

Kush Cloud

Freddie Gibbs

Floatin off of that kush cloud
Floatin off of that kush cloud
Floatin off of that kush cloud
That kush cloud, that kush cloud
My kush cloud, my kush cloud
Floatin off of that kush cloud
Rolling off of that kush cloud
OG turnt up too loud
That kush cloud, that kush cloud
Floatin off of that kush cloud
That kush cloud, that kush cloud
Floatin off of that kush cloud
My kush cloud, my kush cloud
Floatin off of that kush cloud
Rolling off of that kush cloud
OG turnt up too loud, bitch

Mo-murder, mo-murder
In the Tahoe with my burner
Tell 'em that I just got a shipment in
And if you in to win then I'll serve ya
Know I'm floatin off of that kush cloud
OG turnt up too loud
A nigga busy getting to the money and weed
That's why a playa hating nigga get tuned out
In a shootout nah cause they don't want that shit
Traffic the powder, how you want that whip?
Grind it out, pound it out
Then I took her to the house, I ain't want that bitch
I get the killa shit from my niggas in the Bay
We wheeling and dealing so what you niggas wanna pay?
Got dope in the attic, I'm in the ceiling with the yay
We flipping it really, you pussy niggas in the way
Got thug love from my niggas choking, smoking bud
Bought my dope from Lil' Sodi yea I fucks with cuz
Corporate thuggin, so all I'm wit is thug niggas
Can you picture, this rapper slash drug dealer

I said I was never gon' smoke no mo'
20 minutes late, okay I'm a smoke one mo'
The next thing you know, I'm blowing through the whole O
Smoke alarm going off, popo knocking on my do', oh
I'm a real OG chief choker
Green leaf stoner, real weed smoker
Wanna kick it with me, you better bring weed over
I got too many problems, ain't no need to be sober
But I ain't really waiting on you niggas to split it
Roll it and hit it cause I've already got me some
Roll another nigga, I'm hardly done
Kray Jack got Bob Marley lungs
I hit a little bit of Snoop OG kush
Then I roll up some Wiz Khalif to get a hook
It's sticky icky nigga, trust it be real
Cause I planted it and grew it on Cypress Hill
Bud smokers only, bud smokers only, on-ly
Don't ask if I'm high
Look into my eyes, you can tell that I'm zonin', zonin'

Kray and Freddie Gibbs, nigga there it is
Midwest get ready when I come around the corner in my spaceship
And we take off into the cloud

She rolled up a sack of that, purp
The mystical haze got her going in a maze
While she twerkin and workin slow motion - I am the potion
That will dwell inside the magical purp that you inhale
Inside your mind as I, seduce your brain cells
You gotta get high 'til you can't tell
If you in heaven with the angels
Playing my music and get high to it
It's hypnotizing like a brain spell
Real nigga smoking on purple trees
All about money, gotta count this green
Mackin these bitches and I'm gettin to the riches
And yo bitch love smoking me
When the beat break down (break down)
Get lost to the sound (to the sound)
Roll the window down (down)
Let her see the kush clouds (kush clouds)
Ride around through the town (town)
Nigga let the wind blow (wind blow)
Gotta get head in the front seat slow
Let a nigga see the kush smoke

[Hook]