

# Smoke Dope And Rap

Dre Dog

I smoke chewy like a mothafuckin nut  
You got a gram bag hit the zags and roll her up  
Cuz a nigga like me can't fake it when I'm high  
Get the Visine for the tight red eyes  
Jump in the Cutlass with the niggas from the set  
The blunt went out but we ain't done yet  
Get another one blaze like a barbeque beef  
It ain't nothin like a blunt for the funk in ya teeth  
Yeah, I'm a skinny 6'5 motherfucker  
If you didn't know me you would think I was a clucker  
But I'm not a clucker I'm a dodger and a ducker  
Come a little closer I'm a show you I'm a punch ya  
And if I can't beat you I get my gun and I'm a buck you  
Turn you over like a little bitch and I'm a fuck ya  
And like a fiend for the weed I'll tweak  
Four 15's in your trunk that's beef  
Proper ass amps ??? Alpine  
Put the coke on the dash roll a dollar do a line  
Pump RBL maybe 1,2,3  
Or the funky shit by the I.M.P.  
Now I'm high like a motherfuckin jet  
Fuck a 9 to 5 I'm a juke on the set  
Slang these thangs and fuck these hoes  
One line at a time goes up a nigga's nose  
The shit clears my sinuses just like a shower  
Indo or the tide blend it in with the powder  
Now I'm chewy high with a hard ass dick  
Oh there go my pager could it be a trick bitch?  
Oh it's Janine, she lick my dick clean  
Come right away and bring a dime bag of weed  
Like a nigga that's sick caught up in the groove  
Kill the pussy bust a nut and like a vet stick and move  
Out of that house a quickie I know she got mad  
Because I killed it and I didn't bring the weed  
I did bring the weed but I left in the my Cutty  
Did you really think I would smoke some dank with you dummy? (yeah)  
No, Dre Dog won't die  
See my nigga Cougnut nigga let's get high  
He said I got the drank and you got the dank  
He said my nigga Dre Dog Frisco is the place  
For me to get high and you to get drunk  
We smoke dope we rap and these hoes we fuck

Ooh I'm high as hell from snorting that girl  
Rush Mr. Cee so I could tie me up a curl  
Out that shop hoes do jock  
See my Cutty in a rag I will drop top  
See the freak on the block I think her name was Kim  
Just stole her in the Cutty like Iceberg Slim  
I said how you doin, my name is Dre Dog  
You give me your number I'll give you a call  
She said my hair looked proper as it blew in the wind  
But I can't have her number cuz I fucked her best friend  
It's a pity I'm a nigga that just don't care  
Except for my dope my money and hair  
Cuz everywhere I go it's the same damn song  
Nigga smoke more dope than Cheech and Chong

I love to tell the truth but I'm such a good liar  
The Dre Dog nigga smoke more than Richard Pryor  
I'm true to the dope that I smoke no joke  
Check me right now there's a gram in my coat  
Cocaine blunts (what?) and hip hop tapes (what?)  
Rubber car keys and ID that's fake  
And rhymes do pay so my pockets do grow  
I snort so much snow that they should call me Dre Blow  
Cuz I don't drink beer I don't drink gin  
Bust the freak hit the pussy then I try to fuck her friends  
Dre Dog don't laugh ain't a damn thing funny  
When niggas talk to freaks who ain't got no money  
I done smoke enough blunts fool to fill my brain  
Chewy boy do me raw cut cocaine  
And niggas get pumped when they smell dank-a-roma  
When they smell dank-a-roma then they know I'm on the corner  
They offer me drank but I don't get drunk  
I smoke dope I rap and these hoes I fuck