the barn and get some hay.

When i get my choke on.  
Fool you know i'm smokin on.....

Hay now hay  
We smokin up hay in the middle of the barn  
And i'm lit up  
Can't get up  
My eyes are red  
And my head is spinnin.  
Took another pull  
Ridin red bull  
Got the goofies, can't stop grinnin.  
Got a posse full of hoes playin in my braids  
And we bout to get in em.  
Over yonder is the barn where the pals be at  
And everything funny.  
Gotta pause some nigga tryin' to blow my high  
Smokin all that hay with no money.  
Now truly this bitch wanna do me  
So i hit the 151bacardi  
She high like the sun  
Thick like cornbread, and i'm ready to party.  
That hay got me so gotdamn horny  
But i don't like that tramp.  
The only reason I'm poppin that coochie  
cause the hoe had a book of foodstamps.  
And i got the munchies  
I need soul food.  
Collard greens or pinto beans.  
If you smoke hay like the conflict do,  
Then you know what the hell i mean.

(chorus)

Rollin down the block  
Car full of flies and the flies tried to rise up out dat dorr crack.  
Got my niggas in the barn smokin on that  
Hay stack  
Back up on the scene from smokin herb,  
I creeped up on the wall and all i heard.  
Was a bud of mine who dropped a needle in  
The hay  
With a funky dime word.  
Couldn't be myself  
Couldn't smoke wit nobody else  
If i didn't pass it to the left.  
Nigga would have lost my breath.  
Open up the window 'fore i fall and faint  
But i can't  
Cause i roll around in dat barn ride.  
Rollin up the hootie hoo  
Roughest skin roller on dat west side.  
Nigga come on in  
I got some hay  
Won't you close dat barn door  
Nigga what you let them flies out for?  
Ain't nobody to rich, we poor.  
Lettin all the contact smoke up in the barn  
The flies keep us chokin.  
Thank you jesus christ  
For all the hay you're givin us  
Cause we'll keep on smokin'.

(chorus)