

What I Be On

Devin the Dude

Folks be tripping on me, I just be doing my thang
Hoes be liking the way my big old nuts hang and swang
People out in public see me smoking on my herb
They want me to sell them some
But I must conserve

I'll be getting by
I'll be staying focused
I'll be getting high
I hardly get noticed
I'll be on my grind, nah
I'll be on my hustle, ya'll
I stay on my P's and Q's
My weed and brew
Yeah
Just the tools that I use
To get me in a good mood
I don't know about you
Everybody got their on niche

(Each and every one of you be needing some kind of shit)

Sometimes I get tipsy
Get so high that I forget
That I had enough and I just keep puffing this shit
A lot of times I'm cool although it seems I'm fast asleep
(Ey man, I'm having to ping pong this motherfucker, come on, pass it to me)

(Do what you do, just stay off of my dick)

I chill out at the crib
I roll my green and smoke so much
No female companion and it seems I lost my touch
But I love the ladies and the ladies they love
When I was ten my teenage girlfriend asked me for some wee-weed

(Each and everyone of you be needing some kind of shit)