

Twist It Hit It Lite It

DJ Paul

Gra-gra-gra-gra-grab me a Swisher
Cut it up and fill it with weed
Twist it, hit it, light it
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That's that, that's that

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I puff White-Willow
With the pretty purple candy coke (Coke)
Swisher like a woodgrain burnin'
Whistle her while I choke (Choke)
Nothin' less than the ink
That the Scarecrow inhale smoke (Smoke)
Take a cigar, split it's sweets
And take a hit of 'Dro ('Dro)
Scarecrow da-da roller
Only doja down my throat (Throat)
Ganja, I spark it
Like a magic carpet, I float (Float)
I burn more Cigarillos
Than the Ku-Klux-Klan burn crosses (Crosses)
I like it while I'm on that drank
The yellow-purple sauces (Sauces)
I'm smokin' like a hooptie
With a raggity-ass muffler (Muffler)
Just call me magic dragon
Lord's a motherfuckin' puffer (Puffer)
Livin' like a hustler
Only neon-green brocolli (Brocolli)
Keep a pouch full-full of weed
You niggas can't out-party me (Party me)
Can't start nodding off that lean
And that greenery (Greenery)
Fly in outer-space, Heavenly
It's the potency (Potency)
Chronic city, Funky Town
Is where the Scarecrow from (From)
Y'all like getting high
But in Memphis we get real slum (Slum)

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So I can be, so I can be so high, see
You smoke with me, I hope you ain't got no seeds
Up in that weed, 'cause that ain't smokin', G
I smoke that green, that motherfuckin' greenery
I get so high, I ride around in the street
I smoke it mang, that weed is gettin' the best of me
I'm constantly grabbin', and breakin' down Swisher leaves
I'm fillin' up, I'm fillin' up with greenery
I'm puttin' that torch, I'm puttin' that torch to the Sweet
To smoke mang, ya gotta have the best of weed
The best of weed, I prefer it be 'Dro seed
And if it ain't, and if it ain't 'Dro seed
Nigga go over there, and get the fuck away from me!
See smokin' mang, see smokin', it just in me
Why don't you go on ahead
And pass me another Sweet

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