

Smokin & Drinkin

Danny Brown

Check

A-Trak, what up?

Drop a deuce in that soda

Tell your ho to come over

Coming straight out that Motor

Sipping oil never sober

Bring backwoods of that OG, we smoking them back-to-back

Molly looking like sugar, so you know that I'm dipping it

See my jeans by the stack, and my shoes cost 'bout half of that

Let's not talk 'bout the shirt

She can't even pronounce that

Ghetto nigga on high end

My theory is low end

My tribe on a quest, put that money in motion

So bitch, we smoking and drink

Drinking and smoke

My ho got tats on her face

Sell me them cookies from Oakland

But not the kind that you eat, stuff it in Swisher Sweets

And we smoke blunt after blunt after blunt after blunt after blunt
unt after blunt after blunt

I don't know what y'all be thinking

Spaced-out, rolling up that stinky

Big big blunts the size of pinkies

Pour one out, we still be leaning

I don't know what y'all be thinking

Smoking, drinking, drinking, smoking

In that order, we slow motion

'Til it's over, never stop

Smoking and drink

Drinking and smoke

We be smoking and drink

Drinking and smoke

Gotta get away, to escape, I smoke this kush to the face

Gotta get away, get away, I think I need the brain

Please oh Lord, oh Lord, I need your help again

Took too many pills, and I think I hear my heart beating

Taking over those chances, honey backwoods stuffed with that gr
ammy

My ho blowing on that potter, mixing liquor with them xannies

Stress party, get away, hope that these problems just go away

Right there in my face, I ignore it every day